

V. 43

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

May

10¢

0424



Linda Darnell



LETTERS
FROM
ENGLAND!

DA LUPINO'S
FATHER

Writes to His Daughter
from War-Torn Britain

GAY, ROMANTIC NOVELETTE: "THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."
CO-STARRING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BETTE DAVIS AND JAMES CAGNEY
OUR LOVE AFFAIR! BY ALAN CURTIS AND ILONA MASSEY

*The most beautiful fingernails
in the world!*



COLOR NEWS

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Pink Lady
Dura-Gloss Indian Red

*The continuous use of Dura-Gloss
will make your fingernails more beautiful!*



Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boon of Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy Dura-Gloss today!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS

It's good for Your Nails **10¢**

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Other polishes put color on your nails, but DURA-GLOSS imparts to them a gleam of brilliance—a LIFE and LUSTER—that you get only from DURA-GLOSS' new nail polish formula. Never before have you been able to get such remarkable, jewel-like brilliance in any nail polish. You, too, can have the most beautiful fingernails in the world. Don't be satisfied with less—don't delay. Get DURA-GLOSS. Use it. It makes your nails more beautiful!

They begged for introductions— but no one took her home!



Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember... Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

THE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. "Who is this lovely girl?" they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—*alone*. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum—why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for *past perspiration* but Mum prevents risk of *odor to come*. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more

women use it than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum on Sanitary Napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable...a deodorant that helps prevent embarrassment.

CHARM IS SO IMPORTANT...NEVER NEGLECT MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

APR 14 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

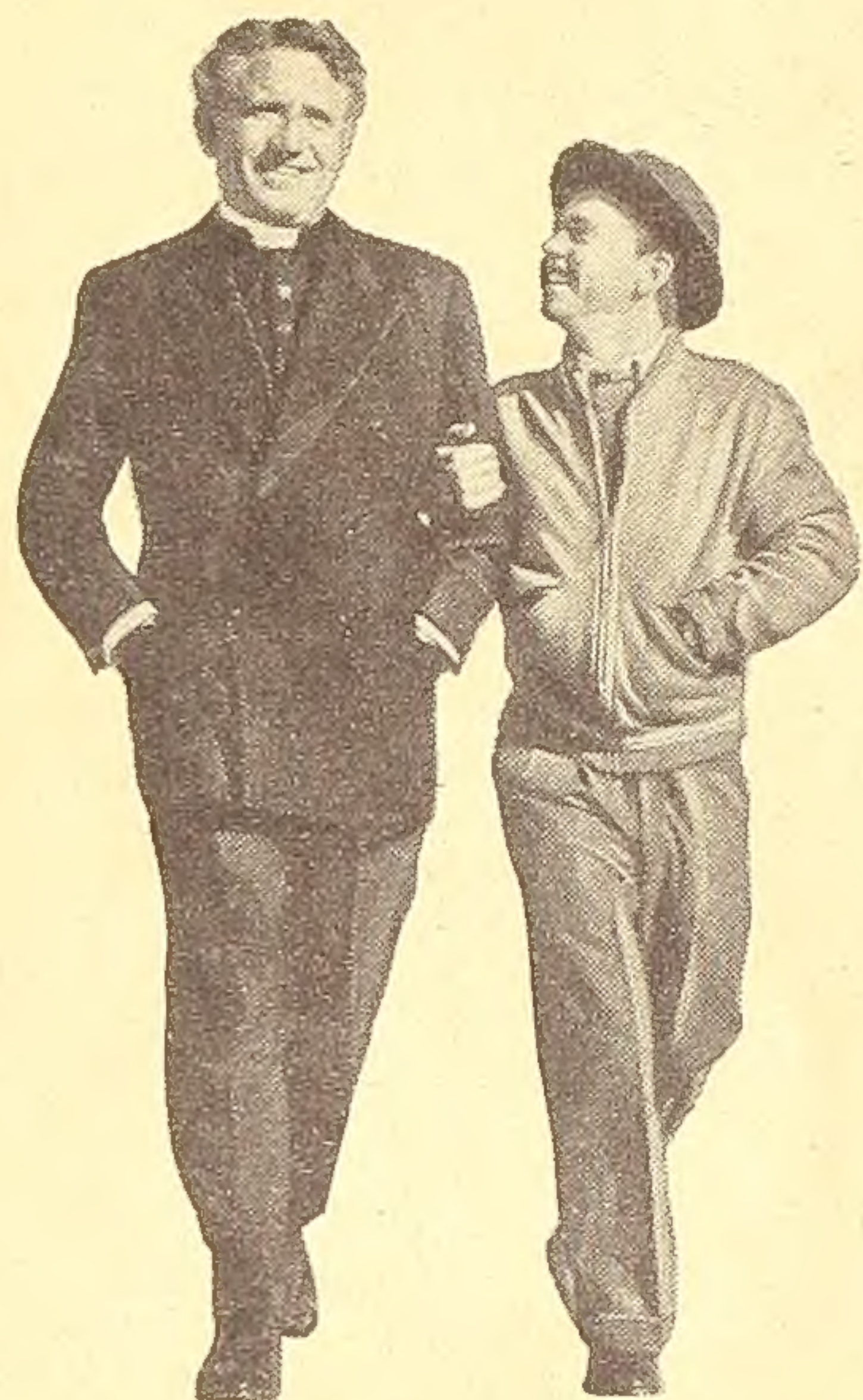
The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown'!"

It will be money properly spent.

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.



And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

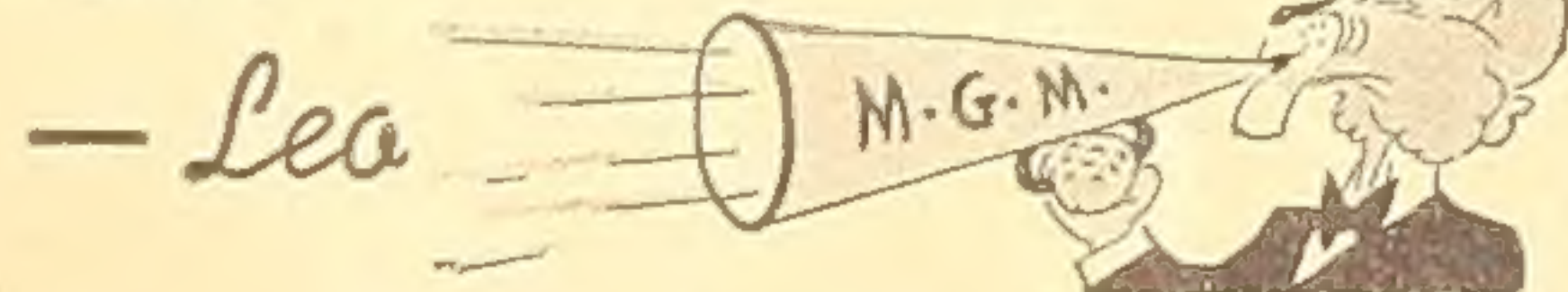
Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures.

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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May, 1941

Vol. XLIII, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of LINDA DARNELL

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

SPENCER

MICKEY

Tracy · Rooney
IN
"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

with

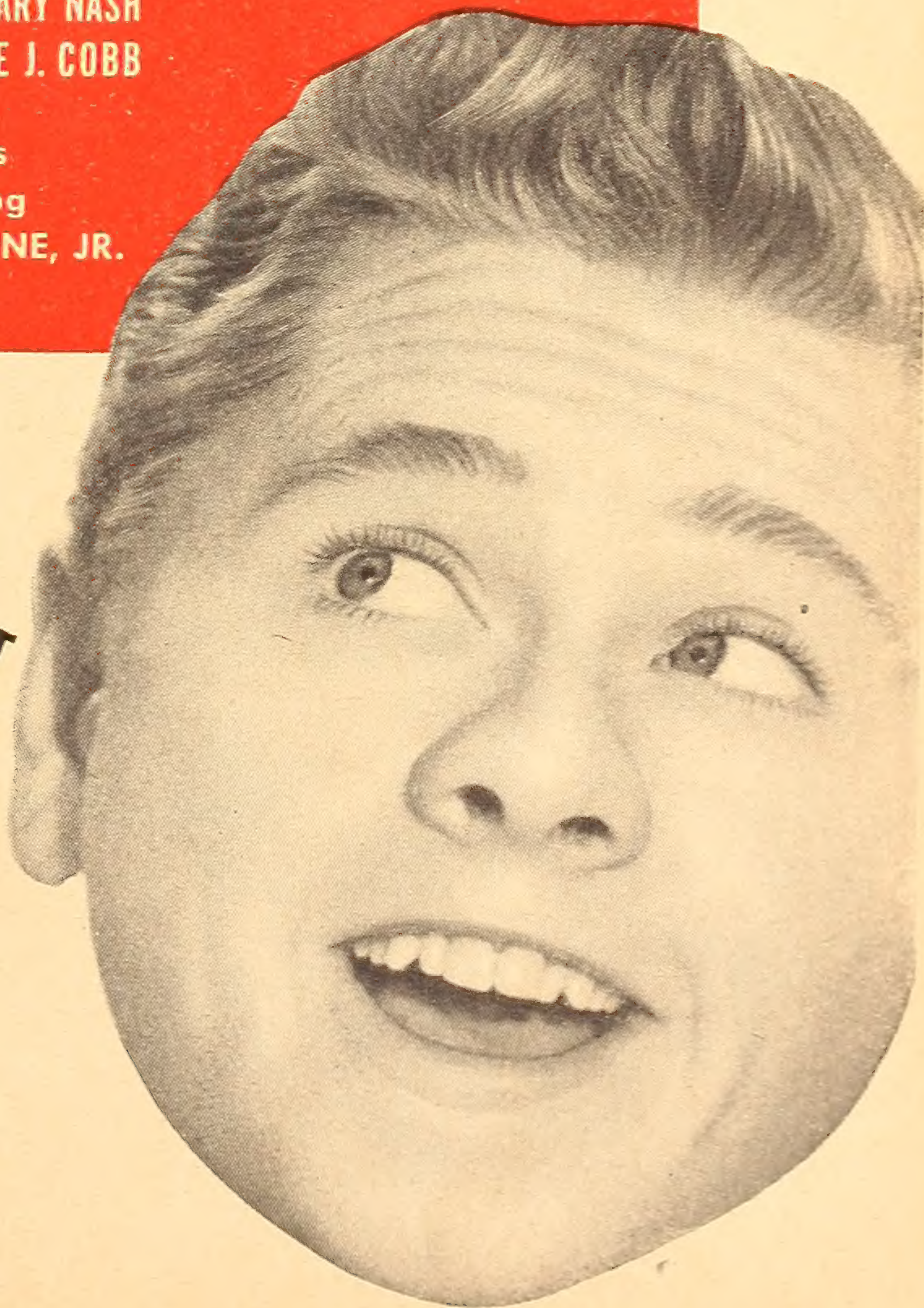
BOBS WATSON · DARRYL HICKMAN · MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN · HENRY O'NEILL · LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness

Directed by Norman Taurog

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER'S NEW HIT



SCREENLAND

HOT

from

HOLLYWOOD

Luscious is the word for Rita Hayworth in this tantalizing pose. What a torso! What an actress! No wonder she's the hottest thing in Hollywood. The silhouette, right, seems to be pleased with the whole idea. Who isn't? But wait until you see Rita's latest, "Affectionately Yours."



IF you're interested in the rise of Kathryn Grayson, "discovered" in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," know that Kathryn isn't at all *new* to Hollywood! She has been insignificantly hanging on the edge of our vast myriad of other unknowns these many months. Anyone curious enough to inquire could have been asking about her for over a year now. Her studio, M-G-M, has had this surprise package in the throes of extensive training for that long. She has been assiduously preparing for her debut that, as you know, was given not one particle of ballyhoo. That, too, was planned. Her studio wanted you to discover her yourself, although to them she has been a "cinch" from the moment they first saw her. Never before has an 18-year-old girl been given such a thorough taking apart and conscientious putting together again. The last fourteen months of her life have been a constant round of the most exacting elocution, singing, acting and dancing instruction. She has worked constantly with body builders, masseurs, make-up artists, hairdressers and clothes designers. A modern Galatea, surely.

WHEN Martha Scott first came to Hollywood, producer Sol Lesser, who brought her out for "Our Town," took one look at her and told her it had been his mistake and she had better go back to New York. But Martha earnestly appealed to him to let her have at least one adequate test before a camera. Mr. Lesser was set against letting her play the rôle she had created on the stage because she had had no experience in Hollywood. That seemed down-right silly to Martha. So she insisted that, in a way, she did have Hollywood experience. She told Mr. Lesser that when she played Shakespeare at the World's Fair in Chicago, right next door to Robert Ripley's Odditorium, she used to eat lunch every day with the exhibits from that show. "I'm positive, Mr. Lesser," Martha smiled, "that after that, I'd get along very well in Hollywood." Martha got the job, as you know, and she has really come to understand Hollywood as well as she predicted she would. In fact, Martha is now being kidded mercilessly because she's gone a bit Hollywood herself. One night not long ago she combed

the Hollywood hills until dawn in a squad car with two policemen in search of a burglar who had ransacked her neighbor's home. She confesses shamelessly that, to her, her cops and robbers complex doesn't seem at all eccentric. And, truthfully, playing detective is her only consuming screwy passion. She spends all the rest of her time winning acting awards.

IT IS still *Ciro's*, of an evening for the bored sophisticates, but for the livelier young bloods, *the* place to meet these warm spring nights is that new, more than smart, *ice cream parlor* out on Santa Monica Boulevard. With a décor you'd only find in Hollywood, this den of hot fudge and the richest of cream concoctions has every youthful figure (the only ones that can take it) beating a path to its door. You can't get into the place without bumping into Rita Hayworth or Susan Hayward and their gangs. Even Garbo, it's hinted, has an appalling weakness for this shop's delicacy—a double-rich ice cream flavored with strong black coffee.

**LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!**

William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings
you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking
romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!



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Bette Davis was an honored guest at the annual Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award dinner in Hollywood—and stepped up to the microphone to thank President Roosevelt for his talk from Washington to the assembled film industry leaders. At bottom of page, Bob Hope is shown accepting a special award for his service to and cooperation with Hollywood, with emphasis on the many charity benefits he has played, from producer Walter Wanger. Proceedings were broadcast over NBC.

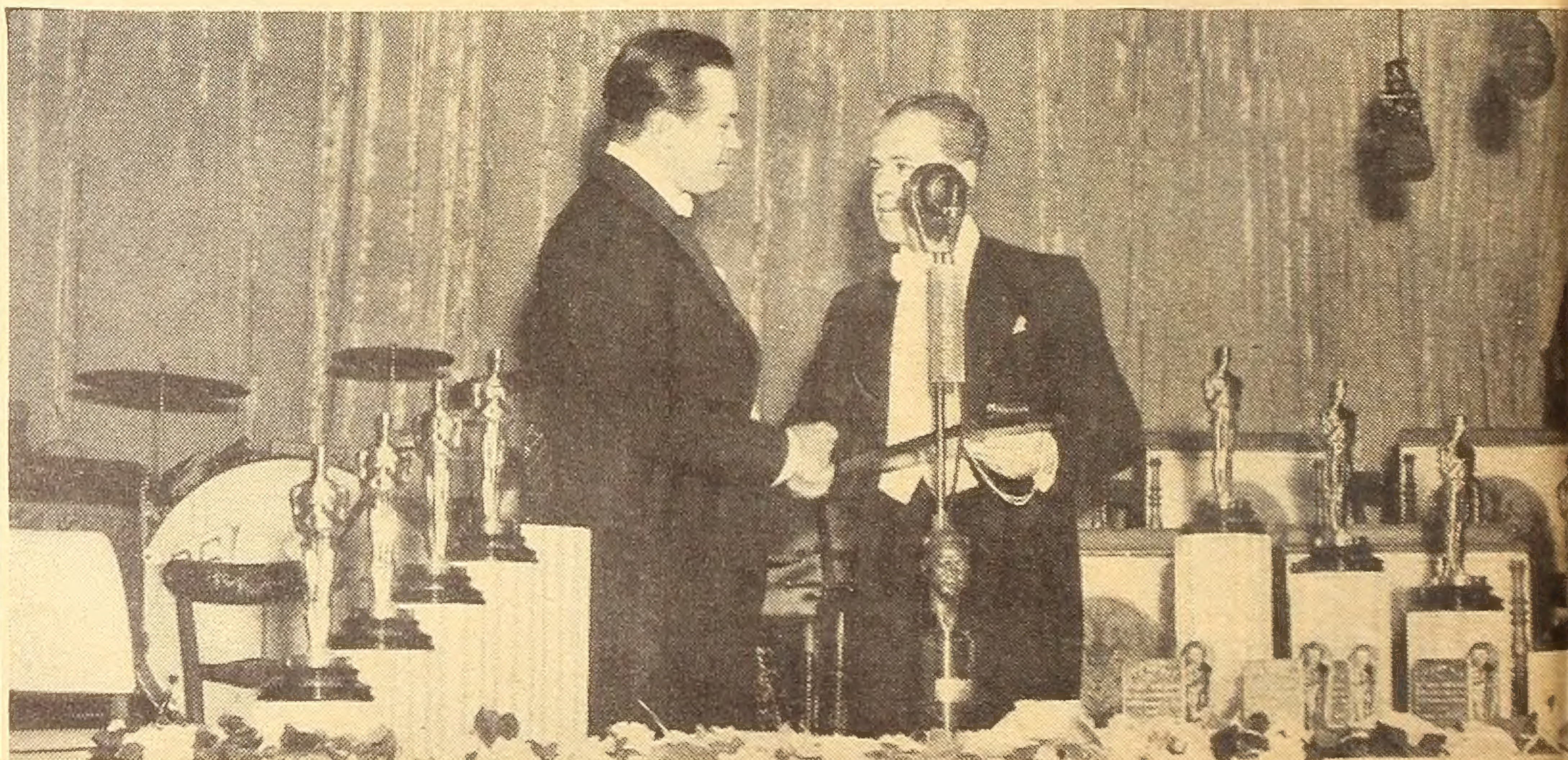
NBC photos

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from
page 6

AS you'll notice, in "One Night In Lisbon," there is a scene in which Madeleine Carroll very smoothly slips out of her military uniform and, before your very eyes, changes into mufti. Usually this sort of un-dress scene is flatly given the go-by by big feminine stars. It's very difficult to keep the masculine members of an audience from giving vent to a few shrill whistles (*a la burlesque*) when they see a big star do a strip tease on the screen. Dignified Miss Carroll wanted none of that. However, Madeleine was persuaded by her director and her bosses that the scene was essential and had to be done according to the script. Madeleine consented, but in trepidation wondered whether she could be screened, somehow, from all the onlookers and the members of the crew. Director Edward Griffith assured her that that precaution would be taken. Hesitatingly, Madeleine prepared for the scene and was very nervous just as the cameras were to turn to find that she was in no way screened. She was to step into the scene from another room and of course the gag was timed so as to take her by complete surprise. When "action" was finally called, she walked in to find that every person on the set from director down to prop boy had been fitted out with a pair of dark glasses.

OH, what a blossoming-out there'll be for 17-year-old Linda Darnell one of these spring days! Watch for Linda to go actressy up to the hilt. Until now, for over a year and a half, Linda has had the average beginner's contract with her studio. Her salary was trifling, as movie salaries go, and the Darnell family being the modest, untheatrical people they are, there were no dramatic indulgencies for Linda, whether she was getting to be a big-time actress or not. From the start, she has had billing that other actresses work up to only after years of plugging, but her salary stayed in the beginner's class. Now Linda has made a new contract deal with her studio and her boost in pay will be more than hefty. As any other newcomer, she has always had a yen to be as flashy as any other young actress making a name for herself, but her sensible and thrifty family kept their foot down. Linda has never had her own car, she doesn't own a home, she doesn't even have her own fur coat. But now, with the salary boost, watch for things to happen. Believe it or not, I think Linda has always had a yen to be as flashy and as elemental as Lana Turner, and you can bet that now she will take a try at it. I hope she doesn't go as far as whizzing up and down the boulevards in an open scarlet-red racer.



tragic accidents, and experience thrills that we will probably never know otherwise. We can attend races of every description. We can learn the customs of people of other lands and modern-day problems. We can see criminal life re-enacted and for a would-be criminal there isn't anything that will impress upon his mind that crime does not pay as to see the lives of great criminals—how they lived in fear, robbed, murdered, turned traitor to one another and finally ended with a horrible death either by his own hands or those of the law.

Since the draft bill and the American Defence Program there is hardly another public service that has set the hearts stirring of every normal American citizen as the movies.

"Ever onward with the 'Movies' for a better and happier world."

Henry N. Thomas, Athens, Ga.

Will someone in the movie business please tell me why the wheels on wagons and buggies give the effect of turning in the opposite direction from which the vehicle is going? I have noticed this in a number of pictures. In one picture, I remember, even the wheels on the hearse were turning backward. Imagine! So won't you please do something about your backward wheels?

Faye M. Harrop, Zanesville, Ohio

In the last year or so I have read countless accusations against, and complaints about, "double features." Now, I would like to know why, if these people object to them so heartily, they don't plan to go into the theater in time to see the one picture they are interested in, instead of complaining about it.

I for one like double features because quite frequently the class "B" picture is the best one on the program.

So, please if some people enjoy, and wish to see the double features, let them do so, and say nothing, for people are not compelled to see more pictures than they wish to.

Ruth L. Scott, Springfield, Mass.

This is especially for you, Leo! Your roar has been the preface of hundreds of the best pictures, but please won't you give one little squeal for that charming actor, Ian Hunter.

In pleading his case we must reminisce a little. Surely, you haven't forgotten that Christlike figure he portrayed in "Strange Cargo?" It was more than one person's opinion that he walked away with all acting honors. But shame, did you do anything about it? No, nothing but cast him in some more of those crack pot comedies where only half the time does he get the girl. If you'd rather not see us women swoon at his romancing, we would gladly settle for a nice big priest rôle. If you'll let out a squeal in his honor, we'll do the roaring!

Doris Templeman, Bell, Calif.

My! but I'm getting tired of seeing these war movies. The majority of the film output is based on the European crisis or on some fictitious conflict.

Don't we read enough about it in the daily papers, hear it in the stores and on the street, without having to see it on the screen?

When I'm in the mood to see a movie, it is finally disclosed to me—and to my dis-

appointment—that either "Four Sons" or "Escape" are playing. Does that get my goat!

Why can't we have more films like: "They Knew What They Wanted," "All This and Heaven, Too," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Our Town?" (only to mention a few!)

I'm sure that most of the theater-goers would be pleased if the picture companies would produce less war films.

Geo. Stupakis, Monessen, Pa.

I have two pet peeves. One is directed at the people who complain about double-feature movies. If they want only one picture why don't they get up and go home and let the rest of us have our two pictures.

My second peeve is at the studios because they won't put the cast of characters at the end of a picture, as well as at the beginning and also, leave them on long enough to read them. They leave the art directors, stylists, etc., on much longer than necessary.

A. V. Tigner, Des Moines, Iowa

There's an actress in Hollywood who has recently been seen in three wonderful motion pictures: "The Mortal Storm," "So Ends Our Night" and "Back Street." Her name is Margaret Sullivan, and I believe she is the screen's finest actress.

All the reviews of her pictures that I have read highly praise her. When are those men who hand out the "Oscars" going to come to their senses? Sullivan is good; why not admit it and give her some well-deserved recognition?

Gloria J. Frank, Chicago, Ill.

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Amazing speed! 3-second suds in cool water!
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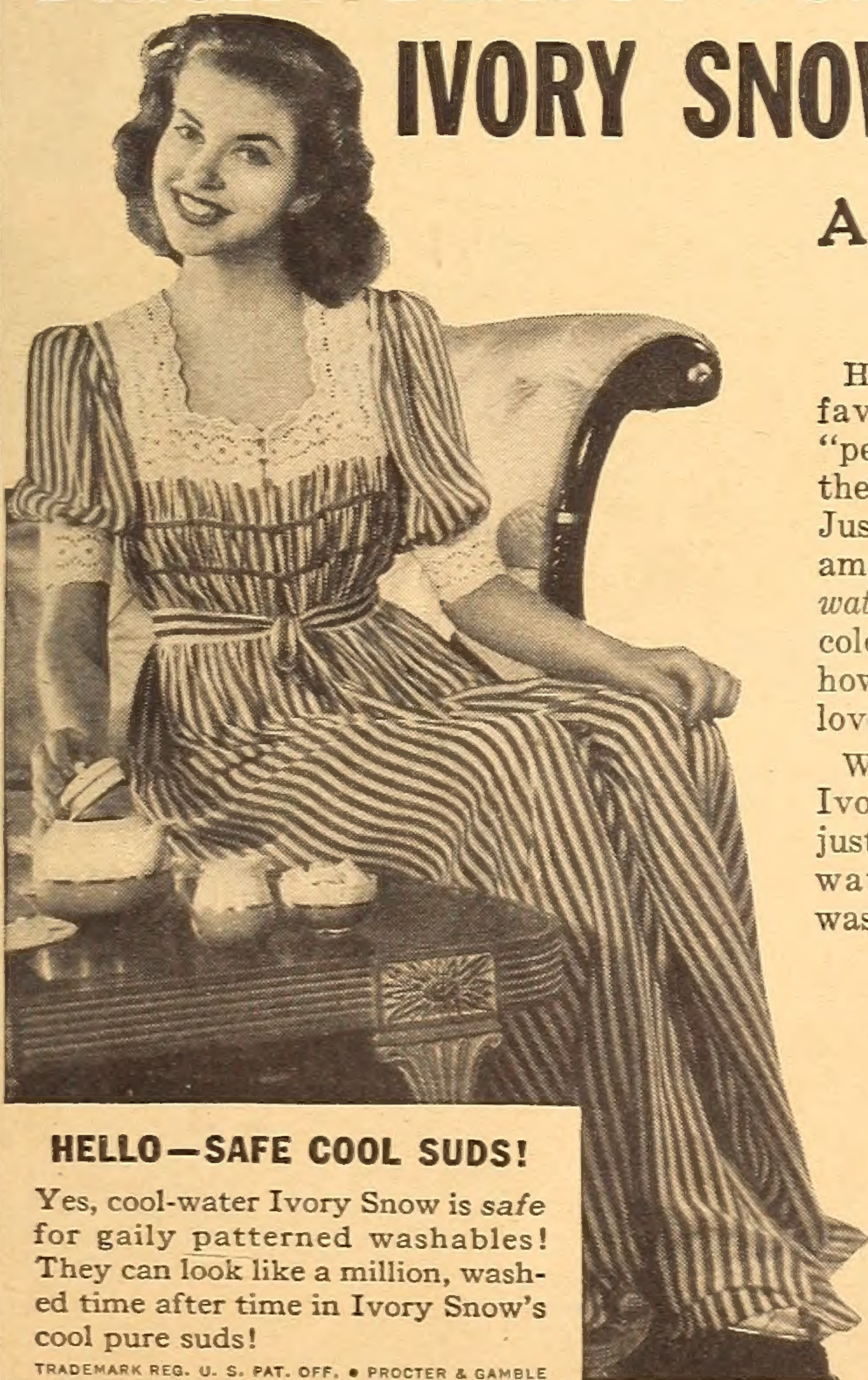
HERE'S MAGIC FOR COLORS! Your favorite washable housecoat—your "pet" satin nightgown . . . don't let them get washed-out looking and drab! Just tub them with Ivory Snow—the amazing new soap that gives cool-water safety to every washable color in the rainbow! Then see how bright and lustrous those lovely colors can stay!

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to prints that are blurred and faded from hot-water washing! There's cool-water safety waiting for every washable you own—right in a blue-and-white box labeled Ivory Snow! Try Ivory Snow today!

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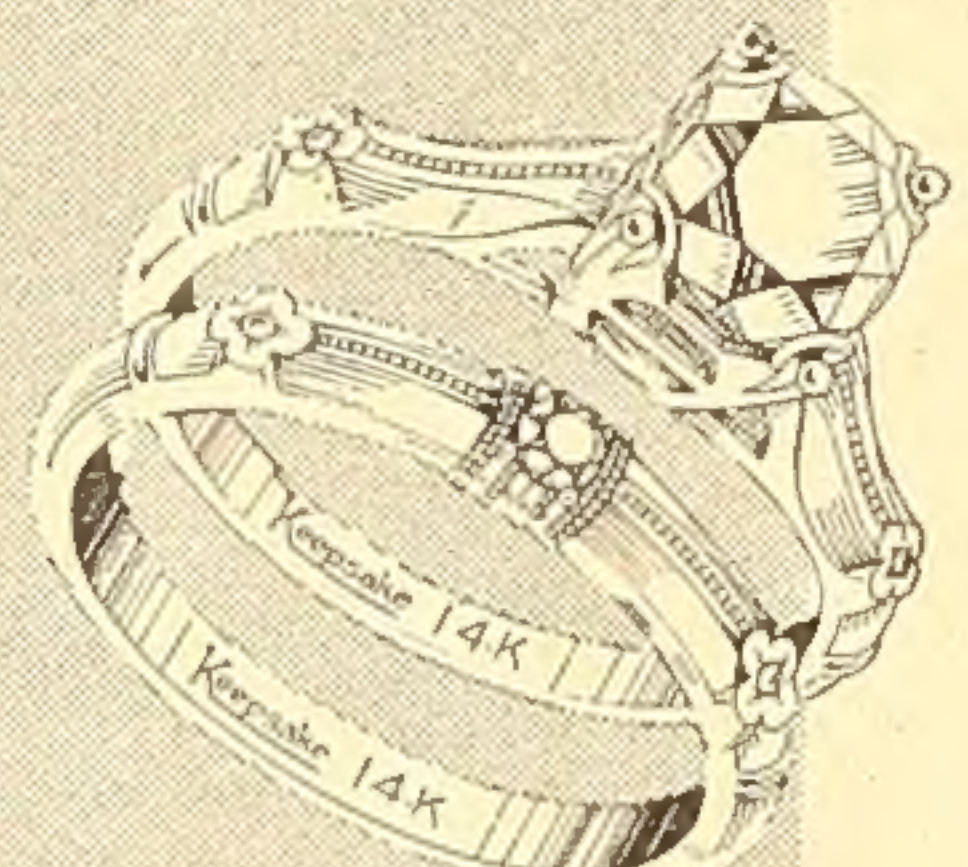
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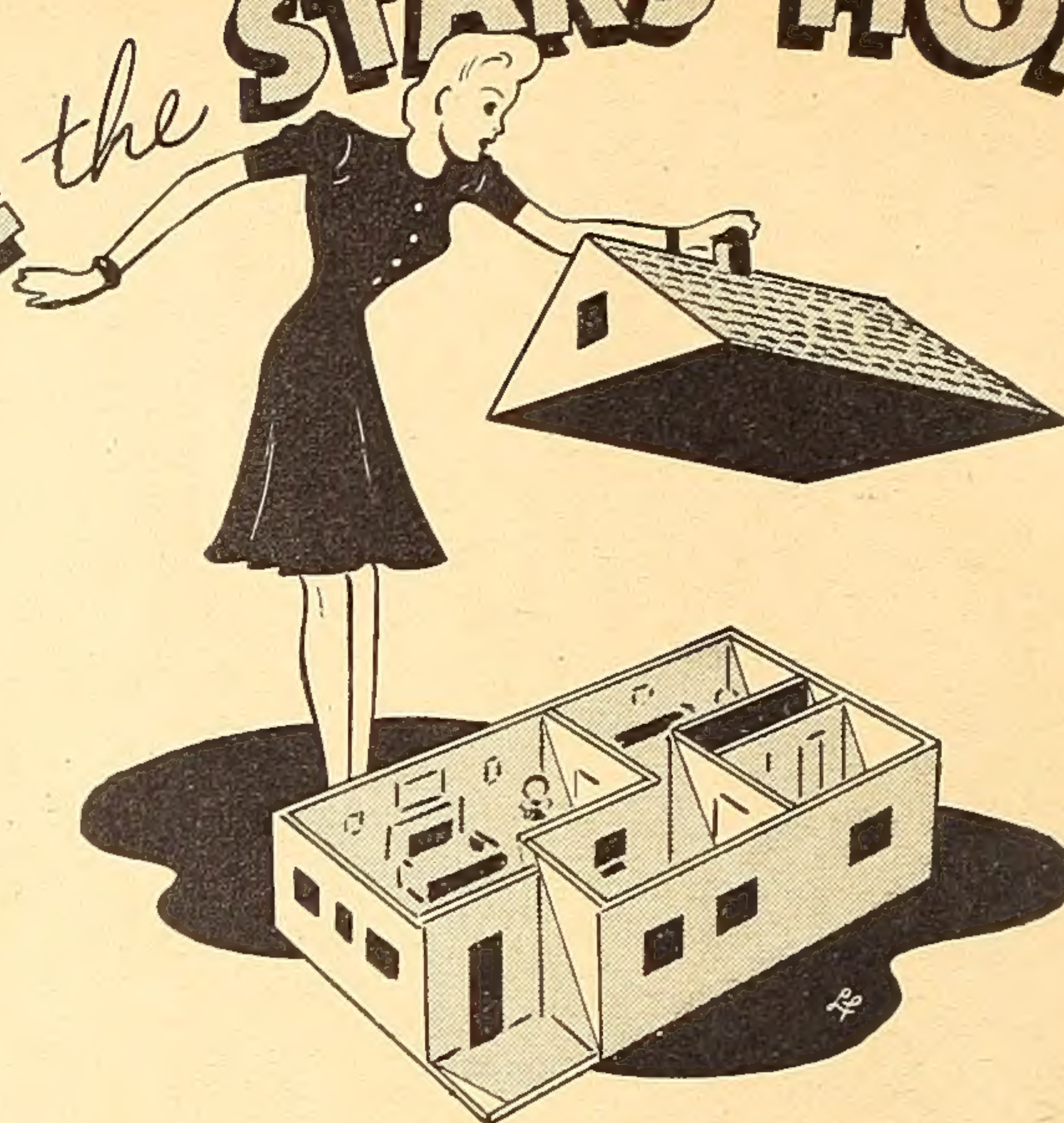
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By
**Betty
Boone**

INSIDE the **STARS' HOMES**



For a merry
May luncheon,
let **Patricia
Morison** enter-
tain you in her
charming mod-
ernistic home

PATRICIA MORISON has luscious curves and long hair, the dignity and languorous beauty that seems to belong to the romantic past. But she lives in a modernistic house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright—all sunshine and windows, plenty of air and absolutely no privacy. "Simply marvelous for a person alone," commented Patricia, "but for a big family, not too 'cosy' as my mother complains!"

The elder Morisons don't really complain; they say tolerantly that it is rather interesting to live in a goldfish bowl for a year or two. Pat, they infer, will probably give in by that time to one of her persistent suitors and they can return to their own English type of house.

Pat's brother solves his problem by occupying a tiny house three levels below, adjoining the badminton courts.





Pat's young cousins, Ursula and Dennis Skeate, who are over here "for the duration," think the outdoorsiness quite "jolly." You can't live outside all year at home.

So there is the Morison house, looking like a succession of glass boxes set on a green hillside. The three levels are carpeted in blossoming iceplant, shaded with young trees; there are small ponds on first and third, and a grove of fruiting oranges and lemons.

"We have goldfish in the upper pond and frogs in the lower one," Pat pointed out. "I love to hear frogs croaking at night. This really is a divine spot then—I throw

Designed by the famous architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, Patricia Morison's home, where she lives with her parents, is all sunshine and windows. Facing page shows Pat presiding over her gay luncheon table. Above, other views of our hostess in her unusual home.

open the huge windows, and listen to my frogs, smell my lemon blossoms and watch the stars. I don't know whether the stars actually *are* brighter here—but they seem so."

The sun pours down on the upper patio, where the Morisons and their guests like

to bask in colorful armchairs or inviting canvas covered lounges. There are flagstones set into the hillside leading down to the badminton courts and the two lower levels. "So good for the hips, all this climbing about," said my hostess. "I drop a few ounces every time I show the place off!"

Even the living room is on two levels—one end, with the piano and Capehart, music and record chests, takes on the air of a music room and seems more spacious than it is because what slim wall space the windows permit is set with mirrors. The
(Please turn to page 85)

"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY



Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

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Allan Roy Dafe, M.D.

Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps overcome between-meal hunger and fatigue.

... An American Favorite



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NO BELTS
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NO PADS
NO ODOR

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You experience a new and glorious freedom with Tampax. A month's trial convinces beyond doubt . . . You can dance, swim, engage in all sports, use tub or shower . . . No chafing, no bulging, no pin-and-belt problems. No odor can form; no deodorant needed. And Tampax is easily disposed of.

Made of pure surgical cotton, tremendously absorbent, Tampax now comes in *three sizes*: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Andy Hardy's Private Secretary—M-G-M

Mickey Rooney has reached man's estate—almost. He takes unto himself a private secretary and, during the natural course of events, gums up *Judge Hardy's* plans for the girl's poor family. *Kathryn Land* (Kathryn Grayson), *Andy's* stenographer, is the surprise of this latest Hardy series. Her singing is indescribably beautiful and she is cute enough to make Ann Rutherford suffer symptoms of the green-eyed monster. Don't miss this *Hardy* film.



A Girl, a Guy and a Gob—RKO

This delightful film was made for two primary purposes—laughs and more laughs! George Murphy, Lucille Ball and Edmond O'Brien are a happy triumvirate. When O'Brien sheds his dignity and his stuffy fiancée, the love plot thickens. *Coffee Cup* (George Murphy) is engaged to *Dot Duncan* (Lucille Ball). His emotions are torn between the sea and his sweetie. When he learns *Dot's* boss loves her too, *Coffee Cup* comes to a quick decision.



You're the One—Paramount

She's a dark-eyed, dimpled darling and loves Orrin Tucker. Of course we mean Bonnie Baker loves O. T. And he cares for our "Oh, Johnny, Oh" girl, but not as a blonde menace. Bonnie's agent changes her personality in order to win a singing contract with Albert Dekker's band. Sandwiched in between a pretty thin plot, pops Jerry Colonna. Well, O. T.—he leads a band too, you know—wants Bonnie to sing for him, and after awhile she does.



The Trial of Mary Dugan—M-G-M

Laraine Day realistically portrays the rôle of *Mary Dugan*, adding new laurels to her acting crown. *Mary's* efforts to hide her prison background is studded with suspense. It holds while *Jimmie Blake* (Robert Young), her lawyer-sweetheart, ignorant of her past until she is on trial for murder, cleverly proves her innocence to the jury. At the right moments, the inimitable Marjorie Main relieves the tension with bright touches of comedy.



Adam Had Four Sons—Columbia

Adam Stoddard (Warner Baxter) is proud of his heritage. His four sons also revere the *Stoddard* traditions. *Adam's* wife dies, leaving the burden of their rearing to Ingrid Bergman, their gentle governess. The 1907 panic bankrupts *Adam* and he is forced to sell his house. The war years find him prospering again; the boys volunteer for service. The household is disrupted when *David* brings his war bride (Susan Hayward) home for a spell.



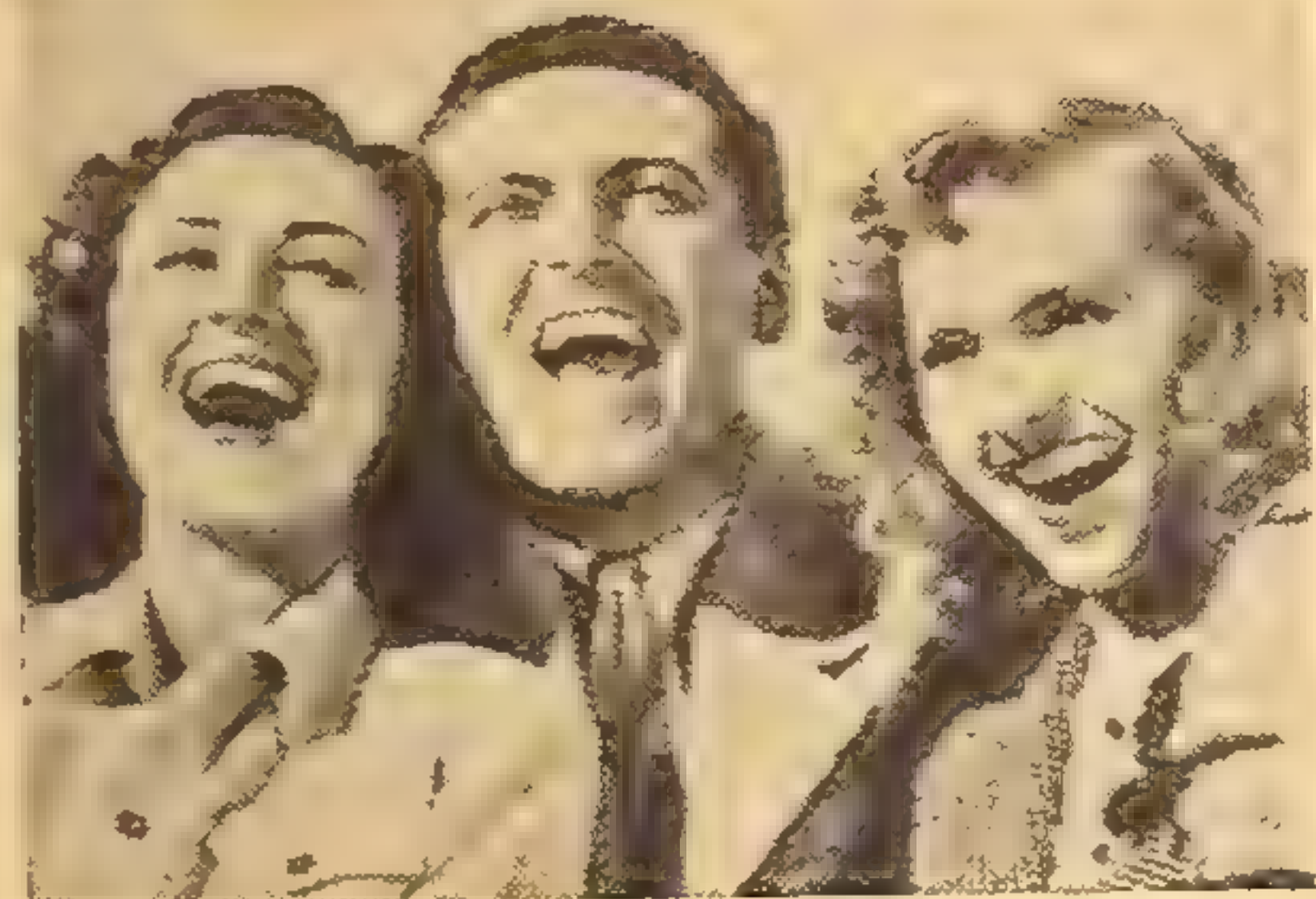
Footsteps in the Dark—Warners

Murder becomes merry with Errol Flynn cast as author-amateur sleuth. Flynn leads a double life—triple, to be numerically correct. He's a broker catering to a lofty clientele; a loving husband to Brenda Marshall and, in between times, a writer-sleuth. It is in the latter rôle he faces trouble. His wife sets a private detective on his trail after a friend, with fiendish delight, phones her her husband is out dancing with a blonde. Fine fun.



Topper Returns—Roach

Joan Blondell is mistakenly murdered and returns to this earthly earth to find out how come she was done in. Also, she's out to snare her assassin and find her body. To do this, Joan's astral self plagues Roland Young until he agrees to help her. Eddie (Rochester) Anderson dodges in and out of spooky situations. Billie Burke is as giddy as ever as *Topper's* wife, and Carole Landis looks becomingly scared. There are laughs galore in this.



The Hard-Boiled Canary—Paramount

It's hard to think of Susanna Foster as hard-boiled, especially when she opens her gifted mouth to sing. As *Toodles La Verne*, she becomes a member of the Interlochen National Music Camp which houses outstanding youthful artists. She is shunned by her mates at first but later, with the help of Allan Jones, endears herself to them. Complications rise when her past is uncovered. Happily, all ends well. This is a treat for serious music lovers.



The Great Train Robbery—Republic

Duke Logan (Milburn Stone) runs a café with crime as a sideline. *Tom Logan* (Bob Steele), his brother, is a railroad detective, honest, fearless. It is his duty to guard the Comanche, a crack train carrying a shipment of gold. Tom knows his brother is planning to hold up the train, and is helpless to prevent the deed. However, *Tom*, virtually single-handed, tracks the ruthless mob and manages to save the shipment. Bob Steele's good.



Back Street—Universal

Fannie Hurst's novel comes to life on the screen, featuring two celebrated artists. The film moves with force and feeling with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer cast as the ill-fated lovers. By a cruel twist of fate Miss Sullavan misses the boat on which Boyer is waiting with a preacher. They meet again five years later; Boyer is married. They resume their broken romance in a furtive manner. Sacrifice and heartache is the theme.



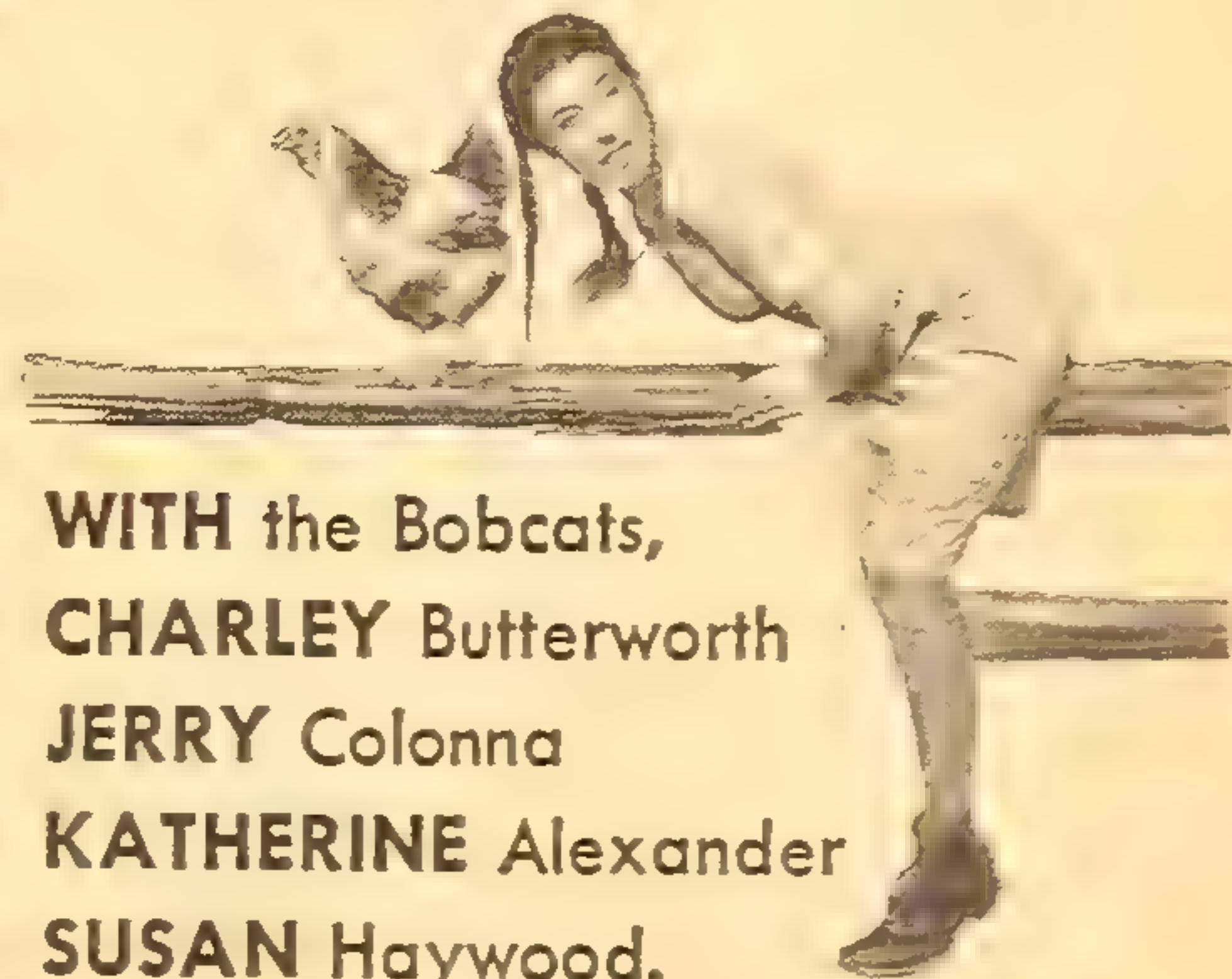
Adventures of Capt. Marvel—Republic

Far inland, in the jungles of the Malayan Peninsula, are the ruins of the ancient "Scorpion Dynasty." Natives guard the mysteries of the sacred temple. Unwelcome, the Malcolm Scientific Expedition arrives, seeks to penetrate its secrets. *Billy Batson* (Frank Coghlan, Jr.) refuses to invade the imperial room; for this he is rewarded with power to transform himself into a superman, "*Captain Marvel*." A super thriller serial for adventure lovers.

THE **TIP-OFF** ON A BIG PICTURE



"SIS HOPKINS" is a-comin' to TOWN! And who but JUDY CANOVA, the beloved "JENNY LIND of the Ozarks" COULD be the Sis Hopkins of 1941? IT'LL be the screamiest thing on CELLULOID, since Mabel Normand DID IT y'ars ago in the "Silents." THIS famous stage classic comes TO TOWN rip-roarin' with laughter AND ZIP as Judy streamlines it FOR you with new fits and fittin's... BRINGING joy to your heart and LAUGHTER to your ribs will be BOB CROSBY and his orchestra



WITH the Bobcats, CHARLEY Butterworth JERRY Colonna KATHERINE Alexander SUSAN Haywood. YOUR local theatre manager WILL let you roll in the aisles ENTIRELY unmolested and medical TREATMENT will be provided WITHOUT charge for patrons DEVELOPING uncontrollable HYSTERIA. It is your big chance TO GET troubles off your mind AND giggle-bees in your bonnet. WATCH your local paper for THE OPENING date of "SIS HOPKINS" starring funny JUDY CANOVA. It's...

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Screenland Honor Page

**HEARTY
WELCOME
TO AN
ENCHANTING
NEWCOMER!**

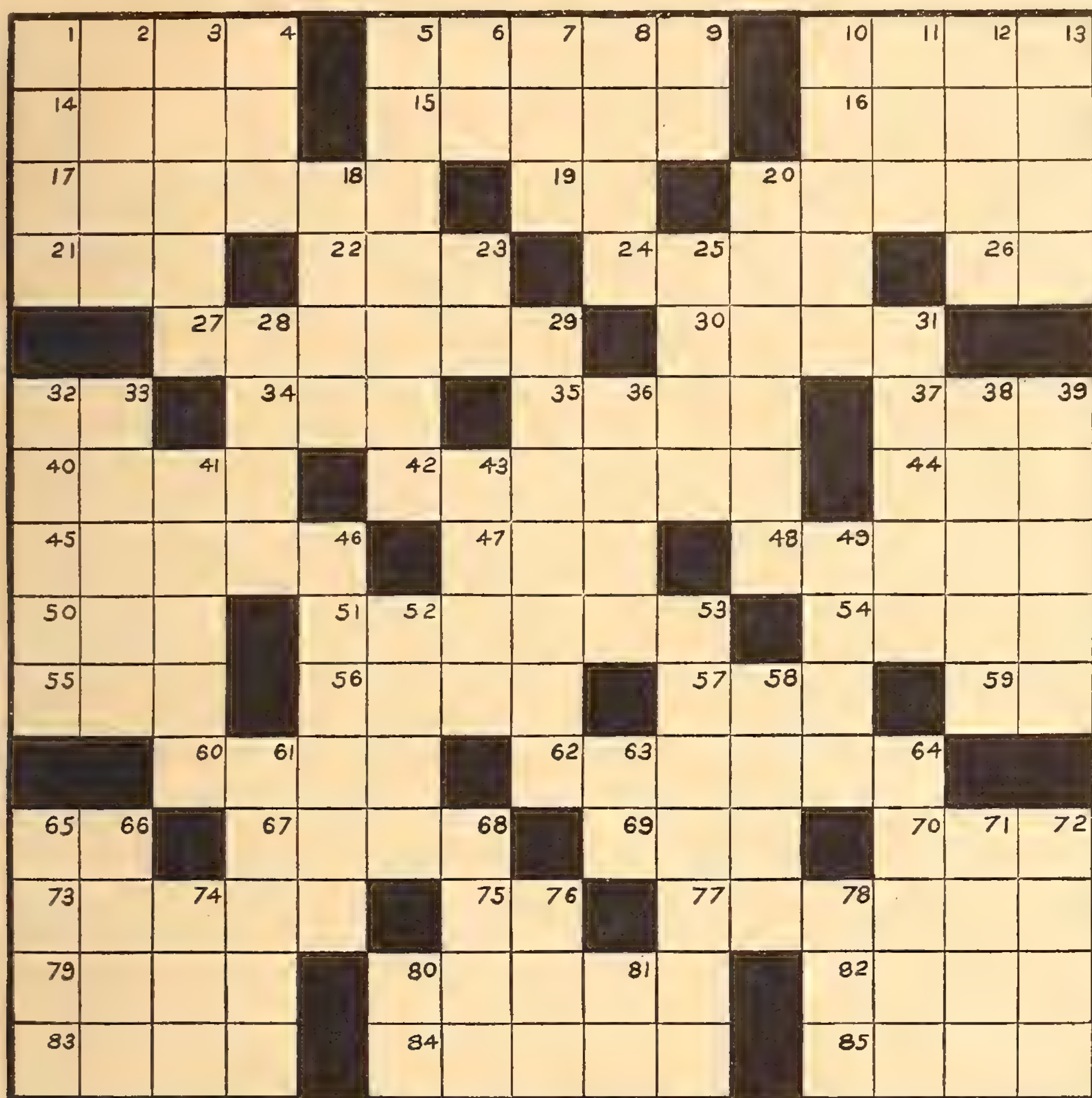
**Meet
KATHRYN
GRAYSON:
young,
vital,
with a
VOICE!**

Take a bow, Kathryn Grayson, for giving jaded movie-goers a refreshing eye and ear tonic. Your début in "Andy Hardy's Secretary" with Mickey Rooney (scene below) was delightful, indeed. Please, Katie, stay as sweet as you are! We are glad M-G-M didn't build you up with a lot of "phony glitter" because, first of all, that commodity is a drug on the market. Secondly, your wholesomeness, golden voice and charming manners are qualities we prefer to see stressed. Good luck, enchanting newcomer!



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

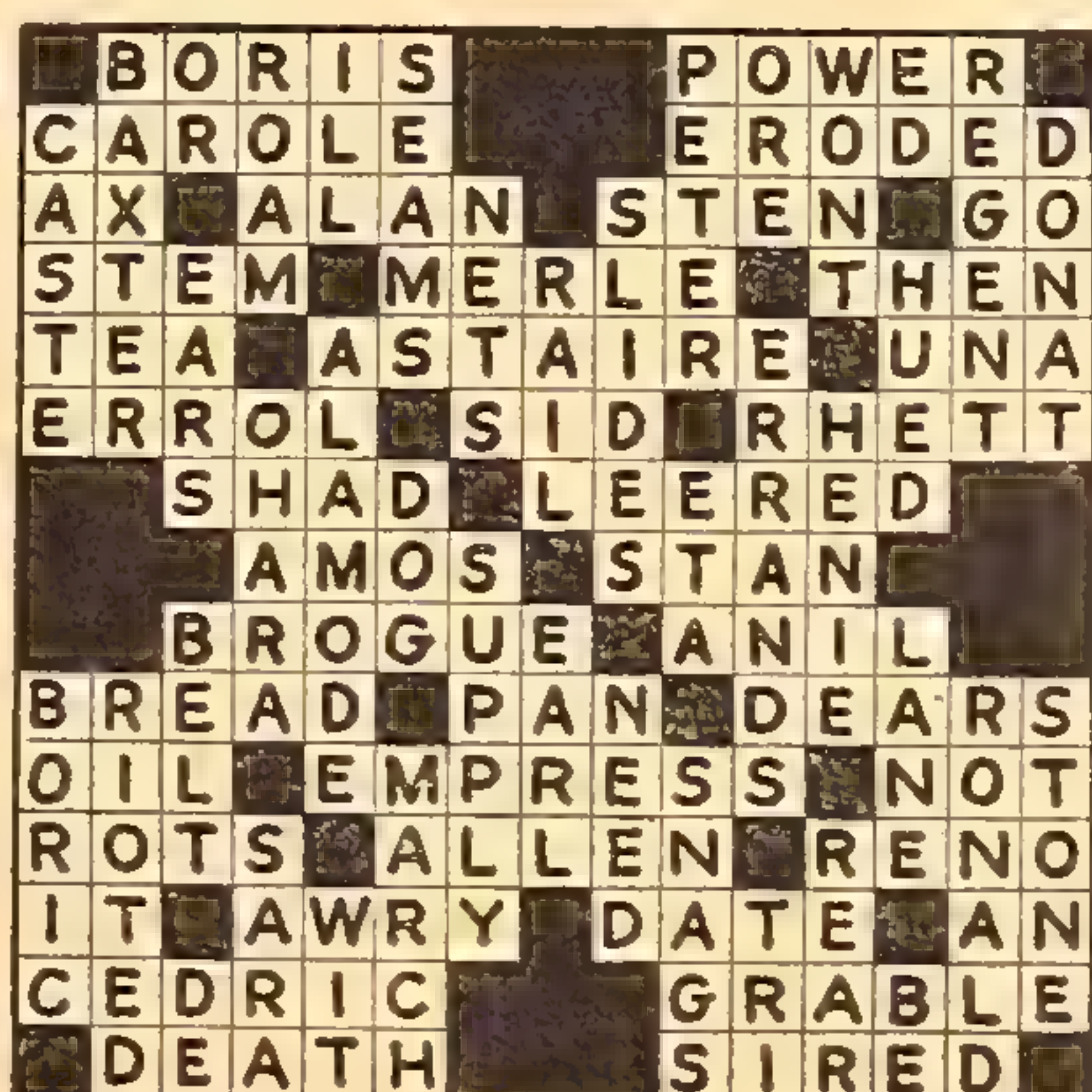
1. He plays horror rôles
5. *Mrs. Dudley* in "The Lady with Red Hair"
10. He's married to Frances Dee
14. Heating chamber
15. The famous ice-skating star
16. On the ocean
17. Her new one is "Nice Girl"
19. Printers' measure
20. "Three - - - - Girls," Durbin's first film
21. The Dead - - - Kids
22. Before
24. "It's A - - - -," a Deanna Durbin picture
26. Biblical pronoun
27. Outer coverings of nuts
30. Tip of a crescent moon
32. "Come Live With - -" (James Stewart film)
34. Short verse
35. *Scarlett O'Hara's* beloved home
37. Strange
40. To shelter
42. Seed spreader
44. Grief
45. Lock of hair
47. Religious fear
48. Yonder
50. Wing of a house
51. Irrational
54. Dry
55. Kind of grain
56. One who goes
57. Rodent
59. Steamship (abbrev.)
60. Lowest point on a thermometer
62. She's featured in "Ziegfeld Girl"
65. Printed notice (abbrev.)
67. Co-star of "The Road to Zanzibar"
69. "Tin - - - Alley," with Alice Faye
70. A federal republic of North America (abbrev.)
73. To recover with turf
75. Famous "Mammy" singer

77. Co-star of "Bitter Sweet"
79. A tribe
80. Co-star of "Victory"
82. Gumbo-like vegetable
83. Co-star of "Comrade X"
84. An assumed name
85. Employs

DOWN

1. Foretell
2. Level
3. Principal rôles in movies
4. She's *Maisie*
5. Star of "The Great Dictator"
6. Note of the scale
7. Compass point (abbrev.)
8. "Gone With the - - -"
9. Compass point (abbrev.)
10. Co-star of "Strawberry Blonde"
11. She's featured in "Honeymoon for Three"
12. Weird, uncanny
13. Tardy
18. Necessity
20. He's featured in "The Bride Came C.O.D."
23. He's famous for Swede comic rôles
25. Land measure
28. Gardening implements
29. Co-star of "The Philadelphia Story"
31. Star of "The Mark of Zorro"
32. Measuring device
33. Premature, soon
36. Chief seaport of Arabia, a British possession
38. *Mrs. Cooper* in "The Letter"
39. "Mr. - - - - Goes to Town," famous film
41. Her new one is "Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga"
43. Facility, leisure
46. She's featured in "Dark Streets of Cairo"
49. To detest
52. Mid-day
53. Commissions to be performed
58. " - - - - of Green Gables"
61. Hard, dark wood
63. Upwards
64. Type of hard bread (plural)
65. Sly
66. To delete
68. Clare Pendleton in "Gallant Sons"
71. Tender, inflamed
72. Collections of related things
74. Depressed
76. Hawaiian wreath
78. One of comedy team in "Buck Privates"
80. Note of the scale
81. Note of the scale

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



YOUNG WIVES of Today LUCKY



Amazing discovery
solves vital
personal problem
—gives
hours of medication

WHAT an amazing change has taken place in the lives of many lucky young wives of today. These moderns face their responsibilities with serene confidence. They have discovered they do not have to use over-strong solutions in feminine hygiene which can burn delicate tissue.

Zonitors have contributed immeasurably to this change. These dainty, snow-white suppositories give continuous medication for hours. Spread a greaseless protective coating to kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors.

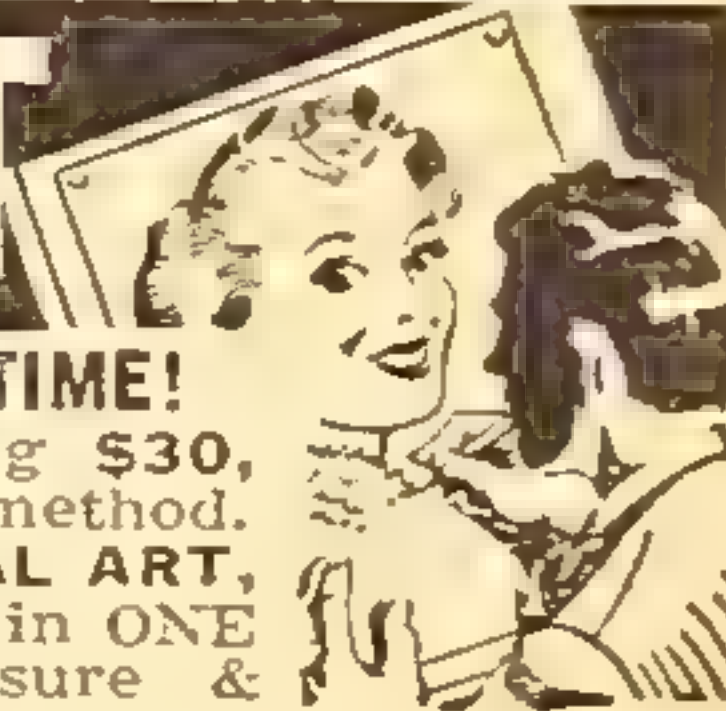
Yet!—Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Are non-caustic. Contain no poison. Don't burn. Even promote gentle healing.

Zonitors are completely removable with water. There's nothing to mix; no apparatus needed. Get Zonitors at druggist's, and join the thousands of lucky young wives who have discovered this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene.

FREE revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope. Write to Zonitors, 370 Lexington Ave., Dept. 3509-A, New York City

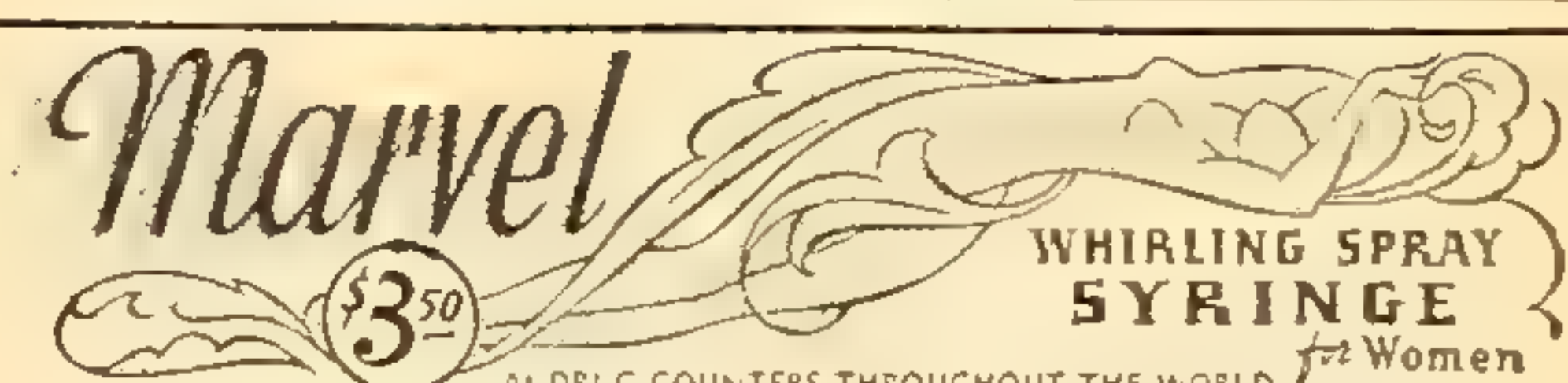
Zonitors

Be an ARTIST



LEARN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!
Trained artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week, by our practical method. Step by step we teach you COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING all in ONE course. **FREE BOOK**—"Art for Pleasure & Profit" describes training and opportunities in art. No obligation. State age.

STUDIO 175T, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115—15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.



Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., 416 East St., New Haven, Conn.

Soft AS A BUTTERFLY WING

See how smooth, youthful, alluring your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base. It helps conceal blemishes, subtly 'tints' your complexion, gives you a flattering 'portrait finish.'

POWDER-BASE

hampden

25c also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 15 million sold

1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL...

THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

• From the studio that gave you "Tin Pan Alley" and "Down Argentine Way"!

Alice
FAYE

Don
AMECHE

Carmen
MIRANDA

in

"That Night in Rio"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

IT'S GAY!

IT'S ROMANTIC!

IT'S MUSICAL!... the South American Way!

Hit songs—

"I'yi, Yi, Yi, Yi" (I Like You Very Much)

"Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic"

"Boa Noite" (Good Night)

"They Met In Rio"

"The Baron Is In Conference"

by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

S. Z. SAKALL • with J. CARROL NAISH
CURT BOIS • LEONID KINSKEY
Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Fred Kohlmar. Screen Play by George Seaton, Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Additional Dialogue by Samuel Hoffenstein. Based on a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. Adapted by Jessie Ernst.

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The Editor's Page

Winner of the Academy Award for best performance by an actress in 1940 (for her work in "Kitty Foyle") Ginger Rogers burst into happy tears as she received her "Oscar." Left, with her mother; below, with male winner James Stewart, whose 1938 film with Ginger, "Vivacious Lady," is being reissued.



An Open Letter

DEAR MISS ROGERS:
You cried.

When they gave you your "Oscar" for the best performance of 1940—in "Kitty Foyle"—you broke down and cried like a kid. And I'm you better for that. It makes you as truly human as you have always seemed to be on the screen.

You probably haven't noticed, but I've been rooting for you to win the Award for a long time. When I reviewed "Kitty Foyle" two months ago I said: "When are people going to wake up and give this actress the praise she deserves—say an Oscar or two?" Well, it was a great fight and you won. I mean we the people who have been pulling for you; I mean the fans and members of the press like myself who have been boosting you in the face of what seemed to be supreme indifference on your part.

Genuine shyness; an inferiority complex; honest modesty—these were some of the kinder reasons assigned for your aloofness. The public—and the member among others of the much maligned press



OUR *Love* AFFAIR

This Is How She Feels About Him!

Lovely Ilona Massey tells the true story of her romance with Alan Curtis—and, facing page, Alan replies. Right below, scene from "New Wine" with Curtis as composer Franz Schubert and Ilona as his co-star. Far right on opposite page, an informal picture.



"I FELT that love was just not for me. Alan helped me to believe. He gave me the desire to be ambitious. Real people are those who have been through things. They understand. He has great understanding. And tenderness. I have never known anyone like him before. All my dreams are alive again.

"Alan brought a precious gift into my life. He taught me how to laugh. I have always been much too serious about things. I had lost faith in most people. Especially men. I was very lonesome during my first few years in Hollywood. Most of the eligible men were so spoiled. He is just the opposite. He is quite unselfish. Quite unaware of his good looks.

"Though he tries hard not to show it, Alan is a sentimentalist. Many times when he called for me, he arrived with his arms filled with flowers. They were from his own garden—picked by himself. He knew I liked tiger lilies, lilac, lilies of the valley. They grew on a farm in the Netherlands where I worked as a child. He tried to grow them in his own yard.

"For several years Alan and I passed each other on the M-G-M lot. Once we were casually introduced in front of the commissary. But we never spoke again. When I saw him in 'Mannequin' he was so 'bad' I was sure he must be exactly like that fellow he was playing! I expected him to be quite conceited and self-centered. I had no desire to meet him at all. To my surprise, when we talked together the first time, I discovered he was a nice, normal human being. 'You worry too much' he told me, as if he had known me for many years. From that day on Alan began helping me to live more for today. Because of

those early days of poverty and sickness in Europe, I grew up with the fear of tomorrow hanging over my head like a sword. That fear is gone. He knows now, instantly, the minute anything is bothering me. I had to promise that I would never try to spare him if a problem comes along.

"In 'New Wine,' our first picture together, Alan is going to surprise everyone. They've always associated him with gangsters and similar characters. He has so much real feeling. But he has (*Please turn to page 93*)





And Here

Is How They Got That Way!

How two disillusioned people discovered it was possible to live and love again

By Jerry Asher

This Is How He Feels About Her!

FROM now on I won't be beating my head looking for happiness! Everything that is a good influence, Ilona brought into my life.

"Perhaps I never had the capacity for love before. Maybe I never *really* loved. I know I was always more or less indifferent. Ilona has changed all that. We have been together every day since we met. Just once I went to a Turkish bath. I counted the moments until I could get back to her again. I feel I have lost something when I am away from her. I think this is the way a man should feel about the woman he loves.

"I know how lucky I am. Ilona is so glamorous-looking. So beautiful. But she isn't glamorous in a Hollywood way. She is practical. And serious. She believes that marriage should be a partnership. She wants to share everything, not just take and give little in return. She is the most appreciative person I have ever known.

"Before I ever knew her I imagined she would be egocentric and aloof. She is sure of herself in a way. But she hasn't the singer's ego that usually comes with a beautiful voice. She doesn't baby herself. But neither does she subordinate herself. She just handles herself as a woman—intelligently.

"Because she has so much confidence in me, Ilona has given me confidence in myself. She has a million ideas to help me improve. With her (*Please turn to page 93*)

SOMEWHERE in the stars it was written that these two should meet. Not astrology, not Hymen (the God of Marriage) not even the Gods of Fate had anything to do with it happening in Boise, Idaho. It was merely Metro-Goldwyn and Mr. Mayer.

Ilona Massey—heartwarming Hungarian—eyes of cornflower blue—pale taffy hair sprinkled with champagne. Alan Curtis—amorous American—tall—dark—and rugged. At the request of L. B. Mayer, their studio had sent them to attend the Governors' luncheon in Boise. Ilona sang the state song and scored her usual hit. Alan bowed from his handsome hips. He smiled and showed his teeth. It was all pretty much one of those routined publicity things. Once before they had met briefly in front of their studio commissary. Never had they talked. Or cared less if they ever did.

On the day of their return to Hollywood, someone suggested that Ilona invite (*Please turn to page 94*)





LETTERS

TO IDA LUPINO

**As read to
Gladys Hall**



From embattled Britain to hectic, hard-working Hollywood, Stanley Lupino, noted actor of more peaceful days, sends his daughter Ida his war-time impressions. Center above is Ida's only photograph of her dad. At right, Miss Lupino in her latest film, "The Sea Wolf." Facing page includes a scene in vivid contrast: Ida and her husband, Louis Hayward, in their cheery Hollywood home.



WE SAT at tea in the panelled play-room of Ida's low, white rambling house, field grass and pepper trees blowing in the twilight winds outside the casement windows, stretch of sea beyond the fields and trees. The firelight flickered, the dogs snuffed peacefully, Ida's hands moved among the tea things.

"A cup of tea," she said, "it's keeping them alive, over there, you know, a cup of tea."

On the table in front of her, close by the tea tray, lay a letter; across it, like a tape holding together the edges of a wound, the tape which read "OPENED BY EXAMINER 4789."

"I've had six letters from my father, Stanley Lupino," Ida told me. "I have had only six letters from him since the outbreak of the war—the boats went down, you see. And not one of my letters has reached him. Because I forgot and didn't send them by clipper. Only a packet of post-cards, they reached him."

Ida raised her tea-cup then, looked into it, as if finding in the cosy comfort of the tea something of the comfort they are finding—over there.

"It must seem odd," she said, "how often he speaks of a cup of tea—with the air raid warning screaming, when the All Clear sounds, when they are going out to face death, when they come back again, having eluded him once more—always, it's a cup of tea. But it isn't odd to an Englishman or woman, it's sort of 'Forever England,' that cup of tea—bless it!" said Ida. "Would you like to hear some of his letters?"

"Please," I said.

Ida went into another room, returned with the somewhat thin, little collection in her hands. "They are rather fragmentary, you know," she explained, "he breaks off, every now and then, when the Warning sounds or he has to go and look for a delayed-action bomb, when he is called to give First Aid—a few of them begin, neatly, in ink, and end, scrawled in pencil. But the things they say, in spite of being fragmentary, a little disconnected, give a picture of a very great Whole, I think. For the most part, they are undated and all of them are without address. Only because I know he is at home, our home which is near the Croydon Airport and so is near a First Aid Station, is a place for billeting *and* a place of great danger, only because he is there do I know *where* he is—this one was the first one I got from him, some time after the outbreak of the War."

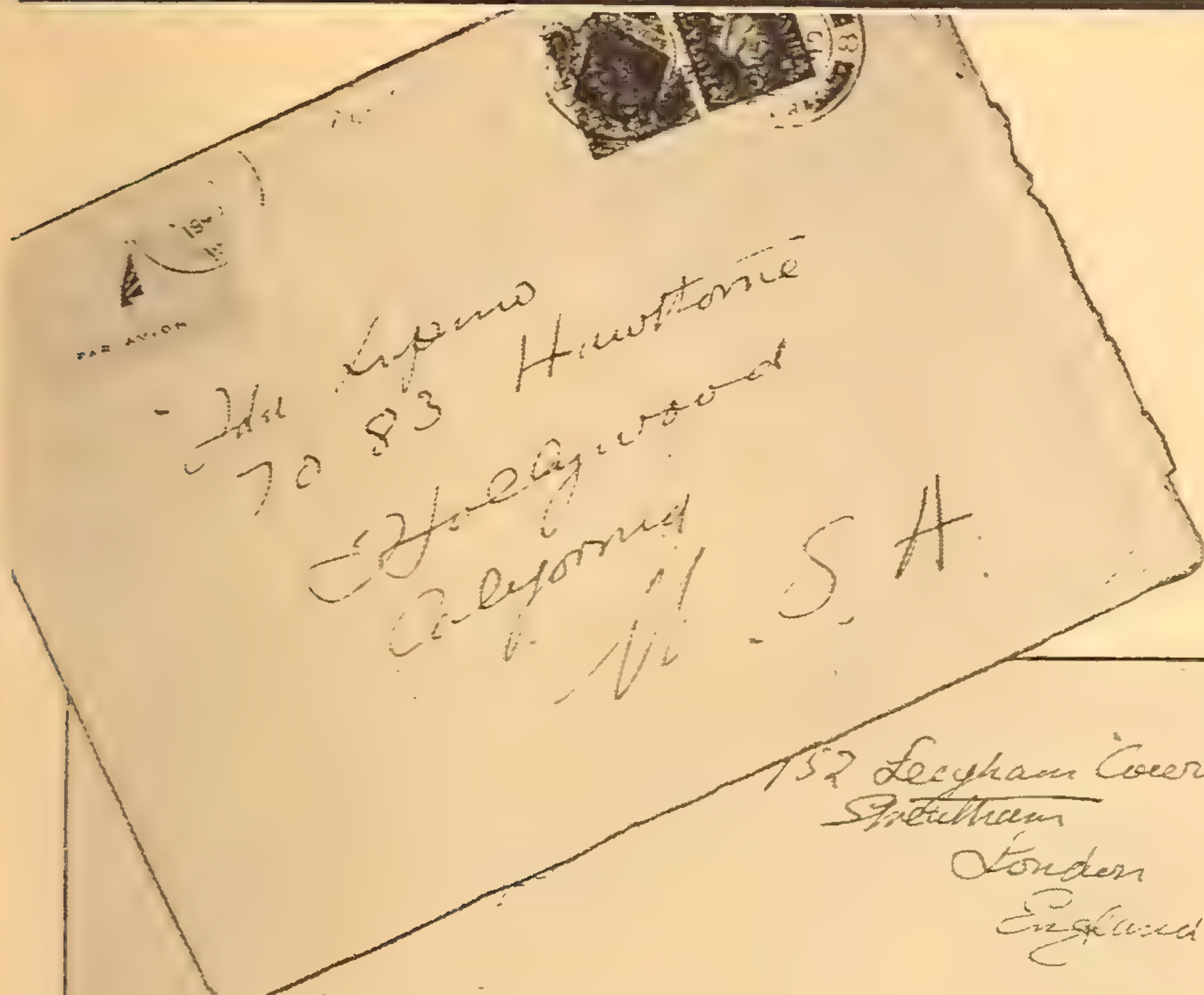
Dear Ida: The air-raid shelter in the middle of our garden is long since completed. If you received my first letter, you will know that I was the first one, the first man in Eng—(Please turn to page 82)

from ENGLAND!

FROM HER FATHER



Straight from the soul of war-torn Britain come these poignant letters from Stanley Lupino to his star-daughter in Hollywood. We are proud to present them as a stirring human document of our troubled times



My Dearest Ida.

I am writing this in a coal cellar in the above old address. The reason for this is my deep shelter is now full of old people Women and Ki so there is no room for me. Like wise. I have to be near my rescue kit, and the Road. for the distress call. I have reinforced the walls shored up with wood. put in a camp bed, and on it much sagging bed. I have slept exactly 6 hours in two weeks and during that time I had 2 shaves. 2 Baths, and one cha



2
Theaters of course are finished
films too. But its War and it
will go on now till we smash
them to death. or die doing as
The spirit ones here is Marvellous
God Bless them. I am off now on
duty so cant write any more
all my Love to you
Dad X X X X



PHOTOGRAPH OF BURGESS
MEREDITH BY JOHN SWOPE

**"MENTAL
BUT NICE":
BURGESS
MEREDITH**



**PAL IN
"PANDEMONIUM":
FRANCHOT
TONE**

FOR a while there, the place was called Heartbreak House. Some wag had invented the name to symbolize all the little squashed dreams and hopes that were buried in it when a California court parted Bubbles Schinasi and Wayne Morris.

There were, of course, repercussions. Sentimental spinsters who wish young love nothing but the best would get choked up right to their eyelashes when non-chalant guides or blasé Hollywood relatives pointed it out. The real estate people were especially glum. With one eye on the tragic history of famous lovers from Adam and Eve up and the other on the ten percent commission, they began to despair of their luck. What sane

man would hope to inveigle a young married couple into leasing, say, Wuthering Heights?

But tenants did, finally, show up. Not a young married couple with stars in their eyes. Nor a brooding poet and his spectral spouse. Not even a retired nut-and-bolt manufacturer and his fifth (and sloe-eyed) young bride, with a hidden yen for Stanford halfbacks. The lessees, of all people, turned out to be Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone, as gay a brace of bachelors as ever haunted the sleep of the countless impressionable co-eds throughout our wonderful democracy.

You could have capsized Victor McLaglen with a toasted marshmallow when the news hit the town. "It's

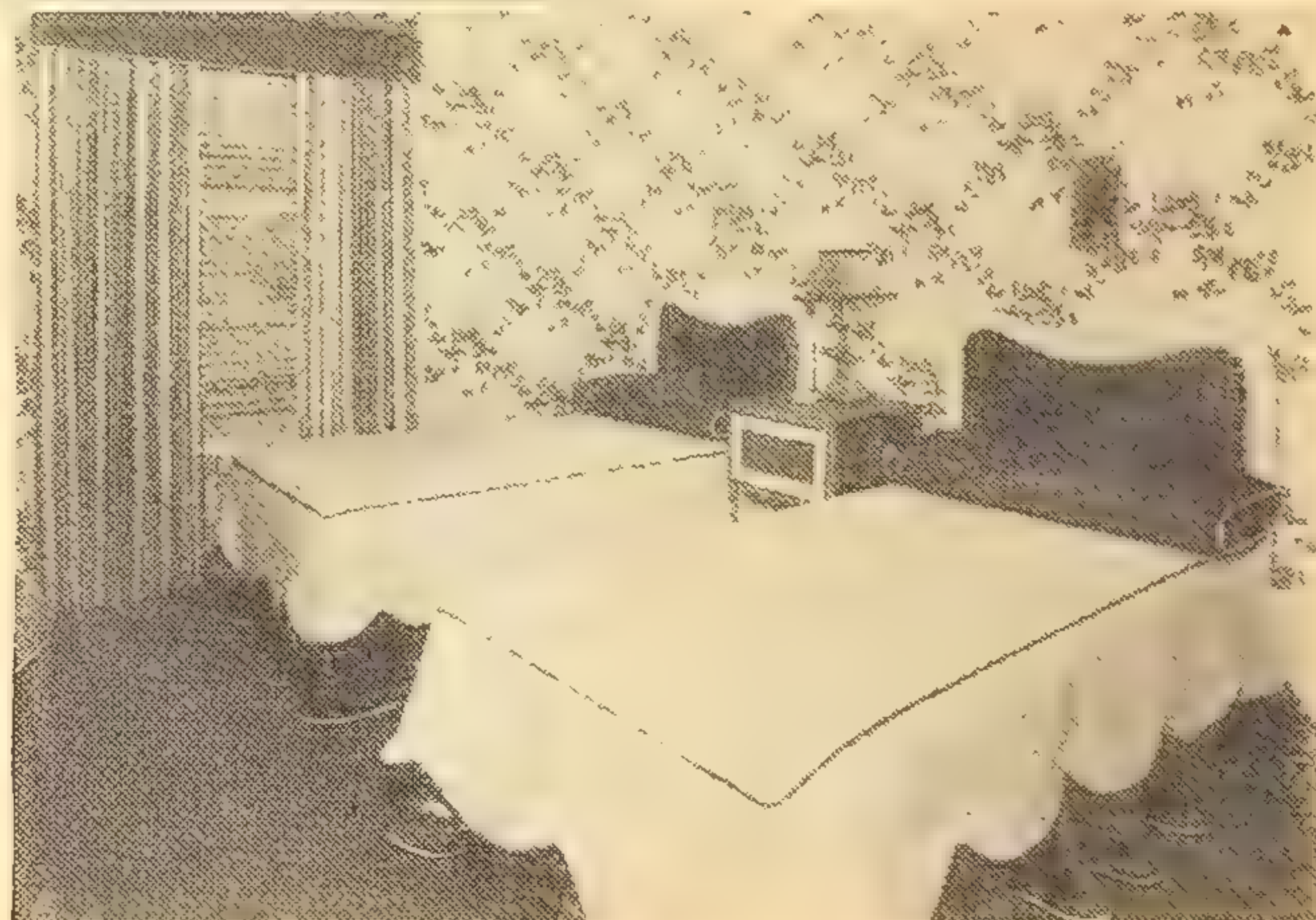
Hollywood's *Gayest*

PHOTOGRAPH BELOW BY JOHN SWOPE



"Heartbreak House" as it was called after Wayne and Bubbles moved out, becomes "Pandemonium" now that Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone have moved in. At left, that "surrealistic masterpiece" which might have been designed by Dali—otherwise the living room. Below, Meredith's bedroom, done in a raspberry pattern which intrigued the actor from the beginning.

"There's going to be a servant problem," remarked Franchot Tone. "Just leave that to me," said Meredith. So he sent for his "gentleman's gentleman," the impeccable Wood, pictured at left serving his master. "Gentle, that's what it is," says Wood. "It isn't like the master." Facing page, Tone's bedroom.



phantasmagoric!" the eloquent Jimmy Durante observed, rising to the occasion: "Those guys and that house—what have they got in common?" For some months now the tenants of the house have been struggling to discover an answer to Mr. Durante's dilemma. So far it has eluded them.

It all began like this: When Burgess Meredith checked into Hollywood last August to settle down for a solid year of picture making, he piled into a cab and was driven out to Jimmy Stewart's house. Jimmy had an extra room going to waste, didn't he? O.K. Out of sweet friendship, Meredith would be glad to move in. He was all unpacked when Stewart got home from a day's work on the set of "The Philadelphia Story." In fact, he was putting on one of Jimmy's ties when he caught a glimpse of Stewart in the mirror. "I'm here for the duration," Meredith served notice. Jimmy grinned.

Everything would have been ducky if John Swope, another Stewart crony, hadn't arrived on the scene and taken up lodgings. After that, there was no doubt about it. Villa Stewart was the most chummy little house in Santa Monica. Also, considering the activities of all concerned, very crowded.

It was Meredith who had the inspiration. Maybe if he moved out there would be more room for Stewart and Swope who, come to think of it, had



Bachelors!

What happened when two dashing actors took over the former honeymoon home of the Wayne Morris makes hilarious reading!

By John R. Franchey



been joint occupants of the house before he had moved in during one of Swope's frequent trips out of town. A little skirmishing around and Meredith found the ideal solution in the form of a little beach house, formerly occupied by Paulette Goddard's mother. It had two advantages: A. The rent, especially during the winter months, was dirt cheap; B. It was close to the Stewart-Swope headquarters. That the house was falling apart and needed paint aplenty did not trouble Meredith one jot. He hurried over to break the good news to the boys.

Jimmy didn't like the idea. It would bring bad luck all around, he figured. Swope did, too. At which point Meredith had another inspiration. The Meredith new acquisition would be regarded as an annex—merely sleeping quarters. And he would continue to spend most of his conscious hours at the Big House with Stewart and Swope. It seemed a good enough idea. In fact, all three drank on it.

The beach house had just about been made shipshape when who should arrive in town but Franchot Tone, also hell-bent on doing a batch of pictures. Tone lost no time in moving in on Meredith. After all, didn't they room together all last winter in New York when Tone was starring on Broadway in "The Fifth Column" and Meredith in "Liliom?" In much more ample quarters than the little dinky beach house, to be sure. (Please turn to page 88)



Decorations by
Leonard Frank

STEVE COLLINS had a way with planes and a way with girls, but he didn't stand a chance against a finance company. "Airflights, Inc." read the sign over his flying field and it looked pretty imposing too. But when you came right down to it "Airflights Inc." consisted of one pilot, that was Steve himself, one mechanic, that was Peewee, and one plane that wouldn't be there by midnight if he didn't raise the eleven hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-seven cents still owing on it.

He zoomed the plane down over the field and the girl beside him gasped her admiration as he made a perfect three point landing. Steve grinned at her, but his heart wasn't in it. She was small and pretty and gaga in her admiration of him but she was cut out of the same pattern as the rest of the girls who took flying lessons from him. They came a dime a dozen, girls like that.

"Two more lessons and I'll let

you fly solo," he said.

"Oh, no," the girl smiled at him pertly. "None of that solo business! The only reason I took up flying was so I could be with you." She looked at him reproachfully and then suddenly leaned over and kissed him hard, right on the mouth, and Steve returned it just as thoroughly. A little diversion never hurt a man yet.

"And you have a wife and two kids!" she sighed.

"I was so young." There was just the right amount of apology mixed with just the right amount of regret in Steve's voice. He could handle a phrase as neatly as he could a plane. He dug into his pocket and came up with a snap-shot a bit torn at the edges, a bit oil-stained, a bit tired of having been used so much. The girl looked resentfully at the small boy grinning at her from the photograph and frowned at the little girl with the yellow curls, but Steve smiled at them fatuously. (Please turn to page 64)

STORY
IN
PICTURES
BEGINS
HERE




Laugh your troubles away with this grand, gay fiction story of the surprising new film co-starring Bette Davis and James Cagney—what a team, and what a picture!

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B.
Petersen




"The Bride Came C. O. D." is a Warner Bros. picture. Please turn to Page 64 for complete cast and all credits.






CRAWFORD COMES BACK!



SCOOP! We show you first pictures of "A Woman's Face," Joan's startling new picture in which she is first gruesome, then glamorous—playing a girl with a horrible scar until Melvyn Douglas, as a plastic surgeon, saves both her beauty and her soul



FOREWORD: Now that I am just about to divorce my typewriter—purely on grounds of incompatibility—I have to sneak around snaring innocent people into writing for me. If I say with sort of a quaint old world lisp: how the hell am I going to pay my rent next month—why invariably some poor unsuspecting darling offers to whip up a thing for me. Joan Crawford was so easy it wasn't even sporting. Joan has just about the biggest heart in Hollywood, and thinks nothing of knocking herself out daily to do a good deed. When she said she'd drag out some adjectives for me I fairly broke my leg leaping to Stage 26 where she's making a picture with Melvyn Douglas called "A Woman's Face."

This is the picture, by the way, in which Joan becomes the first lady Lon Chaney in the history of the Hollywood cinema. She wears a scar, a horrible something by make-up artist Jack Dawn, that stretches from eye to mouth on the left side of her face—a regular killer-diller of a scar. Of course Dr. Melvyn Douglas, the plastic surgeon, comes along after a few reels, and pretties everything up, thank goodness, including Joan's soul. A swell plot. Regarding the scar Joan said, "If it weren't for the scar there wouldn't be any story. And my main interest is to get a good story. So I'm not worrying about the disfigurement. There are too many pretty women in pictures, anyway."

Well, the day I arrived on the Crawford set, my heart pumping merrily with the pure joy of getting something for nothing, I found it cluttered up with Marian Anderson (in Los Angeles on a concert tour), a goodly per-

centage of the English colony, and a large batch of visiting firemen. Now I am the first to scream out in outraged indignation when a star closes her set, but I must say Joan rather overdoes the come-one-come-all stuff. With everyone crowding around her, wanting to shake hands with her, wanting her autograph, etc., how could I ever get her working for me! And then Director George Cukor had to give me competition too. "Camera" he called and Joan and some extras went through one of those folksy folk dance routines. At the end of the "take" George said, and very naughtily, "Once more, Joan. And this time give it more of *la vie* and not quite so much of *la fanny*. Like this." (George is always very accommodating about showing his actors how to act.) Now I know many a Glamor Girl whose great big beautiful blue eyes would swim in great big bad tears after a bit of criticism like that—but not Crawford. You can kid with her. She watched George with a make-believe sneer on her face, and said, "Now George, I can't possibly ham it up as badly as you have." On a Crawford picture, George Cukor, wit *deluxe*, getteth as good as he giveth.

I finally lured Joan into her dressing room, with a cup of tea and a piece of cake with chocolate goo on it an inch thick. (How she keeps that figure I'll never know.) I stuck a pencil in her hand and said, "Write." But it was not to be my lucky day. Into the dressing room popped Ingrid Bergman from the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" set next door.

"I want to thank you for being so kind to me, Miss Crawford," she said. "One feels (*Please turn to page 90*)

What I've Learned about Men From Working With Men

By

Joan Crawford

As told to
Elizabeth Wilson

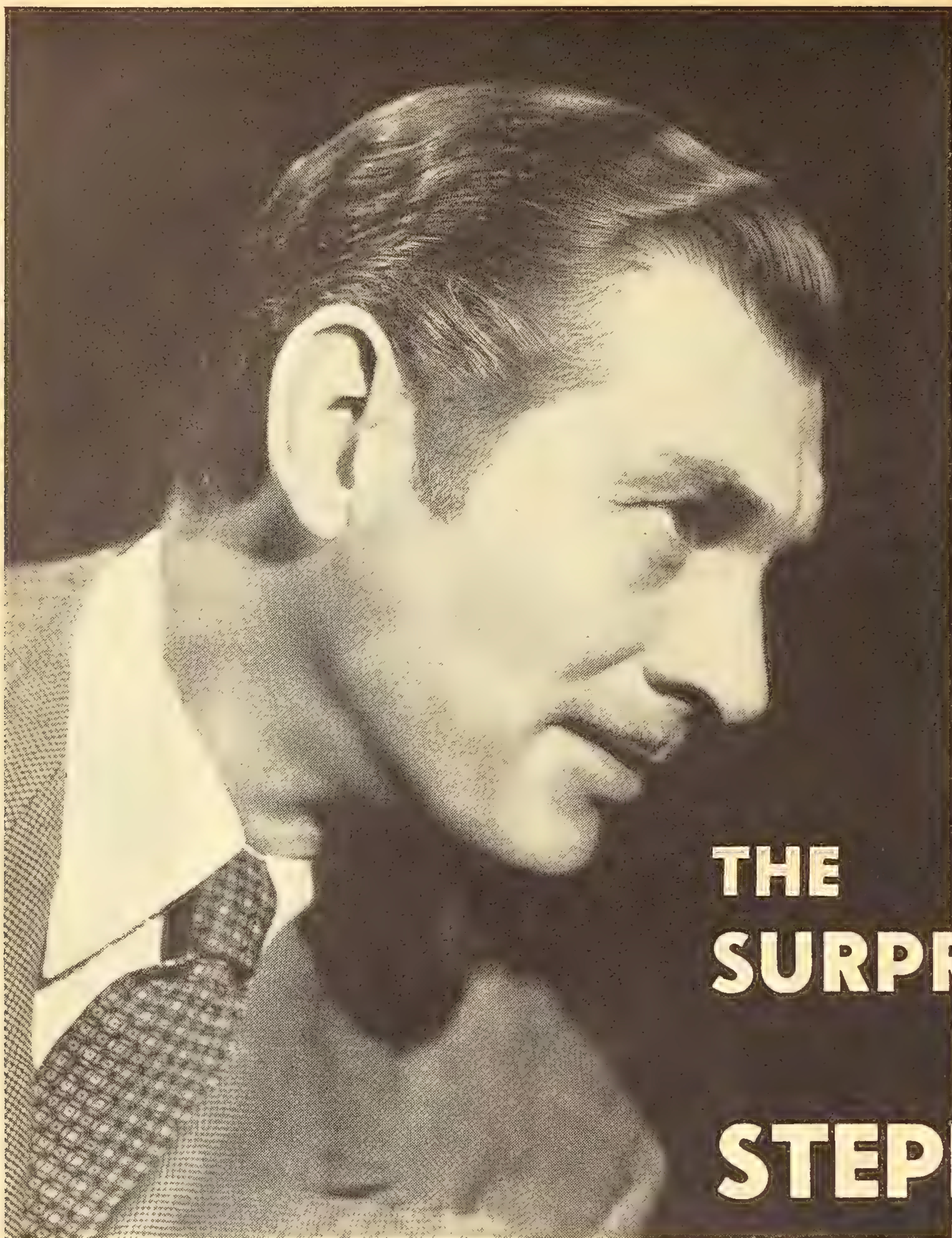
GOODNESS knows I am not an authority on men. I like them exceedingly well, as what woman doesn't, but don't think for a moment that I would ever hope to floor you with my knowledge—which, I might as well face it, is certainly nothing to brag about. Women have always found the subject of men fascinating, very fascinating indeed. And I'm like all other women.

The best way to learn about men, perhaps, is to work with them. They haven't got on their party manners then. No pretty little compliments, no neat little gallantries. They're as informal and natural as a haystack. I have worked with men, and some very attractive ones too, under the most trying circumstances (there's nothing like a studio at nine o'clock in the morning to bring out the worst in a man) for twelve years now—and I've learned a few things about men.

The most important thing I've learned, I believe, is that every *successful* actor, or director, has a terrific sense of humor. He certainly needs it in the movie business as nothing can be quite so nerve-wracking. If an actor, or director, takes himself and his "Art" so seriously that he can't laugh with the (*Please turn to page 90*)

Crawford goes glamorous after the first few reels of her come-back movie, "A Woman's Face." At right, a typical Crawford glamor-pose. Below, discussing the script with director George Cukor in her dressing-room.





Ever since his success in "The Letter," with Bette Davis, you've been asking us to tell you all about James Stephenson—so here is a first-hand, exclusive interview from Hollywood's newest important actor

By
Eugene
Schrott

THE SURPRISING MR. STEPHENSON

ENGLISHMEN, as a rule, are rather calm and unruffled people. There is usually that perfect poise and air of self-control. But this was not true in the case of James Stephenson. He was probably the first Englishman I ever met who was as excited as an enthusiastic youngster at his first big football game. Not that he showed it. But beneath the smooth, unperturbed surface was visible the undercurrent of suppressed happiness. Any minute, I expected it to break loose. Any minute, I expected to see him turn handsprings or burst out into song. Perhaps he did—after I left the charming little cottage nestled high on the Pacific Palisades overlooking the ocean.

The affable young man in his correct, casual flannels and open shirt who sat opposite me in that well appointed living room was as full of vibrancy and eagerness as a teen-aged adolescent who had just accomplished a remarkable feat. And James Stephenson had done that very thing. For anyone who can steal a picture from Bette Davis is doing what is considered the impossible.

A few weeks before "The Letter" was previewed, Stephenson was just another player on the Warner lot. Hardly more than a mere handful of people had ever heard of him. For three years, he had been hanging around playing one minor rôle after another. The studio officials were convinced there was nothing much they could do with him. And Stephenson himself was pretty

well fed up with being shunted around from one bit part to the next. Whenever a sizable rôle came along, someone else always got it.

"I was getting good and disgusted," he told me. "And when my option came up, I suggested to my wife that I pull out and try my luck elsewhere. This was around June. But Lorna advised me to finish out the year. Maybe it was a hunch she had. Maybe it was her sense of feminine intuition. But she believed in starting the new year with a clean slate. I took her advice. I decided to stick it out for the remainder of the year."

What Jimmy Stephenson did not know was that Warners were all set to let him go. They couldn't do very much with him. There were so many affable young men hanging around but few of them had anything much to offer. They didn't know that beneath the calm exterior of this young man was the stuff of which Paul Munis and Spencer Tracys are made. They didn't know because they never had given him the chance to prove it.

Some years ago Warners imported him from England because he had been attracting considerable attention on the British stage and screen. He was uprooted from his native soil because the studio saw in him a capable successor to the swashbuckling, torso-revealing Errol Flynn. But the plan never materialized. Instead, he was meted out a minor rôle in "White Ban- (Please turn to page 96)



GENE GOES GAY!

Little Ellie May of "Tobacco Road," in real life Gene Kelly, goes on a Spring shopping spree! See her smart print ensemble here. Now turn page

FOR PLAY-DAYS

More of Gene Tierney's own clothes collection: below, her pet play-suit, all of snowy white, with the new full skirt instead of shorts; at right, play-pajamas, 1941 style, with wide, wide trousers.



A
TOAST
TO
YOU,
TOO!

A girl's Summer won't be perfect unless she owns a bright-colored flower print for festive evening occasions (facing page).





Bob Hope

Hal Rosson
Paramount

DON'T GIVE UP, HOPE!

Cheer up, Bob! You may lose the girl (Dottie Lamour) in "Road to Zanzibar"—but you may make a hit with Betty Grable, here, if you'll only refer to her charms on your radio program as a change from mentioning Hedy Lamarr or Madeleine Carroll all the time. How about it, you Special Academy Award Winner, you!

You'll see Betty Grable next in "Miami," big new 20th Century-Fox musical.



Gorgeous Galaxy!

SOCIALITE: Niece of the Countess di Frasso, **MARY TAYLOR** will make her screen début in Warners' "Kisses for Breakfast."

FAMOUS MODEL: Peach picked from Manhattan's photographic model ranks, **PEGGY DIGGINS** is definitely set for a film future.



*Elmer Fryer.
Warner Bros.*



Latest crop of lovelies captured
by the studio talent scouts

DRUM-MAJORETTE: Show-cased
as she led the parade at U.S.C.,
lovely Marjorie Woodworth wins
movie chance in "Broadway Limited."

LATED FOR STARDOM: Lucky
Joan Leslie, only 16, has been
landed the coveted rôle opposite
Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York."

Hal Roach, United Artists



BOY ABOUT TOWN!

Since "Tall, Dark
and Handsome,"
Hollywood heroines
are hoping for a date
with Cesar Romero
—at Ciro's or in
cinema. It's Mary
Beth Hughes who
shares his closeups in
"Ride On, Vaquero"





GIRL WITH A DATE

Maureen O'Hara is not only all dressed up but she is going places — especially now that she has made a real hit in "They Met in Argentina," her most captivating screen appearance to date

“HOME is the SAILOR —”

One hero with honor in his home-coming is Stirling Hayden, who re-visited New England after his big Hollywood hit in “Virginia” and found a hearty welcome from seafaring friends — not because he is now a movie star but because they’ve liked the Hayden lad up Gloucester, Mass., way ever since he was skipper of the good ship *Gertrude L. Thebaud*

What did Hayden do once he was assured of his future in Hollywood with the promise of stellar rôles to come in “Botany Bay” and “Dildo Cay?” Buy a Beverly Hills mansion, make a round of the nightclubs? No! He hurried up to Gloucester to see his old friends, who as our exclusive pictures here will testify, gave him a big hand. Below, Hayden with his old boss, Capt. Ben Pine, owner of the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, famous in the International Fishermen’s Races. Left below, reunion with Larry O’Toole as they look at the model of their boat which once took them to the South Seas. Lower left, autographs for all. Sailing on.





Hayden visited the pilot boat *Northern Light*—not as a movie actor but as the sailor he still is at heart. The reason he isn't wearing a hat is—he never wears one, when he can help it—though he has been accused of "going Hollywood" because of this. Biggest kick of all was had by the two sailors, right above, the pilots, below, and ship's cook when the photographer included them in the pictures. Hayden is back in Hollywood now, where he is looking around for—you guessed it—a boat.

Photographs by Ed. Sullivan, Paramount Pictures, exclusive to SCREENLAND.



Live and Let LOVE!

This love business is a darned pleasant custom! Gazing at Frances Dee, left, we can understand why John Wayne "gets that way" about her in their new Republic Picture, "A Man Betrayed." The love scene below is from their co-starring film.






Directly above, Kay Francis and Brian
 herne in "The Man Who Lost Himself"
 -and no wonder. Top, Dennis O'Keefe
 and Carole Landis in "Topper Returns."



Above, David Bruce breathes those three little
 words to Brenda Marshall in "Singapore Wom-
 an." Large picture at right shows George Brent
 comforting Martha Scott in "They Dare Not
 Love"—but don't worry, they take that dare.





YOUNG — WILLING AND ABLE

His career has been unspectacular but steady. After "The Trial of Mary Dugan," opposite Laraine Day, Robert Young is cast in "Lady Be Good," with Ann Sothorn and Eleanor Powell

LADY WITH RED HAIR — AND GREEN EYES



Black magic though this new portrait is, you must see Greer Garson in all the glory of her own vivid coloring to appreciate her beauty — as you will in "Blossoms in the Dust"

Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M



THE MOST STUNNING STILL OF THE MONTH

Robert Taylor in
"Billy, the Kid"

We give you, here, the most "stunning" rather than the "Most Beautiful Still of the Month," since it's only fair to give the rugged he-men of picturesque outdoor dramas a chance to pose, as well as the delicate, dreamy beauties! Bob Taylor, as the robust killer who rode the ranges during the Southwestern cattle wars of the 1870's, is pictured on location for the film.

A CAREENING go-cart struck a corner lamp-post, its catapulted infant hit a vagrant beer-bottle. And from that day to this, anyhow up to yesterday, that rough-and-tumble kid has had some pretty hard knocks of one kind or another. Oh well, Lon Chaney, Jr., is probably all the better for them. Certainly he's a better actor than he would have been if coddled in cotton-wool at the beginning, then eased over the bumps of life in a cushy limousine. Of course, he's built to take it, indeed did no less than that as a human punching-bag before dutifully stopping the hand of that sadistic palooka in "Of Mice and Men" only to crush it as if it were a misguided cream-puff.

Now, a bemused stranger doesn't approach this sort of modern Samson indifferently. Frankly, as a great admirer of his famed and beloved father—who wasn't?—I was greatly interested in meeting the son. All the same, it wasn't without misgivings. Perhaps, like others born to a renowned name, this actor might take himself for granted. Maybe he would regard his inherent talent

as something to be accepted. Even worse, assume a superior attitude. To be quite honest, I was afraid he'd upstage me. But, as the last of the Chaney's yanked himself up out of his chair, six foot three of heavyweight brawn in leather jacket and workaday slacks, my one fear was that he would bump his hair-tossed head against the ceiling. No two ways about it, this young husky was all there. But I couldn't help wondering where he'd been the rest of his life, obviously not, as might be expected, steadily growing up in the movies.

"I was brought up kind of old-fashioned," was his simple way of putting it. "When the old man said one movie actor in the family was enough, there was no argument. He was the boss. Dad didn't want me to be an actor because he had taken too many bumps himself. So, among other things, I was a plumber, a butcher, a boiler-maker, and a fruit-picker. That was all right with me. But I must have just been marking time without knowing it, because acting now is the all-important thing."

But it remained to develop (*Please turn to page 78*)

Despite a famous father, he had to take the rough road. He was a plumber, a butcher, a boiler-maker, a fruit-picker, a movie stunt man—before he finally won his chance to be an actor. Read the stranger-than-fiction story of —



CHANNEY

the Second

By
Charles Darnton

Lon Chaney, Jr., found it a handicap rather than a help to be the son of the great screen character star, still remembered by mature movie-goers for his remarkable and uncanny make-ups and portrayals in "Hunchback of Notre Dame" (silent version), "The Unholy Three," and many other films of yesteryear. But after years of struggle, Chaney the second came into his own in "Of Mice and Men"—now he's stalking in his father's footsteps in "Man-Made Monster"—see scene at right—in which he plays one of those split-personality rôles opposite Anne Nagel. Upper right, Chaney as himself, chatting with his co-star.





Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"I WANTED WINGS"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: THRILLS!

APPEAL: To every American, the more red-blooded the better.

PLOT: Training America's young men to defend our skies—and not at all incidentally to develop their characters in the process. Oh yes—you also get girl interest.

PRODUCTION: The best—with the finest flight scenes ever filmed—not only daring stunts but fascinating views of big bombers in action. You get the feeling, thanks to superb photography and Mitchell Leisen's always intelligent direction, that you're really learning something about America's methods in the air. No wonder; the U. S. Army Air Corps cooperated—it's the real thing, not the Hollywood version.

ACTING: A field-day for femme fans is the teaming of Ray Milland and William Holden as the cadets around whom plot revolves. It's a toss-up whether Milland's suave assurance or Holden's homespun charm will bring most fan mail, but both boys are terrific. Brian Donlevy as their

Paramount

(Cont. on page 87)

"STRAWBERRY BLONDE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: REFRESHING!

APPEAL: If you get a good case of nostalgia when you hear *The Band Played On*, here's your cure.

PLOT: Remake of "One Sunday Afternoon," if you remember about the dentist who lost the blonde and the big chance to the other fellow, but eventually found his own success formula—and a really nice girl.

PRODUCTION: Faithful to the Gay Nineties period, complete with barber-shop quartet, corner saloon, Gibson Girl hats and the dated slang. More important than sets is the authentic glow it gives you of the days of the first American pompadour and the first electric light, a warmth of feeling which must be credited to scenario and direction rather than the prop dept.

ACTING: James Cagney looks different in the clothes but his fighting spirit is the same—he sasses and slugs his way through tough or touching scenes in inimitable Cagney fashion, altogether giving his most lovable performance in a

Warners

(Cont. on page 87)

"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: LAUGHS!

APPEAL: Unlimited! That is, unless you can't laugh with Bob Hope or croon with Crosby—can't be!

PLOT: What do you want with a plot with zanies Bob and Bing carrying on? Well, all right—so Crosby promotes a sideshow in darkest Africa, with Hope as the stooge, when along comes Lamour—oh, figure it out yourself.

PRODUCTION: Safari so good—African atmosphere with man-eating natives, just a background for the bright, brisk comedy of the co-stars, and the allure of Lamour. No doubt the direction is deft enough and the songs tuneful; but, heck, what's the use of trying to analyze the attractions of such a show? Just go and laugh your head off.

ACTING: Ah, the artistry of Mr. Robert Hope—what charm, what wit, what *savoir faire*! And what a profile. While there's Hope there's life in pictures. The man makes most alleged screen comedians look like what he himself calls stale characters. He even makes Bing Crosby play sec-

Paramount

(Cont. on page 87)

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Evans

"TOBACCO ROAD"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: DIFFERENT!

APPEAL: Crave a change from current film fare? Then see this—and you may be glad to settle for the old stuff.

PLOT: The play, "Tobacco Road," has been running for seven years or so, for obvious reasons. The picture won't run that long—because it is serious rather than sensational.

PRODUCTION: John Ford, great director of "The Grapes of Wrath," has made here what amounts to a "documentary" movie, following Erskine Caldwell's book rather than the notorious stage version which has audiences still gasping. Ford's sympathy for the "under-dog" turns the shiftless Lester family from outrageous scarecrows into almost human beings, although he has permitted too many hokum touches which weaken his case. Result is that "Tobacco Road" is neither great documentary nor good entertainment, although it attains moments of rare artistry, and a few highs in hilarity.

ACTING: Triumph for Charles Grapewin, within his rôle's limitations, as Jeeter, a mem-

20th Century-Fox (Cont. on page 87)

"NICE GIRL?"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: CHARMING!

APPEAL: Especially to those Durbin fans who may have been disappointed in "Spring Parade"—here's your girl at her best again.

PLOT: Dependable eldest daughter of three in an American professor's family finally gets fed up with that "nice girl" tag and decides to run wild—in a very nice way, you know. A handsome stranger solves her problem and before she is through she has sipped champagne and alienated her best beau—but don't worry, she's still the same sweet Deanna for the fadeout.

PRODUCTION: No big ballroom this time for Cinderella Durbin to dance in—just homelike, home-town atmosphere, and believable, too—only elaborate background being a Fourth of July party with fireworks, and when we say fireworks we include Deanna's singing of *Old Folks at Home*—a real treat.

ACTING: She's Deanna, lovely to look at and listen to. Robert Benchley provides humor as her father; Franchot Tone distinction as the stranger; Anne

Universal

(Cont. on page 87)

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"



ONE-WORD GUIDE: GAY!

APPEAL: If you like a lusty, lavish musical show—you have it here.

PLOT: Now you've got me! I know Don Ameche plays a dual rôle—an American nightclub entertainer in Rio de Janeiro, and a wealthy Baron; that Carmen Miranda plays the former's sweetheart, and Alice Faye the latter's wife, and—see what I mean? Plot!

PRODUCTION: All-Technicolor, glamor galore, stunning musical numbers replete with lovely ladies, it's what is known in critical circles as an eyefilling entertainment. In fact, it will positively dazzle you between two Don Ameches, dozens of brightly-clad beauties, and one Carmen Miranda—but you'll enjoy it. Such numbers as *I'Yi Yi Yi Yi*, *Boa Noite*, and *Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic* will leave you dizzy.

ACTING: Ameche is really good as the identical gentlemen with complications in love and finance. It isn't an easy assignment and a less resourceful actor might have muffed it—so no more cracks, please,

20th Century-Fox (Cont. on page 87)



Ray Milland's Romantic *Real Life* Story

By Ida Zeitlin

PART II.

RAY MILLAND approved of Hollywood from the first. It had sunshine, pretty girls and a carnival spirit. It had studios, one of which paid him a hundred and fifty a week to do not very much. Those who were for him called his acting nonchalant. Others called it lousy. He called it a way to earn a living. He entertained no farfetched notions about bettering his technique. To labor at his job would have meant cutting into his playtime. When Metro raised him to a hundred and seventy-five, he beheld his line of action triumphant.

A friend with whom he'd been riding one Sunday morning took him to Muriel Webber's house for lunch. Till then he'd kept a fond clutch on bachelorhood. Freedom from ties meant more to him than any woman he'd met. He was persuaded he'd never marry. But something about the delicate sweetness of Mal's face, the simplicity of her manner moved him as nothing had before. His approach could hardly be described as subtle. "Got a boy friend?" he demanded, as she walked with them to the car. Mal said she hadn't. "Let's go to a movie tonight."

What he didn't know was that Mal's father, through long experience as an actors' agent, had conceived a distaste for actors. When he called for her that night, she inquired brightly if he'd mind having her brother and a friend go along. "Uh-uh," said Ray's alter ego, while Ray assured her that he'd be delighted. It took a good six weeks to ingratiate himself to the point where he was allowed to take her out alone.

They were dancing at the Coconut Grove on New Year's Eve—her birthday—when he proposed. Mal laughed—"laughed



All through the story of Milland's life runs the bright thread of reckless adventure—and sometimes it tied him up in knots! But the lovely lady at left has woven a tapestry of gay contentment against which the dash and daring of her famous husband can still find complete expression. You'll find pleasure and inspiration in this most recent chapter of Milland's own story

Below, the lucky lord of Milland Manor at ease. Facing page shows you the comfortable home, Ray's bedroom, and the hospitable fireplace. You'll see more home pictures on Page 70, including the latest of the Milland son and heir.

like hell," says Ray, still wryly. It took him another six months to convince her that it wasn't funny. And then they were married.

They rented a little apartment and had a lot of fun. They moved about more freely than is possible today. Nobody knew or cared who Milland was. They could go window-shopping and bargaining for antiques without being surrounded. They could hop down to Ensenada, stroll in the sunshine and dance at the hotel without being highlighted by a publicity-minded master of ceremonies. They could drive to Pomona Fair and throw balls at things and win prizes. Mal won an electric plate, used nowadays to heat the baby's milk. They bought a willow-pattern breakfast set for a dollar ninety-eight. Ray comforts his nostalgia for those days by eating his breakfast still from the willow dishes. "They're beginning to have character now," he says lovingly, "—showing little brown streaks."

They could ask whom they liked to dinner, "without having to ask somebody else," growls Ray, "because their feelings might get hurt." Then, with an abrupt change of mood, "I'm not kicking," he warns you. "Don't make me sound like the kind of heel who beefs because he's had more luck than he deserves. I'm merely pointing out that obscurity has its compensations and prominence its drawbacks."

He presently began to discover that loafing on the job has its drawbacks too. Partly it was the fault of the Hollywood "typing" vice. They melted him down, poured him into the mould of the world-weary playboy and cast him that way. He drew his salary and never tried to break out. After a while the playboy market dried up. Metro kissed him goodbye and nobody else beckoned. When you're drawing nothing a week, even a merry-go-round stops looking merry.

There's not much fun in following the Millands, step by woeful step, to the conclusion he and Mal reached together. The electric plate and willow breakfast set were sent with other treasures to storage. Mal went to stay with her parents. Ray sailed for England. There wasn't enough money to take them both. As soon as he struck pay dirt, she was to join him.

He reached London with a hundred and seventy dollars and modest hopes. Both dribbled inexorably away. When he did manage to squeeze through an agent's door, the guy would look out the window while Ray cajoled. Connie—an agent who functioned under that name only—finally took him on—"why I don't know," she told him testily. She did get him one job that paid two hundred dollars, of which he had to turn back seventy-five, having hocked his camera with her for that sum. He lived in a dreary pension, where he ate dreary meals. Otherwise his budget extended only to threepence a day for tramfare. His co-pensioners were eleven old ladies. Anguish still glazes his eye at the memory. Eleven old ladies, "all with black velvet bands round their throats, all with accents, all bent

on looking after me till I was damn near strangled in black velvet bands." He *had* to get some money.

It was then he bethought himself of another talent. He owned an amateur license for steeplechasing. To become a professional, you had to have two sponsors. Swallowing his dignity with no ill effects save a bitter taste in the mouth, he applied to a couple of men he knew, who agreed to sponsor him. He won two races. Then he lost several in a row. For the Kempton Ground three-mile race, with twenty-eight jumps, he drew a pretty good mount whose sole failing was that he'd never run a three-miler before.

Ray felt, if they could get and stay out front, they'd stand a fairly good chance. The first time round, he belted the horse ahead and kept him there till they were three jumps from home. Then he felt the animal's skin go cold to his touch, sure sign he was finished. By some miracle they got over two more jumps and went down on the last, seven horses and jockeys on top of them. Ray was carted home, a leg-muscle torn from knee to groin. For weeks he lay pinioned to his bed, surrounded by happy old ladies who fed him soup and read him to sleep in assorted accents. Some recording angel has (*Please turn to page 70*)





Bogart is as far above most movie actors in screen artistry as his home, perched on a hill over Hollywood, towers over other movie mansions. Below, with his pretty wife, Mayo, and the family pets. At the bottom of the page, Bogart surveys his skytop. Facing page shows him in one of the menacing rôles in which he excels.



ALMOST every actor in Hollywood is always popping off about something and usually it's amusing to listen to them airing their petty little grievances. Recently, however, I was having lunch with Humphrey Bogart and he started talking. He has always been something of an iconoclast, without being obnoxious about it, and I get a kick out of him. He is a "conscientious objector" to the established order of things—but not to the point of scrapping with the front office, which is a relief.

"Y'know," I heard him saying, "if there is one thing under the sun that gets my goat it is these blankety-blank actors 'with a message.' To listen to them you would think each one a Messiah, come to earth to lead, not only his brother actors out of the wilderness, but the populace of the country as well. Just because an actor's face is well known and he achieves a measure of prominence why should he have the privilege of sounding off and influencing or moulding the opinions of hundreds or thousands of people when ninety-nine times out of a hundred he doesn't know what the deuce he's talking about?"

"Go on," I goaded him. "You're doing swell."

"All right," he agreed. "I *will* go on but I won't name any names." He paused and grinned. "Any similarity between these anonymous people *I'm* talking about and any characters *you* think my descriptions fit is purely coincidental. Get me? Well, then, in the first place, you know as well as I that the weight an actor's or producer's opinion carries is governed by the size of his salary check. That being so, why shouldn't Miss Shirley Temple and Mickey Rooney be the first to be consulted on vital affairs? And why should dear Hollywood only listen to people whose salary checks run into four or five figures?"

"William Holden is definitely NOT guilty of popping off so I can use him as an example. Last year, before he made 'Golden Boy' he was probably drawing about \$50 or \$75 a week. If he had been in a gathering where some vital or political issue came up and he had started expressing himself, people would have laughed at him or called him a fresh kid and told him to shut up. But Bill has had quite a few pictures that were smash hits and I imagine he's pulling down close to \$1,000 a week now. So, today, if he expressed an opinion it would be quoted around town: 'But Bill Holden says—' etc., etc."

"I'm glad to say Bill hasn't concerned himself with things about which he knows nothing and he's still a nice kid who minds his own business. But the point I'm driving at is this: if his opinion is worth anything at all is it worth any more this year because he gets a big salary than it was last year when he was getting a very small one? Or, because an actor draws a big salary, does that mean he's necessarily a student of economics, politics, world affairs? I think because an actor happens to have a photogenic face and achieves prominence he has no right to try to influence that part of the public that happens to like him."

"An actor's job is to entertain, and it is *not* entertainment when he goes sticking his nose into things about which he knows absolutely nothing. Most of them just do it to get some cheap publicity. Bette Davis said once, 'If I didn't have to live and work in Hollywood there is nothing I would love better than to write an article—or a book, probably—on 'What I think of Actors in Politics.' And she certainly has something there."

"I think actors have as much business serving on political committees as a bull has in a china shop. What right has an actor who has achieved popularity on the strength of his screen portrayals to try to foist his personal opinions on the public—and I'm not just talking about political views now. Delve into it a little and you'll find that all these 'arty' actors who want pictures or plays with 'messages' are always taking trips between pictures. When do they have time to (Please turn to page 80)

Humphrey Bogart's *Warning* To Hollywood Actors

"Let's stop kidding ourselves," says the movie's star. "The job of an actor is to entertain, not to act. He is a man, not a machine. Do you agree?"



By
S. R.
Mook



Making yourself pleasing to others is a true art, thinks our senorita, Maria Montez, as she turns the searchlight of keen observation on us. She reveals some of our weaknesses, some of our great appeal. Her red-gold hair, shimmering under a black lace mantilla, gets good daily care, as you will see across the page. There, you also see Marie in the soap-and-water act. Maria is versatile. Formerly, she was a model; now she holds a movie contract. She speaks several languages; rides, swims, plays the piano and likes to pose her own photographs. She lives generally with spirit and gusto, and she is one of a family of ten.

South of the Border

Maria Montez looks southward, then homeward, with some vital conclusions on the American femme fatale

By
Courtenay
Marvin

"WON'T you have coffee?" Maria Montez asked me from behind her breakfast tray. Her voice had a distinctly persuasive quality. "Do have coffee," she repeated, and coffee I had. I had it before I made up my mind. Maria Montez made it up for me. Here, I decided, sat a young lady, and a very beautiful one, who might have been a very successful lawyer, a suave diplomat, and who probably will be a very good actress when the bud blooms. By those few words anent that coffee I saw that I might easily become putty before that sincere and convincing and joyous voice. It was real and there was nothing false or affected, but I knew it combined the rich background of study, thought and effort. It wasn't just an accident. It was an asset very definitely developed.

Lightly she leaped ahead in conversation.



Everything she said glowed with life and color, but only because she said it. I caught the spirit, too, and marveled that coffee alone could bring it forth. Talk turned to things Spanish, because Maria is of Spanish descent, born in the Dominican Republic, on a June 6th. Her hair is a deep red-gold; her eyes are very brown, and brows and lashes are naturally dark. Her skin is very smooth with a faint golden cast. She is tall and slim. She does not look like anyone else, and I do not think her face would be easily forgotten.

I gathered that she is enthusiastic about just being alive. I gathered, too, that being a woman, she believes that there is no greater art than being a real one, real in the sense of being completely feminine. So comparison began between the true American girl of to-day type and the still sheltered and sequestered sisters south of the border. Since we said good-bye to Paris as our fashion background, we have wisely turned our faces homeward and discovered that Latin-America and our own Indians are a colorful source of inspiration not only for fashions in clothes but for fashions in faces.

"I admire the American girl. I like her freedom and casual- (Please turn to page 76)"



Mascara will improve all lashes, says Maria, deftly accenting her own, which are nice and dark and long. She uses black because her eyes are a deep brown.



Powder profusely but take most of it off, advises Maria. A powder brush is the thing, but lacking this, you will get good results from a fluff of soft, clean cotton.



A touch of oil or cream gives a luminous quality to the lids and space between brows and eyes, especially when they are wide, like Maria's. This is for glamor!

○AKIE poised a couple of fingers on his chest, lifted his head and carolled. The tune was Mack Gordon's, the words his own. "What the heck, I'm a tenor—" he bellowed with operatic flourishes—"Mi-mi-mi-moo-moo-moo—I'm Zanuck's Elsie the Cow—I've made a lot of pictures and I mention them from time to time—be with you in a minute, honey," he sang, catching sight of me in the doorway—"Oakie's on the screen and he's making faces—who gives a hoot about anything else—moooo—moohoooooooo—" He held the last note, tapering it off between thumb and finger. Then he turned to Archie Mayo. "See what I mean, boss?"

Mayo, directing "The Great American Broadcast," had dropped into Jack's dressing-room to discuss a scene. Jack was showing him how it ought to be done. Jack will show anyone, including Chaplin, how any scene ought to be done. Nobody minds. First, because few have a shrewder comic sense than Mr. Oakie. Second, because there's something Olympian about his impudence. Like anything sublime, it takes your breath away. It has a quality of serenity shared only by the nobler aspects of art and nature. It's as free from malice as a cloud that drops rain on you, and equally unconscious of giving offense. Also, you've got as good a chance of stopping one as the other.

"I'm not vicious," he explains, "unless it's with someone I truly despise, then look out for the son-of-a-gun." (Bowdlerized. Ed.) To give him his due, there can't be many whom he truly despises. A boisterous benevolence is the keynote of the Oakie makeup. He never forgets a name or a face or which goes with which. His progress through life and across a studio lot is marked by a rapid fire of ribald greetings and cheerful insults. If he calls you anything more complimentary than horse-thief, it's because he doesn't like you. He will undoubtedly die with a wisecrack on his tongue. They well up from an ever-bubbling source and he rarely repeats. "Seen Shirley Temple lately?" he'll boom at Zanuck, or, "I mostly don't talk to the help."

In the interests of gaiety anything goes, and he's genuinely bewildered if one of his sallies misfires. His moon-face crumples like a baby's in distress. "It was only a gag, honey," he'll plead. "C'mon, spit in my eye." Honey is anyone from a glamor girl up and down. Jack's the great leveller. After a minute or two, he'd be calling Queen Elizabeth your Majesty, honey.

To illustrate his method, take the case of Oakie vs. Gene Towne. The reputation of Towne and Baker as a brilliant writing team had been exceeded only by their still loftier fame as Hollywood's most spectacular pair of clowns. Then they turned producers. Producers have no time for

Noted for scene-stealing, Oakie deals gently with lovely lady stars like Alice Faye—he just steals every other scene from her in "The Great American Broadcast."



He Gets Away with Murder!

Two years ago, his agent couldn't give Jack Oakie away with a set of dishes. Today, the beloved ex-Bad Boy of Hollywood gets around seventy-five hundred a week. Not dishes. Smackers!

By Ida Zeitlin

clowning. Oakie had been hired for their production of "Little Men," and Oakie had been reported late on the set. In the midst of production, a boy handed a severe note from Mr. Towne to Mr. Oakie.

It's not that Jack minds being reprimanded for cause. It was the method that grieved his democratic soul. "I'm right downstairs, he could've sent for me, he could've caught me in the lunchroom. But no, he's a producer now. He's got a big office with buttons, with secretaries. In the middle of the picture, he's got nothing else to do, he says, 'Secretary, take a letter.'"

Oakie took action. "Hold the cameras! Hold everything!" He flapped a paper under the director's astounded nose. "I gotta see Mr. Towne. I gotta letter." He entered the big office and faced his producer across the desk with buttons. Mournful-eyed, he laid down the note, and when he spoke, his tones rang hollow. "Know what this mistake is liable to cost you, Towne?—Quarter of a million.—You didn't know it, but I'm allergic to notes. They hit me like time-bombs. My voice is gone, my mind's a blank. I might even get drunk. If I go on a jag, Towne, it'll be for two weeks. Imagine what that'll do to the budget, Towne." As he started backward, his voice fell between a croak and a whisper. "You're a producer now, Towne. Lemme give you a tip. A smart producer waits. He waits till the picture's over, *then* he sends notes." Out in the hall, he stuck his head back round the edge of the doorway. "Too bad you ain't a smart producer, Towne," he yelled, and ducked just in time to avoid mayhem.

It's not so long since Jack would have walked off a set for no better reason than because he felt like it. A bitterly helpless notice would appear on the board: "Call for nine o'clock, Oakie permitting." You will ask, as I

did, how he got away with it. First, because the public screamed for Oakie. Then, because the pictures for which he was under contract, had been sold in advance and had to be delivered. As for Jack, he couldn't be bothered. Life with its pleasant vistas of wine, woman and song stretched endlessly ahead. A good comic could always find a job. If the picture turned out okay, okay. If not, here's mud in your eye, boys, and the hell with it.

Oakie, rip and roisterer, hasn't had a drink in two years. "Here comes the apostle," yell his erstwhile cronies. He sits down with them and guzzles fruit juice. He takes out a little bronze box and ostentatiously pops into his mouth a Vitamin B pill. "My narcotics," he explains.

What made him quit drinking? "A set of dishes," he'll tell you. The reference is to an item in Louella Parsons' column. "Two years ago," she wrote, "they couldn't give Oakie away with a set of dishes." Jack read the item and picked up the phone. "What kind of dishes, Lolly?" he cooed, bland as a Raphael cherub.

He prefers to milk the experience for laughs—his natural idiom. If you pin him down, though, he'll give it to you straight. "I think my mother's death had more to do with it than anything else. When people close to you die, mean to say you don't think? Life shortens up for you. One day makes you older than the ten years before it. You start asking yourself, what's it all about, what've you had out of life, what've you given, what do you want? To drink up all the booze in the world? Make yourself fuehrer of the alcoholic ward?

"Everything happened at once." (His wife left him, for one thing, but Jack won't talk about that. They're together again, and happy). "I was getting in the B rut over there at RKO, making those lousy Annabels. So I went to Europe. When I came back, my name was Bingo."

Even his agent showed a certain lack of sympathy. "Never did I think I'd have to sit in an executive's office, with my hat in my hand, begging a spot for you. AND NOT GETTING IT!!"

"What's the matter?" roared his indignant client. "I've pioneered in this business. How can it stop all of a sudden? I haven't aged. I haven't lost my cunning. I'm still a good comic, high, medium or low. They don't grow on trees. You can't press a button and make a guy funny. They still need comics—"

The answer came with more candor than kindness. "Did you ever hear of comics *not* named Jack Oakie? Who don't hold up production? Who don't hanker to set themselves up as kingpins of the booze trade?"

"Hah!" said Jack. (Please turn to page 92)

Example of Jack Oakie's amazing technique, below: handsome hero John Payne hasn't a chance when Oakie chooses to turn on one of his inimitable grimaces, as he does here.



No wonder these lucky, lucky gals smile as they fondle their sore tootsies. They're close enough to James Stewart to touch him. And that's somethin'—what with Jimmy toting an "Oscar" for his work in "Philadelphia Story" with him into Uncle Sam's army. The scene below is from James Roosevelt's "Pot O' Gold."



Here's Hollywood

**GOSSIPY
GLIMPSES
OF THE
ELITE
OF
CINEMA
STREET**



**By
Weston
East**

These cuties will flash before your eyes in "Pot O' Gold." Jean O'Donnell, left, and Millie ("Legs") Morris.

MICKEY ROONEY isn't slipping in his ability to think up calamitous practical jokes on his friends. He still has the ability and the inclination, but it's hinted that Mickey has toned down his activity because a couple of awfully big-looking fellows have become awfully annoyed with some of pint-sized Mickey's antics. So now, Mickey resorts to innocuous little gags of this caliber. On the set of his last picture,

a group of visitors were plying him with all sorts of staggering praise and Mickey was lightly tossing it all away by insisting that if they thought *he* was so good they should know more about his director, Norman Taurog. "You know," Mickey went on, "he does all these wonderful directing jobs and he can't even read or write." The tourists' mouths fell agape. Incredulous! "Yes," Mickey insisted, "you just watch, when he goes

into the next scene he'll have to have someone read it for him." Sure enough, soon the script girl was meticulously giving her director every word of dialogue and direction from the script. The amazed visitors slowly shook their puzzled heads. Mickey never told them, of course, that the ritual was just a directorial habit that Taurog always used as a last minute check for securing authenticity.

BECAUSE of the failure of anyone in Hollywood to ferret out anything new and really astounding about Bette Davis' new husband, every meager wisp of information on him is being turned over and over again here by the more curious tongues. What such a man could ever possibly find in Hollywood to interest him is an exclamation most frequently heard after people meet him for the first time. Fiery Miss Davis, the idle tongues chatter, has brought to Hollywood a husband who came from a strata far above the run-of-the-mill social standard, and at least a dozen notches above the average mental level of the generally accepted motion picture mind. That, pessimists insist with a grave shake of their heads, is defiant bravery in the truly epic sense. According to them no one but Davis would dare to challenge the accepted routine here with such a rank departure from the pattern. "Farny" as Bette affectionately calls husband No. 2, "will get along," as she puts it. Bette doesn't attempt to add a bit of information to everyone's inevitable questioning about Farny. She won't allow herself to talk of any of her new husband's interests except his flying. "He's been doing that for ten years; he's got his commercial license, of course, but wait—" she catches herself, "I think you should really talk to him about all that and get it all first hand, don't you?" Bette's not going to be caught spouting for publication about her husband's merits. That seems to be rule number one in this new try of hers to live in Hollywood and stay married.

THAT fortune teller, so secretly popular among the top female stellar names, proves feminine psychology down to the ground. This psychic reads only for women accompanied by a confidential friend (consequently, it always turns out that two readings are paid for). Big stars, as always hinted, are really closest to those they work with every day. The biggest feminine names invariably come for their vicarious view of the future accompanied by their hair-dressers.

DESPITE all the talk that has been floating around about Mae West's come-back definitely being in a modern story, insiders insist that Mae can never do a present day story because she needs those voluminous gay nineties skirts to hide the build-up system that makes her appear taller.



Tyrone Power looks grimly on as Linda Darnell's eyes silently accuse him in this dramatic scene from "Blood and Sand," above. These attractive stars have their biggest rôles to date, the grapevine hints.

Republic's 1941 version of "Sis Hopkins" is Judy Canova, right. Mabel Normand, center, was the lovable movie "Sis" in 1919, while Rose Melville, left, created an unforgettable "Sis" on the stage in 1901.

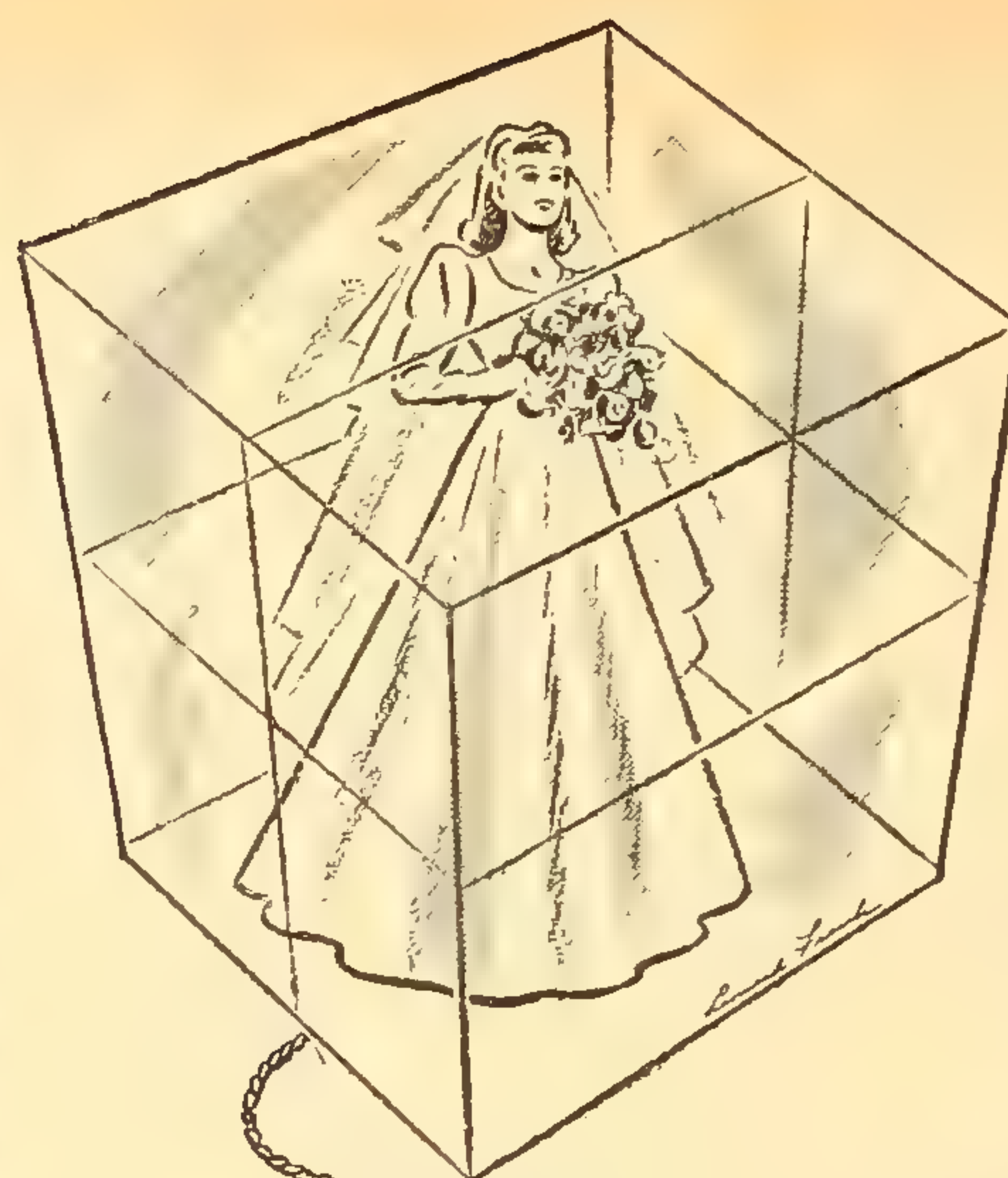


STORY
IN
PICTURES



You will find laughs and thrills in our accompanying novelette based on the romantic new film which co-stars, for the first time, two of the screen's greatest stars: Bette Davis and James Cagney. The "stills" on this and facing page continue the pictorial story of the month's outstanding movie.

Continued
from
page 30



"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."

(Warner Bros.)

Executive Producer Hal. B. Wallis.
Associate Producer William Cagney.
Directed by William Keighley. Screen
Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Ep-
stein. From the story by Kenneth Earl
and M. M. Musselman.

Steve Collins.....James Cagney
Joan Winfield.....Bette Davis
Tommy Keenan.....Stuart Erwin
Lucius K. Winfield...Eugene Pallette
Allen Brice.....Jack Carson
Peewee.....George Tobias
Pop Tolliver.....Harry Davenport
Sheriff McGee.....William Frawley
Hinkle.....Edward Brophy
Judge Sobler.....Harry Holman



"H'ya, old timer! H'ya, sweetheart!" There was no mistaking the fatherly pride or the affection in his voice. Maybe a critic would have said it was just a shade overdone. But that girl wasn't any critic when it came to Steve. No girl he'd ever met was.

"Well," she looked at him longingly as she stepped into her car and turned the ignition key. "I'll be seeing you next Tuesday." And she was off in a cloud of dust.

Steve looked briskly businesslike as he went into the office. "Haven't you any new pictures of your kids, Peewee?" he demanded. "This one is two years old. I like to keep them up to date."

"Listen, Steve," Peewee protested. "I don't like the use you're making of my wife and kids. If you don't want to get married why don't you be honest and tell the dames you don't? And even so, why do you have to use *my* kids? Why don't you just make up two kids?"

"That would be deceitful," Steve reproved him. "It's much cleaner this way. I'm just making sure, Peewee, that no dame hooks me till I have a whole fleet of planes of my own."

"You ain't got much time," Peewee shook his head regretfully, remembering the threats the man from the finance company had thrown around scarcely an hour before. "Only a miracle can save you now. Hinkle's

been here again and he says he's coming back at twelve."

It didn't leave many hours for a miracle to happen in. Nothing happened, not even another girl coming in for a flying lesson. Steve was as down as a man could get when Peewee turned on the radio to cheer him up. Of course, it would have to be Tommy Keenan broadcasting. Steve had never met the keyhole-snooper whose column and radio chatter had become a major American Institution, but he didn't have to, to hate him the way he did.

"This is tattle-tale Tommy Keenan, bringing you the latest news from the West Coast capital of the world," came the playful voice over the air waves. "Tonight, folks, it is my pleasure to announce one of the biggest scoops that has ever come out of the West. As the culmination of a whirlwind four-day courtship, the musical world's most eligible bachelor, Allen Brice, will tonight become a benedict. His bride will be beautiful Joan Winfield, daughter of Lucius K. Winfield, Texas oil tycoon. In a few minutes they'll be flying to Las Vegas to be married and I'm going along to be best man."

Steve frowned as he shut off the radio. He didn't want to hear about Allen Brice or Joan Winfield or their great, big wonderful romance. Tommy's column had been

full of it for the four days it had been going on. Well, maybe it was interesting to some people to know that café society's favorite piano player and a girl with more money than brains had fallen in love with each other, but it wasn't solving his problems. That reminded him. He had things to do. Steve felt pretty low as he started cleaning out his desk. In less than an hour he would be leaving the place with only a valise full of papers and a couple of pilot outfits to show for ten years hard work. And it had to happen right now when he was beginning to go places.

A car drew up outside and a girl came into the office. There were two men with her, but Steve didn't notice them at first. The girl had a long yellow bob and eyes like big blue saucers and she didn't even look at him. Maybe that was the thing that set Steve to really looking at her. Then he couldn't look at her any more for the phone rang.

"Is Miss Winfield there?" the operator's voice asked. "Chicago calling." A man's voice broke in impatiently. "If she's there put her on in a hurry, will you? This is her father. I've been calling every airport around Los Angeles."

The girl was Miss Winfield. Steve knew it before he asked her. Joan Winfield, the little oil heiress, who thought she owned the

world, but whose voice was faltering now. It was funny. Steve could have laughed out loud if he didn't feel so lousy about the plane and everything that he knew he'd never laugh again. Here she was in the beginning putting on all the palaver that five years of being a rich girl and going to the right schools had given her, and then getting so mad she forgot all the polish and went right back to being the little brat brought up among the drillers in a Texas oil field.

"I don't give a hoot what you think of piano players!" she was shouting now. "I'm marrying Allen and we're flying to Las Vegas right now, and you can put that in your oil well and pump it!" And she banged down the receiver and started toward the door with Keenan and Brice trotting after her. "Get a plane ready for us immediately," she ordered.

The door slammed and suddenly Steve had an idea. He dialed the operator and in no time at all had called Winfield back and was talking to him. Steve had to work fast. His wrist watch showed a couple of minutes to twelve but Steve's tongue always worked best high speed.

"Listen," he said. "I can stop that wedding. I'll deliver your daughter to you unmarried in Omaha by eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Take a plane and meet me there. And since this is a very unusual case, I'll have to charge freight rates." He thought of the girl and figured her at about

"Listen, you," Joan shouted. "Are you crazy? You've left the others behind. What do you think you're doing?"

"Take it easy." Steve ducked his head as the plane zoomed up towards the sky. "You're being kidnapped."

The pounding stopped as suddenly as it had started. He heard the girl take a deep breath. Then her voice came almost timidly. "Do you mind if I sit down here?" she asked and when he nodded she edged into the seat beside him and out of the corner of his eye Steve saw her horrified but fascinated gaze fixed on him. "How much are you demanding for me?" she asked.

"Oh, about eleven hundred dollars." Steve looked her over carelessly. "That is, more or less."

"Only eleven hundred dollars! *For me?*" The girl looked at him outraged, but her voice still kept its finishing school polish. "Why, it's ridiculous! It's humiliating! A girl of my standing, an heiress. Why, I'm almost a national figure. I'm worth at least a hundred thousand!"

"To tell you the truth, Miss Winfield, you glamor girls are a drug on the market this year," Steve grinned. "The most I could possibly ask is maybe fifteen hundred. But I made the bargain with your father and I'm sticking to it. I'm delivering you to him C.O.D. in Omaha in the morning. *Unmarried!* And you can dispense with the fancy language. I heard you on the phone."

She glared at him. "You're not good

began to laugh. "Sorry I can't go with you to Omaha," she called gaily.

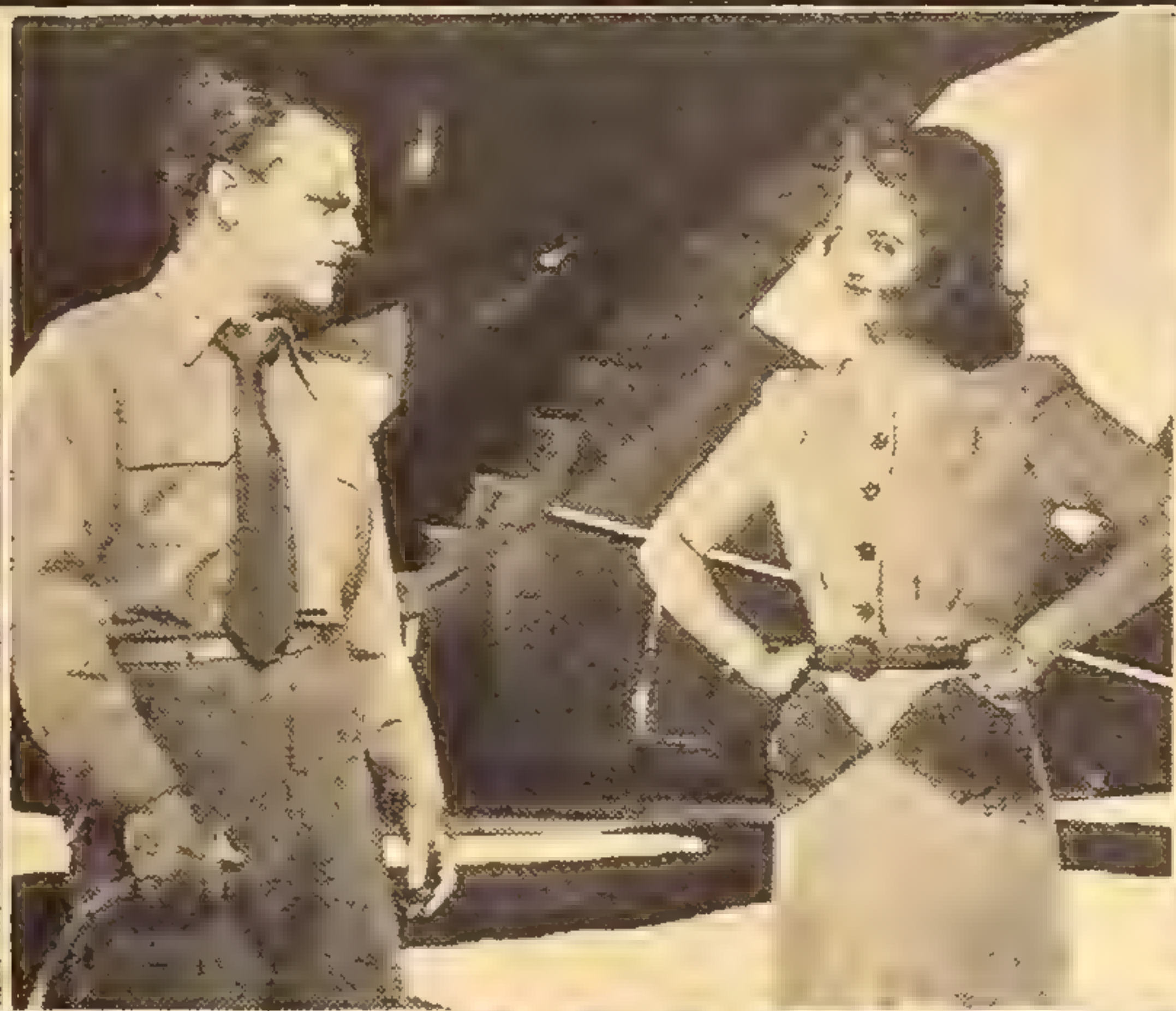
Steve froze as he turned and looked at her. He had forgotten the parachute that was now strapped around Joan's slim body, as she stood poised, ready to throw herself against the cabin door.

"Don't jump, you little fool. You'll be killed!" he shouted, and then as she laughed tauntingly he threw the stick over hard so that the plane tipped crazily and Joan was thrown against one of the seats. But he couldn't discourage that girl. She scrambled to her feet and tried again. Again the plane tilted and then suddenly the motor sputtered and stalled and the plane went into a spin. Steve did his best and it was good enough. The plane came down on the desert with a bump and there was a sickening impact as it shuddered to a stop with its nose ground into the earth.

Steve leaned back and relaxed for just a minute. Then he heard Joan laugh and turned around just in time to see her take a flying leap through the door and land in a clump of cactus. She was still sitting in it when Steve came over to her.

"I should have let you jump five minutes ago!" he laughed. Imagine a dame so dizzy she didn't even know they'd grounded. "Even if you did put the parachute on backwards."

She was whimpering now as much from rage as pain, with the cactus needles stuck all over her. But this was one time when



a hundred and fifteen pounds, usually his favorite weight in a girl. It was the only time in his life he had ever wished one were fatter. Personally his taste ran to streamlines. He did a bit of mental arithmetic before he went on. "Ten dollars a pound. That's my standard charge." And he grinned as he hung up the phone on Winfield's startled gratitude.

It was almost too easy. Then as he started out the door he collided head on with Hinkle, the finance company's most hard-boiled collector. He tried to argue his way out of this new spot, but Hinkle wasn't having any more promises. So there wasn't anything to do but give him that quick right hook to the jaw and Steve did it. Then he gave Pee-wee a few orders and went out.

The plan worked with the same hair-trigger precision as his instrument board. Steve got into the plane and began warming it up when Pee-wee dashed out of the office and shouted that Keenan was wanted on the phone and a minute later there he was again saying Keenan wanted to see Allen.

Steve waited just long enough to feel that Pee-wee's fists had had time enough to see that Allen had joined Hinkle and Keenan in their deep, if not too pleasant slumber before he gave the plane the gun and shoved off. Suddenly he felt fists pounding on his back.

enough for the cuss words I know," she said. "A man who'd come between two people who love each other for a mere eleven hundred dollars!"

It was time for the act again. Steve sighed as he reached for the snap-shot. "Do you think I want the money for myself?" He managed to get a feeling of hurt in his voice as he showed it to her.

The girl's eyes softened. "They're darling. Yours?"

Steve looked at her and her eyes were so candid they made him feel like a heel. "I like to think of them as their mother's," he hedged.

"That's sweet!" Joan even smiled at him. Then she thought of something. "Tell me, wouldn't you like to be able to do something big, something really beautiful for your wife and children?" she asked. "All you have to do is fly me back to Los Angeles now. And I'll pay you *twice* what father is paying you. I haven't that much cash, but I'll give you a check."

Steve shook his head. He wasn't taking any chances on a check. Not with her father holding the money bags in the Winfield family. "You better get some sleep," he suggested. "You'll find a blanket in that rear locker."

She saw it was useless and went to the back of the plane. Then a moment later she





Why, it's Irene Dunne taking to a pail as naturally as a duck takes to water. Happily, we can't say the effect tends to deglamorize the glamorous Miss Dunne. She's donned this homey get-up for her rôle in Columbia's "Penny Serenade," opposite Cary Grant. The pair, above, have wedding bells in their eyes. Cary Grant on Night Patrol, opposite page, left, as Irene beams her approval. Cute Baby Biffle with her reel parents, Irene and Cary, far right, is indifferent.

the gentleman in Steve came to the fore. He turned her over his knees and began picking them out, though he told himself what she really needed was a spanking.

The night didn't look too promising. Even the lunch Peewee had packed into the plane didn't help. Joan glared at him as they ate and sometimes just to be impartial she glared at the desert too. But after he'd given her one blanket and taken the other one for himself and stretched on the ground, since no one who wasn't an acrobat could possibly sleep in the plane in the vertical position it had settled in, Joan came over to him dragging her blanket after her.

"I'm cold." She shivered. "One blanket isn't any use at all." And she put the blanket on the top of his and crawled in beside him.

It might have been cozy with anyone else, but Steve felt he'd settled down with a rattler. He tried to sleep but even in the darkness he felt her eyes were fixed on him as she tossed restlessly beside him.

"Who'd ever have thought two hours ago that I'd be lost in the desert with a man I'd never met," she sighed.

"Well, now that you've thought about it you'd better get some sleep." Steve sounded annoyed as he turned his back on her.

"But I *can't* sleep!" Joan wailed. "I haven't any pink pills and I never can get to sleep without them. I—I didn't think I'd need them on this trip. I wish you'd talk to me. After all, you kidnapped me and that's the least you can do when I can't sleep."

"Listen," Steve said. "When I made that deal with your father there was nothing in it about conversation."

"You needn't feel flattered," Joan said crisply. "It's just that I think there's something about your style of conversation that may get me drowsy."

"That insult didn't get by me," Steve warned her as he tried to settle down again. "I'll take it up in the morning."

"Take it up now," Joan whispered coaxingly.

Steve sat up at that. "Listen, lady." He was really annoyed now. "I know this is a romantic setting and I know how you feel. But *please* leave me alone."

"Don't you get me wrong!" Joan sputtered indignantly. "All you are to me is a pink pill. Come on, now. Talk me to sleep. Tell me how you met your wife."

"Clara?" Steve grinned in the darkness. "Well, it was at a strawberry festival and I took her home and asked if I could see her the next Thursday night. She said yes and I saw her the next Thursday night. After about six months I made it twice a week, Thursdays and Saturdays with an occasional Sunday afternoon. After that there was nothing to do but get married, so we—"

He stopped as he heard Joan's gentle, rhythmic breathing and knew she was asleep. Suddenly he felt outraged. "Hey!" He nudged her furiously. "Now I can't sleep!"

"Try a pink pill," Joan whispered drowsily and closed her eyes again.

"How about the story of your life?" Steve asked.

"Too exciting," Joan yawned exasperatingly. "It would keep you awake all night." And she turned over and went complacently back to sleep again.

Steve woke the next morning feeling as if he had been caught in a cyclone. But it was only the girl shaking him.

"Look!" She was pointing out a group of weather-beaten buildings not more than three hundred yards or so away from them.

"Don't tell me you didn't know that town was there! And it looks like the sort of town that would have a two hundred and fifty pound sheriff. But I'll do all I can to protect you from mob violence," she promised tauntingly. "Because I think you can do an awful lot to brighten up a Federal

penitentiary." Her smile was enigmatic.

Steve's heart sank as he ran after her. There went the eleven hundred and something dollars and there went the plane too. The game was up. But as they came into the town Steve's spirits soared again. No one could possibly be living in that place. It looked as if it had been deserted for years with its wooden houses sagging so precariously, the broken windows looking bleakly out at desolation and ruin. Then just as he was congratulating himself that it was a ghost town he saw a brood of chickens running down the street and in almost the same moment saw the smoke coming out of the biggest house in the place.

They went inside, and Steve saw it had once been a hotel. Swinging doors led to the old bar-room that looked as if it hadn't been used for years. The brass rail was tarnished, the mirrors dusty and fly-specked, but as they stood there they smelled the unmistakable aroma of coffee being made. Without a word Steve pushed on into the kitchen with Joan quick at his heels and then he saw the percolator on the stove, the breakfast table set for one and the radio playing soft dance music. A trap door in the floor stood open and Steve walked over to it and looked down in the cellar at the old man who stood at a chopping block cutting a slice of bacon. He glanced up and grinned as if he'd known them all his life. Here was a man not easily phased.

"Hello! What'll you have with your eggs, ham or bacon?" he asked. But as Joan said "ham" he shook his head. "You'll take bacon. I don't feel like cutting into a new ham."

"That's quite a pantry you've got," said Steve.

"Finest cold cellar in the world," the old man agreed. "It's an old mine tunnel, miles of 'em under here. This place is the Palace Hotel and my name's Tolliver. Pop is the



only first name I remember. How do you want your eggs, up or over?"

"Up," Steve said, and Joan tossing her head a little said "over."

"You'll take yours up, too." Pop came up into the kitchen. "I don't want no confusion. Have a seat." He looked at Steve. "You sit down too. I like everything neat and orderly. Guess you wonder at me being all alone in town like this, but I stayed on waiting for another boom after everybody skiddooed when the mines closed down. About 1914 that was. Say, how did you two get here anyway? Nearest town's sixty miles back and nobody could walk it without having the buzzards pickin' at their bones."

"Plane," Steve said laconically. "Forced down. But I'll have the crate fixed soon. We'll get out."

"You two headin' for Las Vegas to get married?" Pop asked with elaborate casualness.

"Certainly not!" Joan sputtered indignantly but Steve winked knowingly at Pop. "We had a little lovers' quarrel," he explained.

Pop paid no attention to Joan's furious denial. "Now's the time to have those spats, *before* you're married," he said. "Took me three wives to learn."

"You're right, Pop," Steve laughed and went over to Joan. "Don't you think so too, Sweet?" To impress Pop he drew her toward him with a little chuckle and kissed her. Joan wrenched herself away and flung up her hand and slapped his face. For a minute Steve only glared at her. Then he came right back at her and slapped her face. "They say that's the way Eskimos kiss," he explained to Pop. And he whistled as he strode out of the door.

He felt he had the situation well in hand when he went to look at the plane. The damage wasn't as bad as he expected and he threw off his coat and went to work on it. The sun was high in the sky before he stopped at last, feeling as if he could eat every last one of Pop's chickens. He called out gaily as he came back to the hotel but no one answered. Then he heard hammering coming from the stable next door and went there.

"Hey!" He opened the door. "Not so much noise. The roosters had a hard night."

It was then he saw the old jalopy which must have been one of the first cars ever to sputter down any Main Street and Joan

standing beside it hammering on a tire rim. But he didn't see Pop slowly crawling out from under it or the six shooter he picked up as he came towards him.

"Put up your hands!" Pop barked. "I ain't takin' no chances with a kidnapper. You had me fooled so I didn't even believe this poor girl when she told me, but then I heard it on the radio. So grab that pump and start workin'. We're goin' to have this car fixed so we can go for help."

"Sorry, Pop," Steve grinned engagingly. "I've still got some work to do on my plane." He turned on his heel and walked toward the door. But he stopped dead in his tracks as the old six-shooter roared and a bullet whizzed past his head and shattered a pane of glass behind him. There wasn't a thing to do except the one he did, whirl around and raise his hands submissively.

"I'd as soon shoot a varmint like you as not," Pop said grimly. "Now start pumpin' that tire."

"Yes, sir!" Steve said in his best service station manner. "And may I get your windshield for you, sir?" he asked, grinning at the empty space yawning in front of the driver's seat. The six-shooter kept him in line though, making him repair the old car but he balked when Pop marched him to the plane at the point of the gun and demanded gasoline.

"Why waste my gas?" Steve demanded. "This is aviation fuel." And then at Joan's skeptical grin: "It won't work in that museum piece," he explained.

They wouldn't believe him, either one of them, and they laughed triumphantly as they got in the car. Then Joan let in the clutch and the car shuddered and the blast came. It was like the sound of a machine gun in action and the spark plugs tore jagged holes in the hood as they exploded out of their sockets and there was just that crazy moment with the two of them hanging on to their seats before the whole thing blew up and they were thrown out and Joan landed in another cactus. She didn't know what she hated most, the cactus or Steve's exultant laugh.

Both Pop and Joan ignored Steve that evening. But Steve pretended not to mind, laughing heartily at the jokes coming over the radio. Then he tensed as the program was interrupted for a special news bulletin and the announcer said an army plane had sighted what they believed to be Steve's plane near the California-Nevada border.

"Miss Winfield was first believed to be kidnapped," the announcer went on. "But later it was learned that her wealthy father had authorized her abduction in order to prevent her elopement."

Pop glared at Joan. Then suddenly his face froze as he looked at Steve. "Remember that bullet I whizzed past your head?" he asked shakily.

"Yeah," Steve rubbed his forehead ruefully. "I thought for a minute you were trying to hit me."

"I was," Pop gasped weakly. "Still can't understand how I missed you. Me, the best marksman in the Spanish-American War."

"Guess we were pretty lucky to win that war," Steve said as he walked over to the radio and turned it on louder.

"No attempt will be made to rescue the heiress and her companion tonight," the announcer was saying. "But at the crack of dawn newspapermen and a deputy sheriff will leave Los Angeles to bring them back. Steve Collins is wanted for stealing his own plane from a finance company as well as for assault and battery. The girl's father, who is still in Omaha, will speed West in a chartered plane as soon as weather conditions permit. And her fiance Allen Brice and Tommy Keenan are also all set to—"

Steve got up and shut the radio off. He would have to do something and do it fast. Without a word he walked out of the room and taking a lantern went to the plane and set to work. Just before dawn he climbed into the plane at last and tested the motor. The starter whined and rose to a shrill crescendo and then settled down to a powerful roar. He grinned triumphantly. Now all he'd have to do would be to get the girl and deliver her before the others got there.

But Joan had heard that motor too and knew what it meant. She was running out of the house, her fur coat thrown over her negligée when he got there. He ran after her but she saw the entrance into the mine tunnel and ducked into it with Steve almost at her heels. It was dark in the mine and Joan was frantic as she heard Steve coming nearer and ran faster. She went in circles, running against the posts which blocked her way and knocking them down in her frantic effort to get away. Suddenly there was a cracking sound and an avalanche of earth and rocks blocked the entrance.

"What happened?" she asked weakly as she saw Steve's lantern focussed on her.

"You just knocked down the posts that

kept the tunnel from caving in, that's all," Steve said with elaborate sarcasm. "I'll take a look and see if there's another exit."

It wasn't only one tunnel. It was a maze of them, but Joan kept close behind him as he searched, in spite of the hostile silence between them. Then Steve heard her teeth chattering as she pulled her fur coat closer around her and stopped abruptly. He built a fire from some of the broken pieces of old wood lying around, sloshing some of the kerosene from the lantern over it to make it burn.

"You better stay here and dry out while I take a look at this next tunnel," he said.

"You mean the last one?" Joan asked, and then she found she couldn't hold back her tears any longer.

Steve looked at her coldly. "I had you pegged. I made a bet with myself that you'd be boo-hooing into your hankie within an hour. Come on now, you must have been up against this sort of thing before. There must have been some crisis at the Stork Club when the waiter brought you the wrong wine. I bet you squared your shoulders and faced it then."

"Why must you bring up the past?" Joan sobbed, and Steve looked at her grimly.

"Because I don't think our future is worth talking about," he said.

She was still crying when he made his way into the last tunnel. Steve was about to give up when he saw a wooden partition with a hole in it and climbed through it. Then he blinked. He was standing in Pop's pantry and as he started to laugh he heard the trap door open and saw Pop peering down on him.

Pop climbed down into the cellar and cautioning Steve to silence, whispered that the sheriff and two reporters had come and were searching the ruined buildings of the town for them.

"But you're not licked yet," Pop grinned. "All you got to do is go back and keep her in the mine. It's a cinch her pop'll come hotfooting it here and when he does I'll let you know and you can hand her over and collect the money. Wait! I'll fix you some breakfast before you go back. How do you want your eggs?"

"If I wanted them fried, you'd scramble them," Steve said. "So I'll take 'em scrambled."

"Okay, I'll fry 'em," Pop said cheerfully, disappearing up into the kitchen. But a moment later he was back with a sandwich in his hand. "Quick," he said giving it to Steve. "Another plane just landed. You better go back till I make sure who it is."

The sandwich was good, ham with just enough mustard to make it interesting. Steve munched it as he made his way back to Joan, feeling guilty as he ate it. Besides, he hated to have Joan miss a meal. Every pound she might lose would mean ten dollars out of his pocket. But he couldn't bring Joan food without her knowing there was a way out of the tunnel. And when she tried to smile as he came up to her, he felt guiltier than ever. Joan fighting mad was one thing. Joan the way she was now, soft-eyed and frightened, was another. Steve was amazed at the feeling that swept over him. He wanted to take her in his arms and hold her there and kiss the traces of the tears away from her eyes. He'd never known he could feel this way about any girl.

"You'll be all right," he said. "You may miss a couple of meals before you get out of here, but that's all. Somebody'll dig us out."

"It's kind of you to try to shield me," Joan said quietly. "But it isn't necessary. I've always wondered what it would be like to face death. Now I know. And who'll there be to mourn for me? Just my father and a couple of headwaiters. Gosh!"

"How about this Brice fellow?" Steve asked.

"I'm not so sure about him," Joan said

uncertainly, realizing she hadn't thought of him once, even with death staring her in the face. "I guess that was just silly and useless and impulsive like all the things I've done. I really haven't got a thing to show for my twenty-three years. At least you've got something, a wife and two children." She looked at him wistfully. "Have you got a picture of your wife?"

"No, I haven't." Steve wished he never had shown her that snap-shot. "Clara takes an awful picture."

"You know," Joan said, "you don't seem like a married man with two children at all." She waited for him to say something and when he didn't went on hesitantly: "At a time like this it seems wrong to harbor ill feelings or grudges. I want you to know I forgive you for everything." She held out her hand and Steve took it and now her voice was so low he could hardly hear it. "And I'm sorry I didn't meet you before Clara."

"Joan," Steve's voice rose exultantly as he pulled her towards him. "I'm not married and I haven't any children. That was only a tactic I used to keep from getting roped in. And I'm glad I used it too, because now I'm free and ripe and ready to be roped in."

She laughed and it wasn't like the other times she had laughed, but gentle and sweet and tender. "You're a cheap and vile and deceitful liar," she said happily, and then to show she didn't mean a word of it she lifted her lips to be kissed. And funny the way it was with Steve when he kissed her, as if it was the first time he'd ever kissed any girl.

She drew away from him then, her eyes blazing. "Mustard!" she cried. "You've been eating. You know a way out of here. You've known from the beginning!" And she began running into the other tunnel and saw the opening leading into the pantry. Steve didn't catch up with her until she had run up the steps into the kitchen and was eating one of the sandwiches Pop had left on the table.

"Joan," he begged. "Are you going to let a little food come between us? I wasn't trying to starve you. Honest. I was only trying to keep from being arrested. It was my liberty against your appetite."

He stopped as the door opened and Allen came in. Joan looked at him for a startled moment, then ran into his arms. In a moment the room was full of people. The reporters and Pop and Tommy Keenan and a man Allen told Joan he had brought along to marry them, a Justice of the Peace from Las Vegas. Then another man came in, a big burly man who didn't need the star on his vest to show he was a sheriff and who held out a pair of handcuffs as he walked menacingly toward Steve.

"Hold on, Sheriff," Pop said then. "You can't arrest this man. You've got a California warrant and this is Nevada!"

Another reporter came dashing into the room. "Just heard a flash on the radio," he shouted. "Old man Winfield left Las Vegas half an hour ago. That means he'll be here any minute."

For just a moment hope rose high again in Steve's heart. Then it was shattered as Allen turned to Joan. "If this is Nevada, the Justice can marry us right away."

Steve felt as if the bottom had dropped out of his heart. "This girl isn't in any mood to get married," he protested. "She's just been through a horrible experience." Then when Allen's only answer was that triumphant smirk, Steve turned to Joan. "You can't marry him," he pleaded. "You've only known him four days. Why, you've known headwaiters longer."

Joan hesitated and was lost. "I—I think I'd rather be married in Las Vegas, Allen," she faltered.

Steve felt he had won that round anyway. Then he wondered, when he saw Pop look-



From pothooks to movie parts is the saga of Patti McCarty, above, Dorothy Lamour's ex-secretary. Her first film, "Under Age."

ing at him, shaking his head and making gestures that he wanted to talk to him. As soon as he could Steve followed him into the other room.

"This isn't Nevada," Pop whispered. "I just told the sheriff that to keep him from arresting you. This is California. Look!" He showed him a sofa pillow elaborately embroidered with the inscription "Palace Hotel, Bonanza, California" to prove it. "You go right back in there before they fly off to Las Vegas, and make them get married here where it won't be legal," he said. "Maybe by that time her father will be here and you can collect your money."

But Steve wasn't thinking of the money then, or even the plane. He was only thinking of Joan. He had to keep her from flying to Las Vegas.

"Allen, my boy," he laughed as he went back to the others, "there's nothing I want more right now than to see you two get married. And I want to thank you for saving me from something I would have regretted all my life. When I think how close I came to falling for that girl, it makes me dizzy." He turned to Joan and pretended to mop his forehead. "I admit I went a little soft in the tunnel, but out here in the cold, clear light I've come to my senses. My only regret is that I can't be at Las Vegas for the ceremony and be your best man."

"What a story!" Tommy Keenan broke in suddenly. "The man who abducts the girl turns out to be best man at the wedding. But I suppose the sheriff wouldn't let you get away." Suddenly he turned to Joan. "Say, why don't you get married here?" he asked.

Joan glared and shook her head and Steve laughed easily.

"Leave the poor girl alone," he said. "Perhaps she can't bear to see me at the wedding. Perhaps she doesn't trust herself—"

Joan couldn't take that. "Of all the conceited, insufferable cads," she blazed. "Me afraid? Why, I'll get married here, any time, with fifty of you around. Me afraid!" And she was still sputtering even when she whispered "I do."

But Steve had congratulated himself too soon, for no sooner was the ceremony over than Allen ordered his pilot to get the plane ready for the return trip to Los Angeles. Steve hadn't thought of that. It would have been hard enough to see Joan going off on her honeymoon with her bridegroom, but it was worse seeing her get ready to go off on one with a man she wasn't even married to. He tried to tell her the marriage wasn't legal, but Joan only laughed at him. She had had enough of his tricks to last her a lifetime. And she wouldn't listen to Pop, either. He had given her enough proof of the way men stick together.

It was only when they had gone to the plane that Steve remembered the soft cushion and running after them just managed to throw it into the cabin before Joan slammed the door.

Steve stared despondently after the plane as it zoomed skywards. Then it was almost as if fate were rubbing it into him, for he heard the drone of another motor and there was a plane circling above him getting ready to land. Joan's father now, when it was too late. Steve didn't give a hoot if the plane ever landed.

But it did, and Steve braced himself to meet Joan's father who was running toward him as hard as his fifty-odd years and two hundred-odd pounds would allow, when Steve heard a scream floating down from the clouds. Joan's voice, and then he saw her billowing down toward the desert in a parachute. He started running then and so he reached the cactus almost the same moment she did.

"This time I put it on right," Joan wailed, tugging at the parachute. "Oh, Steve, I saw the name on the pillow, but Allen wouldn't take me back and so—"

Steve wasn't laughing now as he pulled her up and lifted her in his arms. Then the old grin came again. "About one hundred and eighteen pounds I should say," he called to her father over his shoulder. "At ten dollars a pound that's eleven hundred and eighty dollars you owe me!"

And never let it be said that old man Winfield didn't know true love when he saw it. "Okay, son," he said approvingly.



Leslie Howard, now in England, produces, directs, and stars in "Pimpernel Smith." With him is Mary Morris, his leading lady.

Yours for Loveliness

Flatterers and affinities for May—all
beauty notes for your next shopping list



When It's Raining Rain

A PRIZE came to this desk the other day—Kelly Shower Toes. They're light-as-a-feather foot protection, latex toes to slip over those new sandals when a shower comes up from nowhere. Best of all, they fold away in a cunning polka dotted pouch, only two-and-a-half by four-and-a-half inches, which means it slips into your bag as easily as a compact. Shower Toes will save your best shoes; they will enable you to avoid those rain-stained stocking toes poking from your toeless numbers, enough to bring tears, especially when you have a date; and they will keep feet dry and comfortable in spite of all. They have a girdle fit, are true foot insurance against wet pavements, so light, so smart, you'll like wearing them. Treasures!

Soft and Sweet

FROM the hard water areas of this country, and there are plenty, this department gets many requests for a good water softener. And so we give you plenty—actually five pounds! This is Wrisley's nice, big bag (five pounds, we remind you) of Perfumed Bath Crystals and Water Softener. This is for your tub when you want to relax, to make your skin feel soft and smooth as well as cleanse it, when a delicate perfume will soothe your senses and sweetly scent your skin. Here, indeed, is more than your money's worth. This bath luxury comes in apple blossom, gardenia, carnation, lilac, lavender, bouquet and pine; and you'll find other Wrisley companions in fine soaps and bath accessories to furnish your bathroom with a complete ensemble.



"Sweet Moments"

IN snooping about, this department came upon something new, cute and very come hither. It's Irresistible's new perfume, Sweet Moments, in a container resembling an old-fashioned lamp. For those who love cunning gadgets, with something good to show besides—for the perfume has a very special appeal—go right out and find yourself Sweet Moments. It will make a little conversation piece, and the lamp base comes in different pastels, so you can do both yourself and your dressing-table a nice turn for spring. These little lamps will serve charmingly for small favors at a luncheon or bridge. Will win raves from your chums.

"Follow Me"

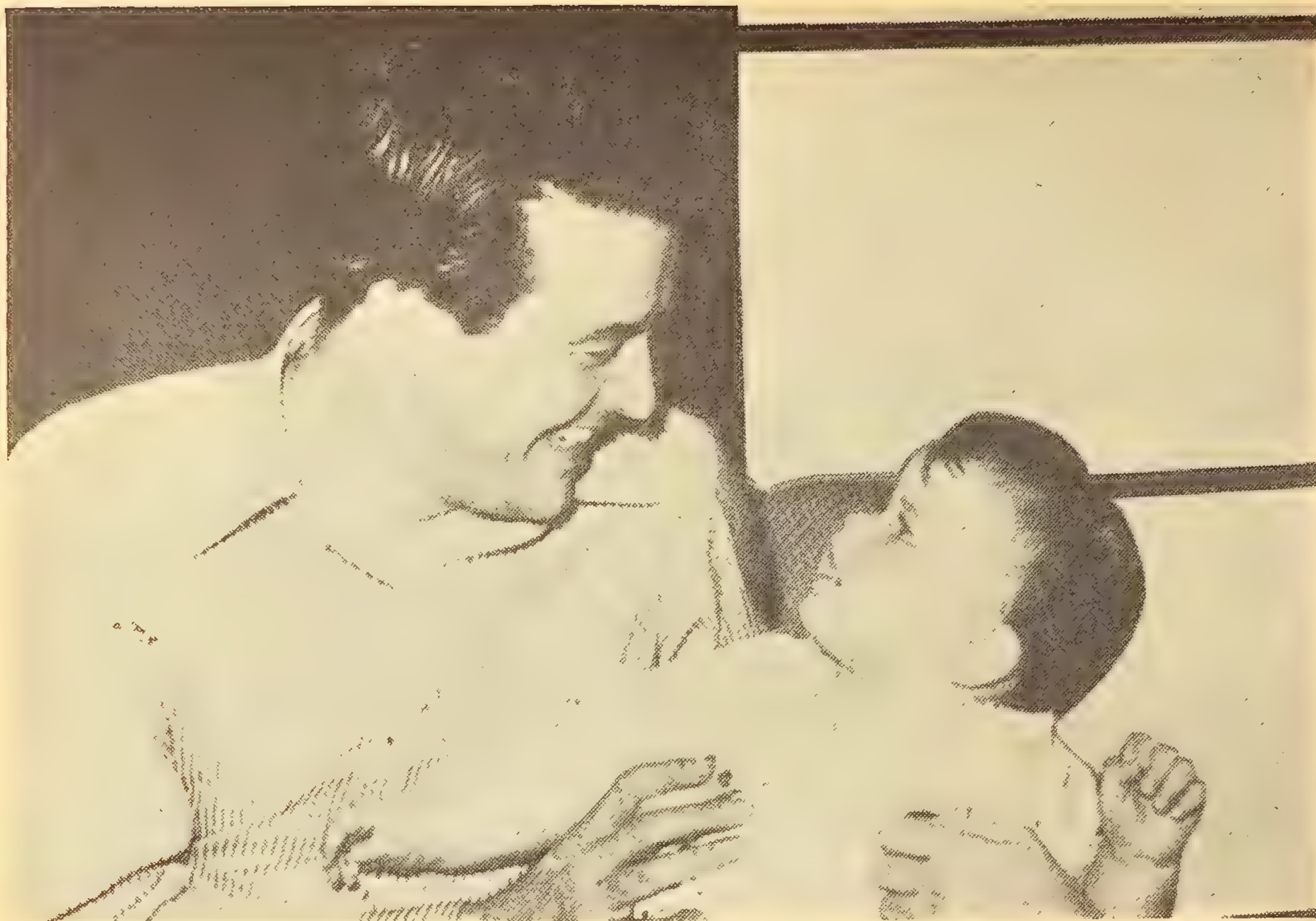
SUIVEZ MOI (follow me) proved such a success as a perfume that now it has a sister, Suivez Moi Eau de Toilette, with atomizer. The two will certainly put you high in heaven if you like seductive scents. And they are quite within reach of your pretty little purse. The simulated pearl bottle of perfume, snuggling in that miniature hat box, would make an unusual bridge prize. I am not quite able to describe the scent—it is just too, too . . . My observation, however, is that it literally makes admirers want to follow you! It is a very vital reminder of fascination, of being awake and on your toes, and that, to me, is a splendid way to feel.



A Trick or Two in This Brush

THE use of mascara is growing. And next to lipstick, its use can certainly do more for the human face than any other beauty touch. You will find many good mascaras, but Modern Eyes is the only one I know with a spiral brush. This little brush has a special trick or two. It reaches between your lashes and colors all sides of each lash, which, naturally, makes even an extra lash or two a real contribution to your eye beauty. It also curls lashes upward. It is attached to the container top, which means that the case remains neat. The mascara is in cake form, in black, brown or dark blue, the color being shown on the container top. C. M.





Just because David Daniel is held in papa's arms doesn't mean he's not head man of the Milland menage. Looks like mutual admiration. Ray's husky one-year-old, below, treats us to a full face view. Snaps from the star's private album, exclusively to SCREENLAND.



Ray Milland's Romantic Real Life Story

Continued from page 55

reckoned it to his credit that he murdered none of them.

One morning a desperate voice reached Connie over the phone. "You've got to get me a job or book me at the nearest mad-house."

She called him next day. Gaumont needed someone to play an American juvenile. Ray hobbled down, and faked the accent well enough to get the part only because they could find no one else to do it better.

What followed sounds like an old Mack Sennett gag. He had long since resolved, once he got hold of some money, to return to America. He missed the orange juice. Better to starve in California, where at least he'd be warm. Better to take his meager chances over there than ask Mal to share chances equally meager in London. The picture netted him twelve hundred and fifty dollars. The day after it was finished, he packed his trunk and sailed, neglecting to inform Connie lest she try to stop him. Halfway across the Atlantic, he received a cable. "WHERE IN THUNDER ARE YOU HAVE SIGNED YOU WITH BRITISH LINE." "WILL RETURN IF THEY PAY MY FARE BACK," he replied. "FARE OK PASSAGE ARRANGED ON LACONIA LEAVING NEW YORK MAY 13."

He docked at four on the 13th, caught the Laconia at five, worked for three weeks and set sail again, forgetting that he'd given British Lion an option for another picture. A second cable met him in mid-Atlantic, a second time he turned back at the docks. This time, a thought chastened, he waited a week after the picture's completion for official permission to depart. He landed in New York, his months of labor a delusion. Living expenses had bitten so deeply into his capital that he still had only twelve hundred and fifty dollars!

It was then that one of his glittering impulses hit our hero. He'd never been through the Panama Canal. Not to have been through the Panama Canal was deplorable. He booked passage to California

that way, stopped off at Cuba and lost the lion's share of his fortune, arriving in Hollywood with a hundred and seventy dollars—exactly the sum, if you remember that far back, which had stood between him and starvation when he got to London.

Thus the full circle had been rounded. But Ray was only moderately cast down. True, he and Mal would have to postpone housekeeping arrangements, but that was all right, honey, he'd have a job snagged, say in a week, ten days. Mal buoyed less easily. With the dolorous days of their breakup etched in acid on her memory, she suggested that they ought to have five thousand dollars to start with, and maybe he'd better give up the idea of acting for steadier, if more pedestrian, employment. Ray agreed to the first, and flouted the second suggestion.

He took a room at a cheap hotel, but the

time soon came when a dollar and a half a day loomed like Everest compared with his cash on hand. So he rented a twenty-five dollar apartment. He fenegled a jalopy out of a dealer by pledging a down payment of twenty-eight dollars. For lack of garage money, he parked this wreck in an empty lot. One morning he found the lot empty even of his car. The dealer had, in the genteel phrase, repossessed it. To Ray this was money in the bank, since he hadn't made the down payment.

His powers of persuasion never showed more brilliant than in the feat of getting himself an agent, agents being cower than jobs in Hollywood. The agent got him interviews, the interviews got him nowhere.



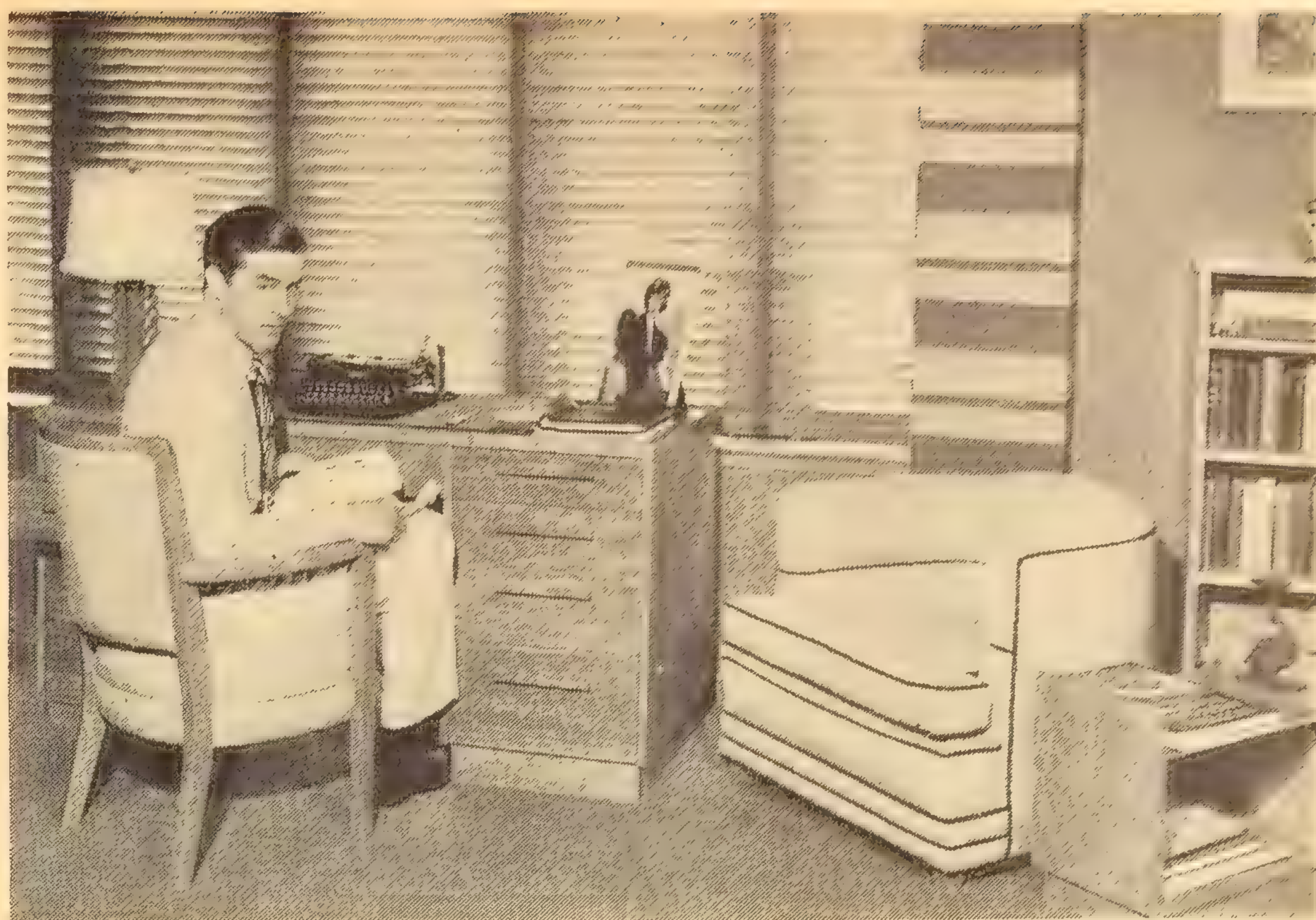
The pride of possession must be great when the Ray Millands dine tête-a-tête in their bright and cheerful dining room, right.

Fit for a queen is this elegant dressing table, below. A corner of the master bedroom reserved for beauty. Ray Milland, strictly a man's man, personally designed this he-man den. It's built for comfort and style; a workshop, if you'll believe the evidence, right.



Chester hauled him around. That wasn't his name. He was a movie-mad youth from Chester, Pennsylvania, who'd been momentarily dazed by the sight of Milland on a drugstore stool next to his own. He remembered the face from a picture two years back. Ray's jobless and penniless state failed to dim his glory. He'd appeared on the screen, hence he was a movie star, hence Chester laid himself and his Plymouth at Ray's feet.

By now Ray was haunting the Standard Oil Company as well as the studios, trying to hire himself out as a gas station attendant. Standard Oil wasn't too discouraging. They promised to let him know. Meantime rent-day rolled around again, as is its



way. He called his agent. "Can you let me have twenty-five dollars?"

"What for?"

"I have to pay my rent."

"What are you going to eat with?"

"I haven't figured that far."

"All right, I'll let you have five dollars to eat with."

Ray felt it would have been unbecoming in him to point out that five dollars a month might feed a mouse, not a man. He put his case to the owner of the corner drugstore, where he'd been eating. The gentleman was a gentleman. "I can't give you three meals a day for nothing. But you can have your dinner on the cuff.—And coffee for breakfast and lunch." Ray supplemented his breakfast with Wheaties. An actor living below, who endorsed them for advertising purposes, received a huge carton every month. Ray poured water and sprinkled sugar over them. He still eats them that way. Because he likes them, not because he's grateful.

One fateful night Chester got drunk and failed to report for duty in the morning. Ray fingered the lone dime in his pocket.

From where he lived it cost that much to get downtown. From Melrose and Gower, a couple of miles away, a dime was good for a round-trip ticket. By hoof and bus he reached the Standard Oil employment office, and was told they might have an opening in a few days. As he got off the bus again at Melrose, a voice hailed him. It was the voice of Joe Egli, Paramount casting director. "I think I've got a job for you," said Joe.

Ray experienced no great elevation of spirit. He'd heard that one before. Egli took him through the studio gates out to a sound stage, and left him standing on the outskirts of the set, while he conferred with director Wesley Ruggles. "For a nice guy," says Ray, "Ruggles has a very sour puss."

He watched the men talking, he watched Ruggles turn to look at him, he watched the puss stay sour, he watched Egli walking back, he added it up and got the answer, "That's that."

"Come back to the office with me," said Egli, and when they were back in the office, "How much do you want?"

Ray jumped. "Mean to say I've got a job?"

"Sure. Two weeks guarantee. How much?"

"How—how much do you think?"

"Haven't you got a price?"

Through a clogged throat, he croaked: "Three-fifty."

"Make it three hundred."

"Done."

Three hundred on paper didn't put a nickel in his pocket. He couldn't trust his jittery knees to carry him home. He couldn't bring himself to ask Egli for carfare. He asked instead whether he could use the phone, and called Chester. "Where in blazes were you this morning?" he roared exultant. "Meet me right away at the Paramount gate." This was the moment Chester had lived for. They headed for the drugstore and had themselves a hell of a lunch.

So what happened? Exactly what you think. A special delivery from Standard Oil, telling him to report at six Monday morning. Paramount expected him at nine. A few months earlier he'd have said nuts to Rockefeller. But he'd passed through



The acme of good taste is expressed throughout the newly-built Milland manse. Another brief view, left, of the master bedroom.



Len Weissman

Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, above, lend an attentive ear to famous Father Flanagan of Boys' Town. The trio are pictured at the Beverly Hills Derby.

fire since. Suppose the studio kicked him out at the end of two weeks. He roused Chester at five Monday morning and rode down to Standard Oil. Ten guys, all down on their luck, glared at the dude in his English-tailored double-breaster, who marched right past them and into the office.

"Look," he told the boss, "my mother just died in Oklahoma. I can't get back for six weeks. Will you hold the job?"

It takes a hard heart to pile more woe on a mother's death. "Well—you've been pretty persistent. I'll hold it."

He was glad to remember that eventually one of the other down-and-outers got his job. Paramount gave him a second small part. He overcame Mal's misgivings about his return to films by the process of arithmetic. "Look—here's my gas station salary. Look at the years and years it'll take to *earn* five thousand, let alone save it.—Now look here!" He stuck a check for three thousand under her nose. "That's what I've saved from two pictures." Signed to a contract a few days later, he and Mal went together to take the willow dishes out of storage.

For a while all was rosy. Presently, though, the first fine rapture of money in the bank began to wear off, and through its shimmering tatters he perceived that professionally he was fast getting nowhere. Everyone was against him, he concluded, till a couple of things opened his eyes to the possibility that maybe he was against himself—that he didn't know his job, maybe, and was doing little to make its acquaintance.

One was a talk with Sir Guy Standing. "What do you do at night?" asked Sir Guy.

"Sit around and read."

"Whom do you admire most as an actor?"

"Freddie March."

"Well, stop reading. Go see pictures. Freddie March's first, then the others. It's fine to be a student, but you'd better study *acting* first."

Following this advice, Milland grew aware of a tension and self-consciousness before the cameras. "I used to think all the grips and propmen were watching me, when they didn't give a damn." Mitch Leisen, rehearsing him in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," said: "When you move your arm, move it *all* the way. Relax."

That simple instruction helped him to an easier approach, but it bore no fruit. For five months after "The Gilded Lily," he didn't work at all. Then he was asked to help test the girls who were being tried out for "Jungle Princess." Dorothy Lamour once chosen, the director mused, "Now whom can we get for the fellow?"

Ray felt he had hit bottom. (He hadn't). Here he'd been testing for two and a half months and emerged as the invisible man. "How about me?" he said weakly.

"Oh—you? Well, all right—maybe."

The picture was a money-maker, so he went into "Easy Living" with Jean Arthur—one of the first screwball comedies, a superduper production with lavish sets,

which also proved a hit. He began to feel quite the actor, and sat back waiting for some more nice parts that didn't come. In desperation he prodded Zeppo Marx, his agent—"a damn fine agent, God bless him, and say so, will you?"—to arrange for a loanout.

The best Zeppo could do was a little quickie over at Universal, into which the moguls were dumping everyone on the lot they wanted to get rid of. Ray shared a dressing room with three fellow-members of the cast. They worked on a twenty-one day schedule. The producer was his own prop man, brushed the actors' coats. His name was Joe Pasternak. The picture was "Three Smart Girls."

Things picked up a little after that. William Wellman liked him, wanted him for "Men With Wings." "He stinks," said the front office. "He's going into the picture," said Wellman coldly. Word of that got around. People began nodding at Mr. Milland as he passed by. Not for long, however. Only till it became apparent that the picture was a frost. Then they stopped saying hello. Ray had to show his pass to get on the lot.

The turn really came with "Irene." He'd been interviewed by Herbert Wilcox once before, in London. He'd cooled his heels for three hours in an anteroom, his vigil shared by a little blonde unknown. Ray got in first. As he came out, the little blonde raised awe-filled eyes at this man who had actually talked to a producer. Nothing had come of that interview. Now Wilcox wanted him for "Irene." "Think I can borrow you?"

"They'll probably pay you to take me off their hands," answered Ray with the candor which sets him apart from the bulk of his brethren. Wilcox featured him in the picture. He starred Anna Neagle, the little blonde.

Zeppo Marx came tearing out on the set one day with a script. "Read it," he beamed. "Don't say a word. Just read it." It turned out to be "The Doctor Takes a Wife," which turned out to be a laugh-riot. When Columbia released it, Paramount pricked up its ears. Edward Griffith put in a bid for Milland to play a part in "Virginia"—the part eventually played by Stirling Hayden.



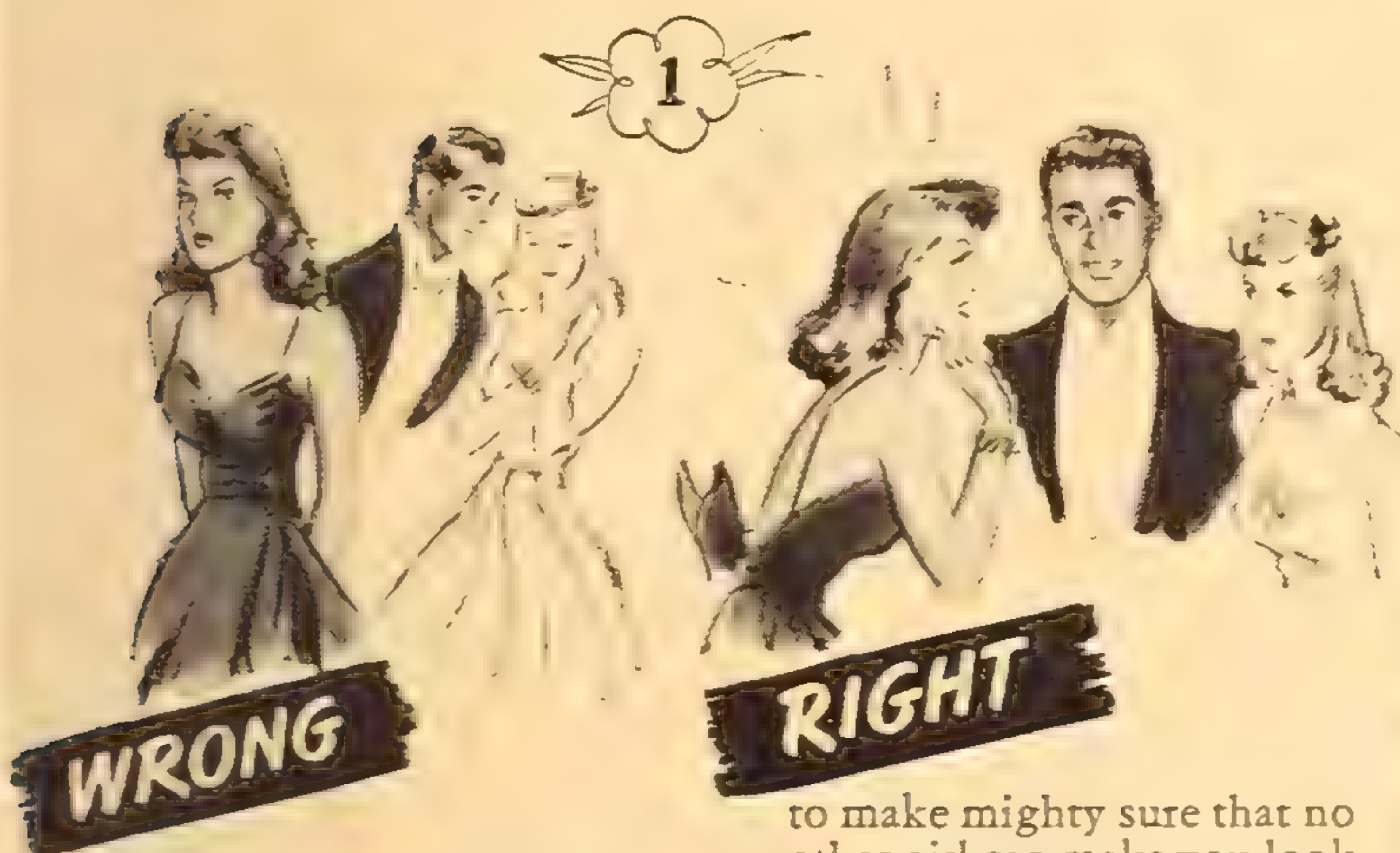
Len Weissman

With the applause still ringing in her ears, Academy Winner Ginger Rogers, above, with escort Johnny Green, smiles shyly as friends offer congratulations.

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

A LESSON IN
*How to Become Some Man's
Dream Girl—for KEEPS*

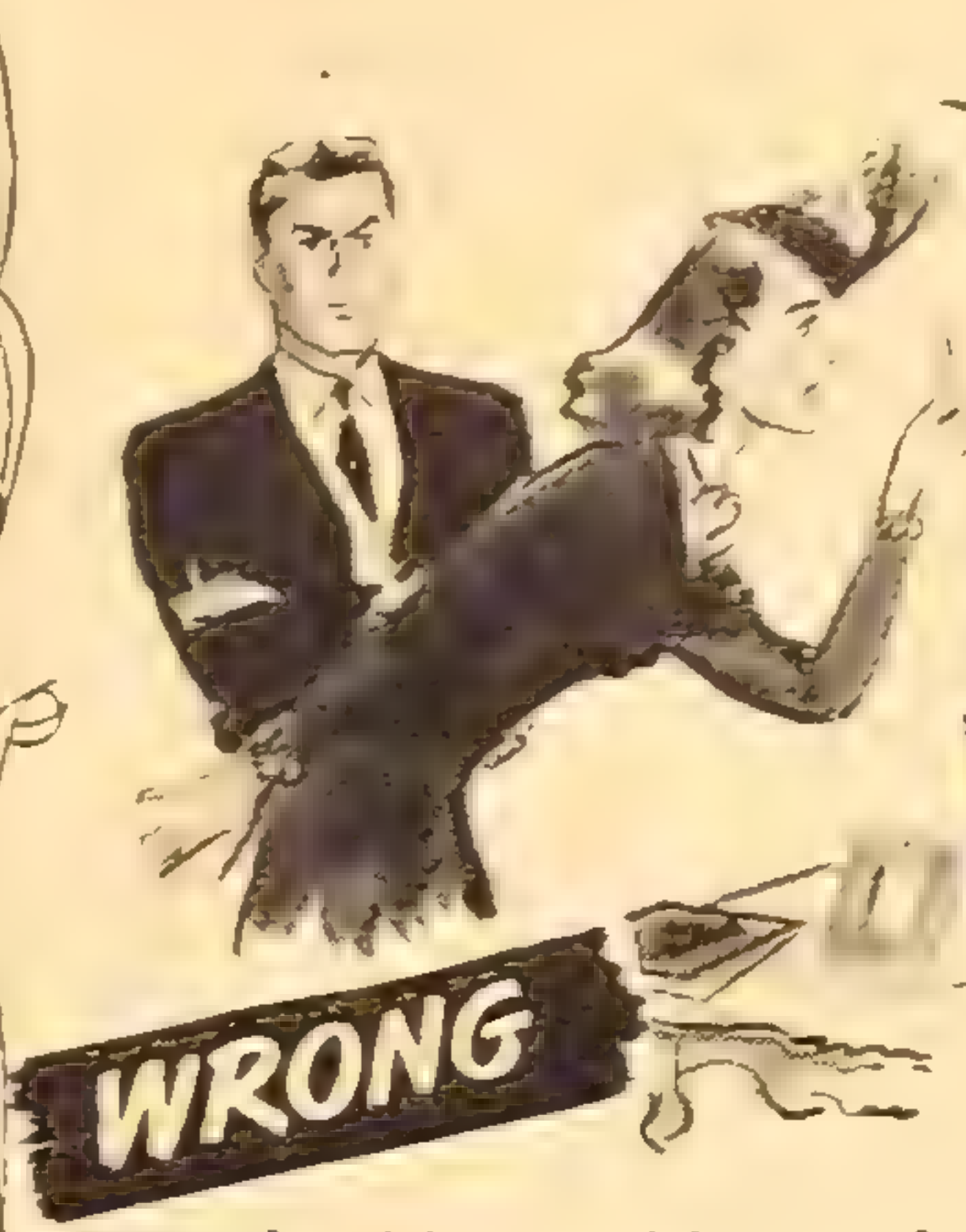
Your romance is in the crucial stage where you *may* simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you *can* give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It's up to you, lass! If your technique's Right, you win. If it's Wrong—well, make it Right—



to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man *some* rope, or what's he going to hang himself with?



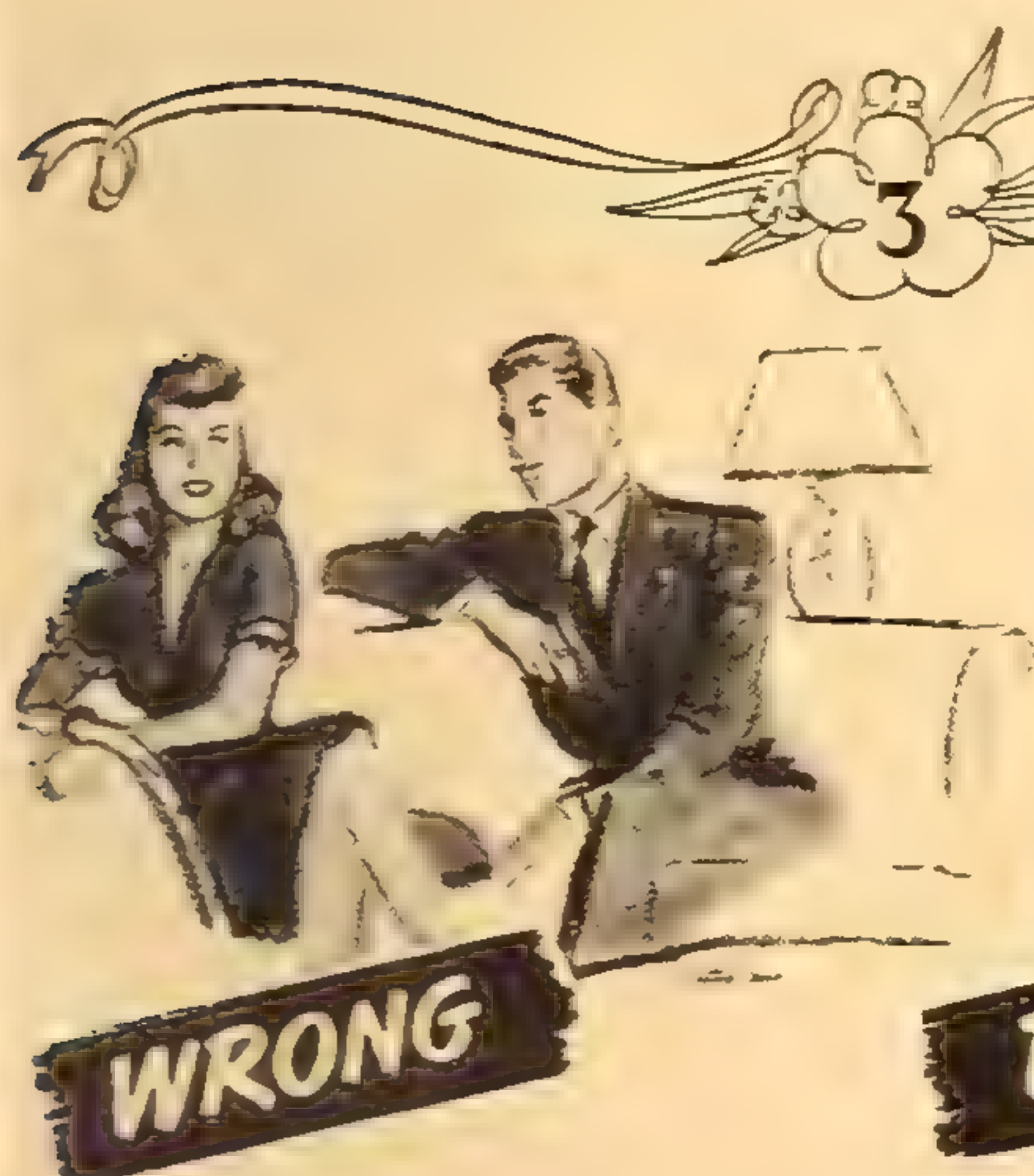
to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded! That's where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond's every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.



to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, "Don't fuss—come just as you are!" He may *think* he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!



to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond's glamour treatment. 1. Slather Pond's Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smitch of dirt and old make-up. 2. Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. Then wield the powder puff and you'll glitter with glamour!



to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores, "dry" lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night!



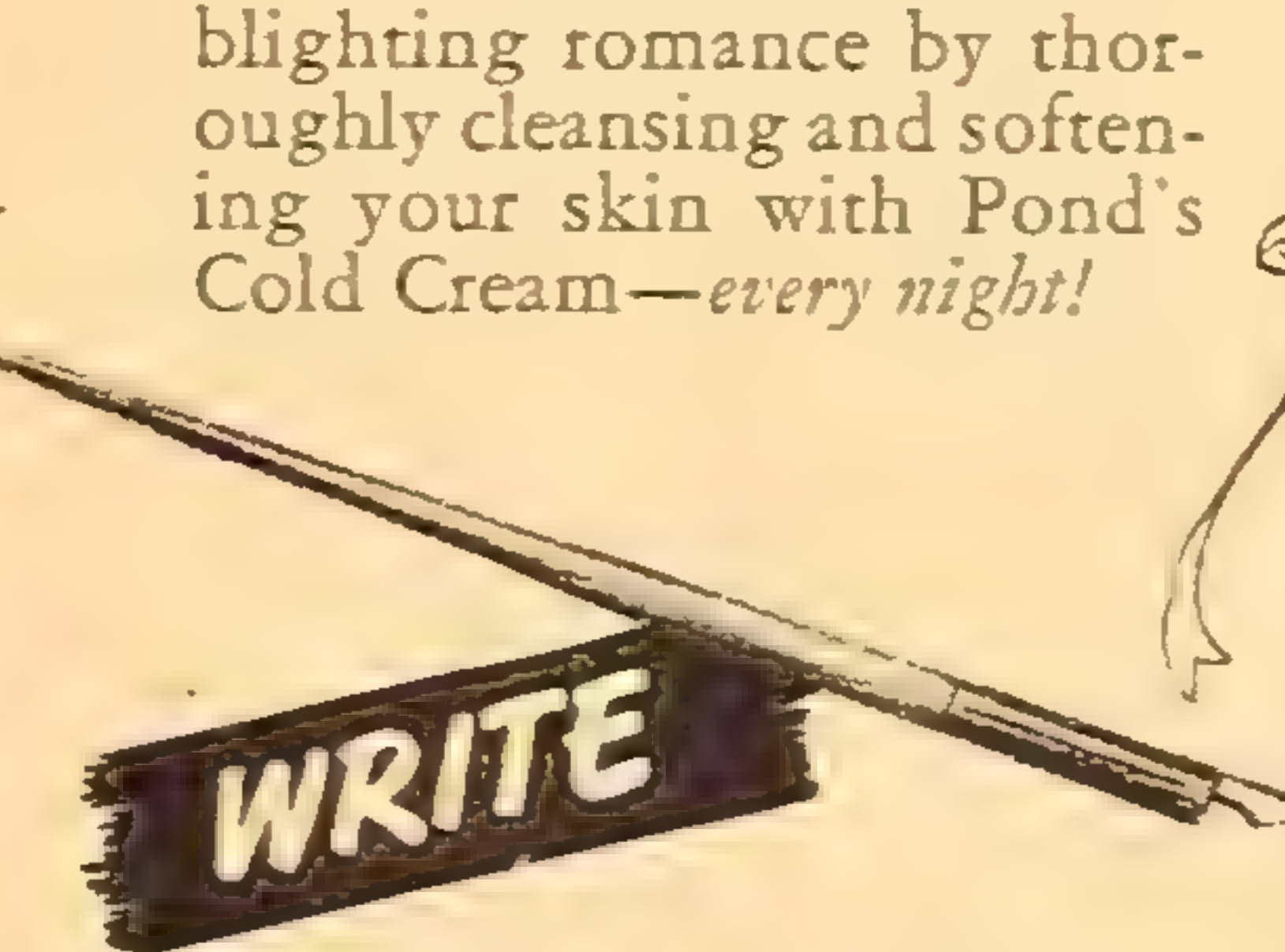
Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your hand-bag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!



to encourage him by looking sweet and *knowing* it! No distracting worry of bleary make-up or glistening nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can *trust* to hold powder right through the crisis!



being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.



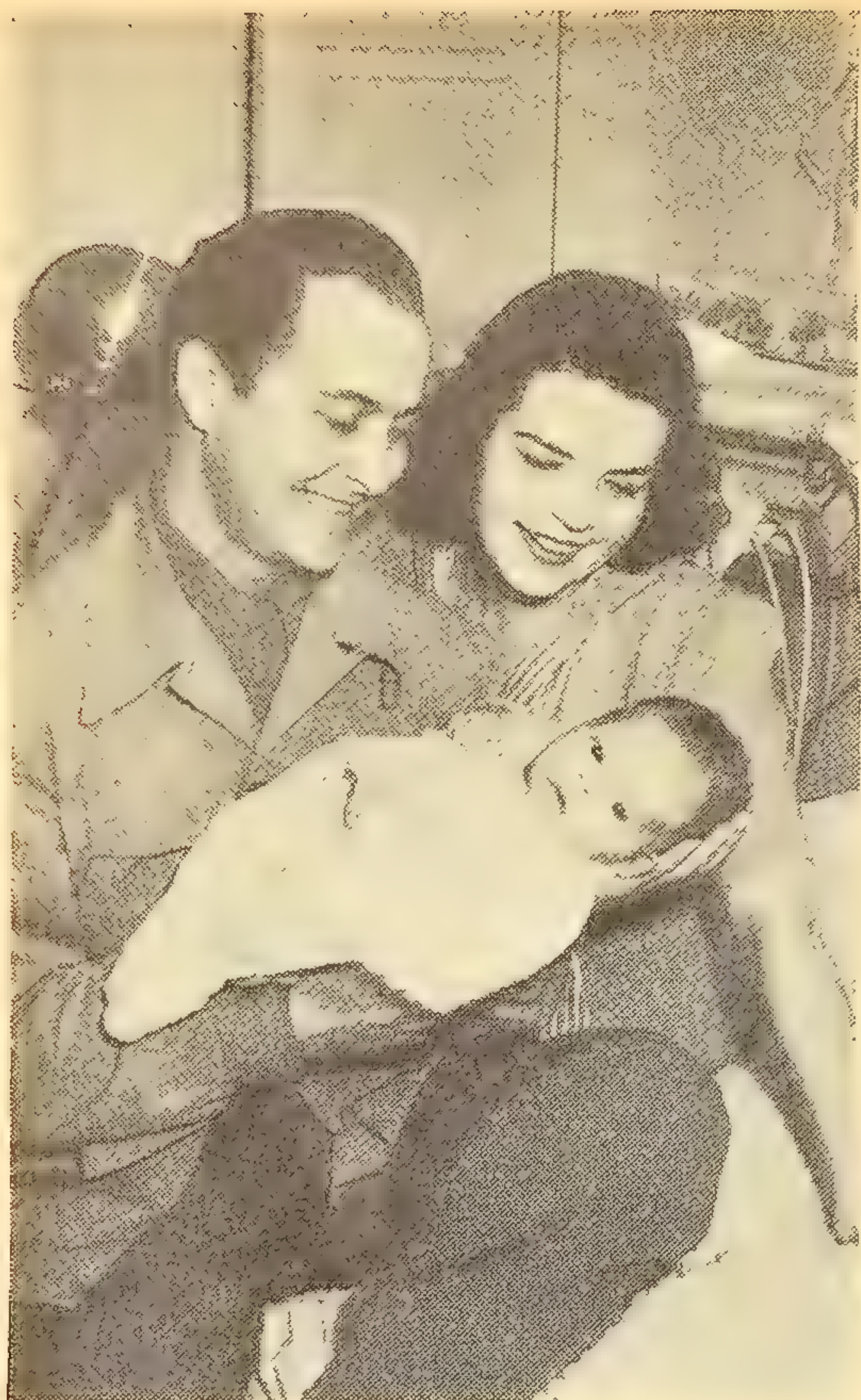
Close the deal while it's hot! Get going *now* on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here's a dotted line to sign on—it isn't a wedding license, but one may well follow!

POND'S, Dept. 7S.-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name
Address



This offer good in U. S. only.



NEW ARRIVALS- and others!

Proud Hollywood papa is handsome hero John Hubbard, left, holding his brand-new baby daughter, Lois Maryan, while Mrs. Hubbard looks on. John's latest movie is Columbia's "She Knew All the Answers," with Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone. At right, another new arrival in film-town: Judith Melinda, daughter of the Richard Collinses, whose mother is professionally known as Dorothy Comingore, seen as the "second wife" of Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane." Below, Mickey Rooney arrives in Hawaii on vacation armed with the inevitable glass of the Islands' famous pineapple juice. Bottom of page shows Jean Gabin, noted French actor, arriving in America on a contract to make movies for 20th Century-Fox. Welcome to our shores.



A few months back Ray would have jumped at any part. But times had changed. He sat with Griffith on the steps of the executive building and gave him an argument which boiled down to a private conviction that the rôle, as written, didn't suit him. "Rather than take it, I'll take a suspension."

Griffith saw his point. "But I'll have to tell the front office, Ray."

"That's okay with me."

He strode off glumly. The more he pondered it, the more deeply victimized he felt by a suspension that hadn't yet been imposed. Mitch Leisen was sitting on the curb. "What's the matter with you?"

Ray glared. "I'm in no mood to chat."

"Oh come on, sit down, let me tell you a story I'm going to do. With Joel McCrea. It'll cheer you up."

Listening to the story of "Arise, My Love," Ray turned nile-green. At length endurance snapped. "What good's it to me, you yapping your head off about your wonderful picture—?" He moved on.

It was his day for bumping into people. The next was Arthur Hornblow, producer of "Arise, My Love." "Ran your Columbia picture at the house. Good piece of work."

"That's fine," said Ray.

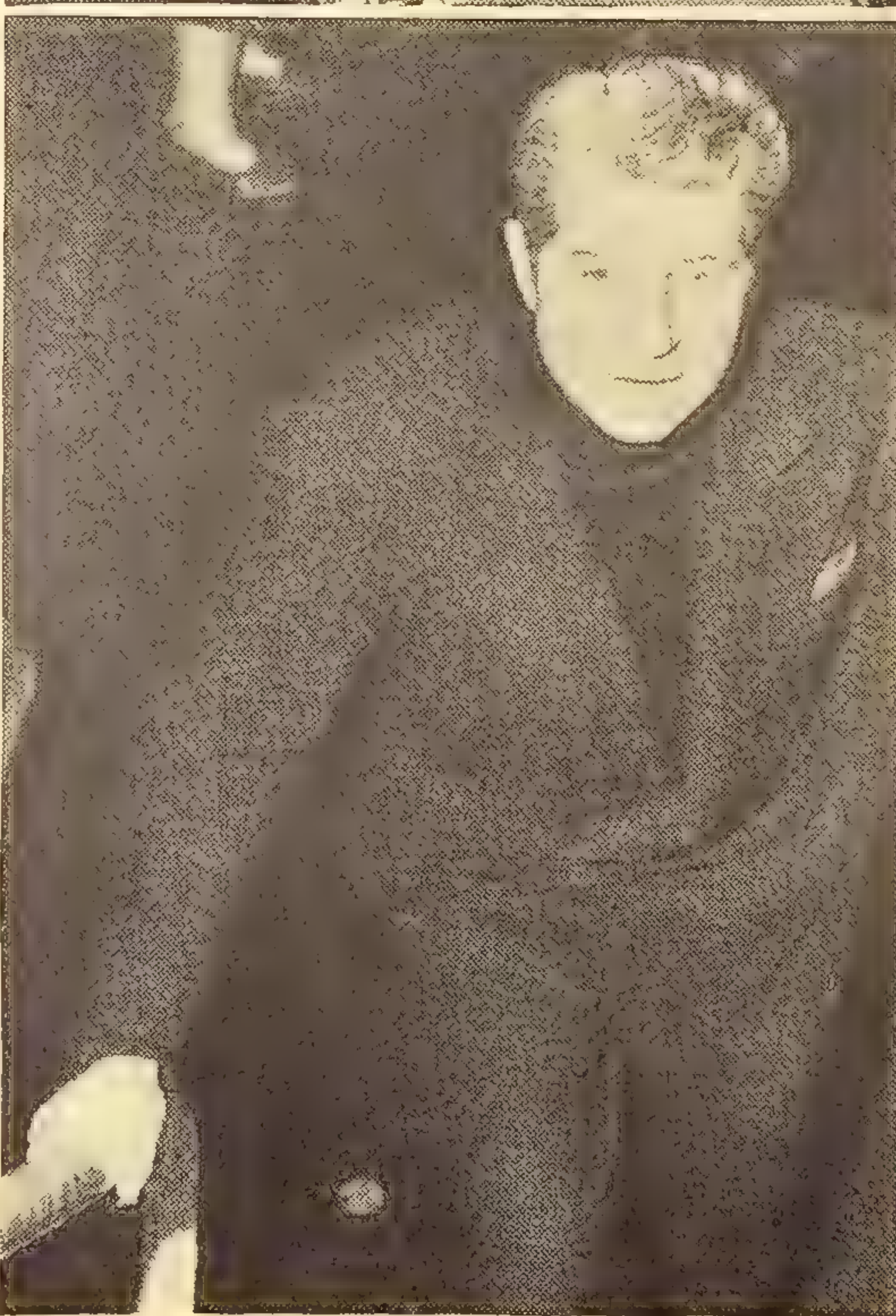
At some distance he spotted the figure of Zeppo Marx, made for it as a child makes for his mother, and poured out his sorrows. Zeppo looked thoughtful. "Say—I just heard McCrea wants a vacation—"

At which point another executive hove into view. Ray flagged him. "If McCrea doesn't want it, why can't I do the Leisen picture—?"

"Oh foof, they wouldn't go for you. Anyway, Claudette probably wouldn't accept you—"

So he went home and brooded. Next morning a phone call summoned him to the front office. He describes that session with quiet relish. "They were mad at me before I went in. They said they were thinking of putting me into the picture. They made it clear that if I wasn't terrific, I'd be drawn and quartered. They treated me like a boy they'd picked up on the street to push the baby carriage for fifty cents. And if anything happened to the baby, God help me."

He achieved his stature as an actor in that picture. Before it was finished Hornblow signed him for "I Wanted Wings"



and Claudette tapped him as her leading man in "Skylark." The schedule for the first ran so long that the second was postponed two months. Normally another actor would have been substituted, but Miss Colbert refused to consider another actor. People no longer say hello as they pass. They make a wide detour to say it. The change leaves Milland pleased, amused and cynical. He's sufficiently detached from the Hollywood scene to recognize its value, and sufficiently human to enjoy it.

Not quite two years ago he started building the house of his dreams in Beverly Hills—a replica, insofar as he could manage it, of the Sussex home he'd bought for his mother. Its chief ornament is Daniel David, turned a year on March 6th. And Mal's chief source of diversion is Ray as a father.

"At the hospital he used to run out every few minutes to watch the baby through the nursery window. People would stop to look at him because he's an actor. He'd turn and grin, thinking it was his marvelous baby they were admiring.—He takes a bow on everything the baby does. Danny's skin is dark. I say it's sunbaths. Jack says it's the Welsh in him. I had wonderful names picked out for him like Michael and Anthony. Jack said they sounded like the hero of a bad English novel. 'Daniel David,' he said, 'that's a good strong name. I can see it already on his luggage when he goes to Europe—D. D. Milland.'"

Sundays are given over by the senior Milland to photographing the junior. There's a daily ritual too. Ray leaves the house at seven thirty, which is breakfast time for Daniel. Daniel refuses to touch spoon to porridge till his father appears, picks him up, walks him three times round the room, deposits him in his highchair again and waves byby. Daniel waves back, looking, says his father, like a man waving a salami with a bunch of carrots tied on. He then proceeds with his meal, while papa proceeds to the studio.

Mal hopes he'll grow up to look like Ray. She thinks it would be silly for a child not to look like a father who looks like Ray. Ray doesn't care what he looks like, content that *he is*. The boy who was always running away to find some lovely place beyond the hills has found it. Through his wife and son, the escapist has escaped into happiness.



She advises millions on marriage *but she ruined her own*

She was guilty of
"One Neglect"
few husbands ever forgive . . .
"Lysol" helps prevent this

HER newspaper column is eagerly read by millions who seek advice on marital problems. When it comes to keeping love and romance alive, she thinks she knows all the answers.

Yet, there is *one* important answer she has never learned . . . and so, despite all her beauty, talent and charm, her *own* marriage is a tragic failure.

There is always a reason when a husband's love grows cold. Sometimes the cause is the woman's neglect of intimate, personal hygiene. Thousands of women

make sure of their bodily daintiness by the regular use of "Lysol".

"Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for feminine hygiene.

6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. **2. Effectiveness** . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic

matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). **3. Spreading** . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually *search out germs*. **4. Economy** . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **5. Odor** . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. **6. Stability** . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.



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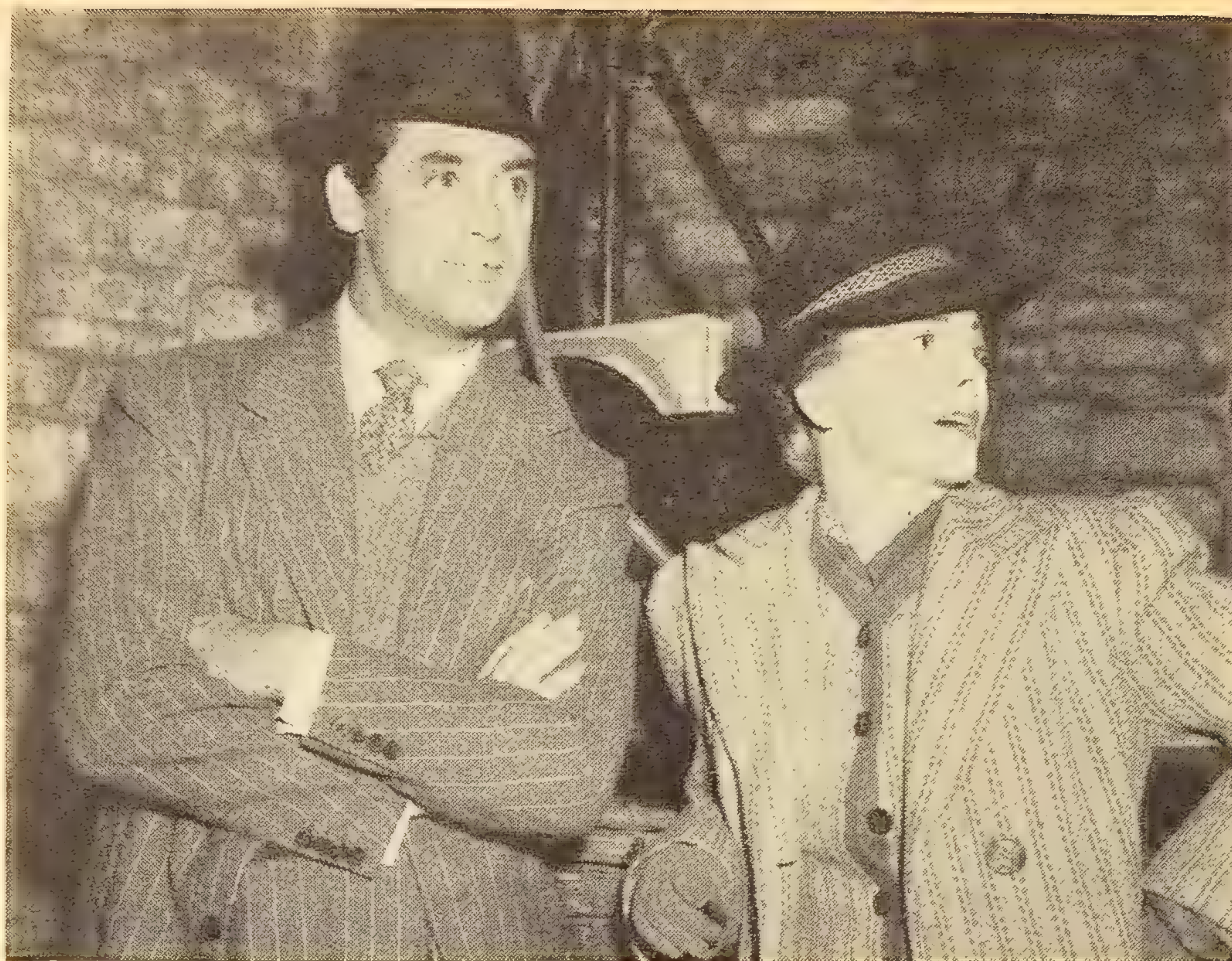
Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Doesn't Cary Grant change wives quickly? But don't get alarmed; it's only make-believe. He's scheduled to play spouse to Joan Fontaine in RKO's "Before the Fact." Alfred Hitchcock will direct them, so expect the best in film fare.

South of the Border

Continued from page 59

ness, but I think she wastes a great deal of motion. I think she dissipates her greatest appeal, because she has never studied it. Few American girls know how to make an entrance. Few have really ever studied the art of pleasing others."

Now these words may sound rather formal and out of place today, until you stop and think about them. True, how few of us enter a room well. We rush in, well, where angels may fear to tread, confident, sure, wasteful of motion and energy. There is the gentle art, explained Maria, of letting yourself be seen before you enter a room, and I gather that this is rather through slow-motion. Certainly if you are all done up for a party, if you are really attractive to look upon, or even if your gown is if you are not, then it would be just as well to make your entrance an event, instead of just an incident. And the wallop this would give your escort's pride in you is immeasurable.

"You may be very beautiful," continued Maria, "but you may sit, in a restaurant, for example, in such a manner that no one ever sees you. You, also, may be just passable, but you may sit in a manner that places you quite apart from everyone else and people will admire you."

These words are for the girls who have a way of literally hiding themselves under the table. They slouch down; they disappear in their chairs; they lower their heads under hats if the hats are big enough, and you could pass your best friend and never recognize her. Then, by contrast, there are the girls who sit with a suggestion of being happy and proud to be where they are; they look as if they are enjoying every minute of their companion's presence, whether or not they are. They spread an atmosphere of enjoyment. They almost make you want to join their table. Subtle, all this? Hardly. It's a matter of muscular and mind control. If you accept his invitation, no matter how boring he is, if you try to make the evening

a success, you will end up by having a good time.

Maria's philosophy is the result of long experience with men. She grew up with five brothers! And if you don't think that's something! "Learn to please brothers, or boy cousins will do, and you need never fear your popularity," is her sage conclusion. The art of pleasing develops beautifully when practiced on brothers. There is a special kind of ego that belongs to the male, thinks Maria, and it is so harmless and so gratifying to learn how to reach it. "Sometimes I would play the part of Cupid with my brothers. I would remind one of them that I thought a certain girl liked him. Of course, he would appear disdainful, but I often noticed a nice little romance begin with the girl I had mentioned. It is so natural for people to want to be liked. And liking certainly makes them nicer people. I believe we should all take a little more time to please others by making ourselves pleasing to them."

In other words, honey is, indeed, sweeter than vinegar. And when you find yourself being too definite with people, telling them just what you think at times and never disguising your feelings, you are riding for a fall and had just as well turn about and ask yourself if you can't achieve your end, whatever it is, with a gentler weapon. The art of pleasing others is something to be learned slowly, for few are born with it. It is not a fawning effort just to be nice and make people like you; that is a thin veneer that won't wear long. But it is a matter perhaps of thinking how you may do this or say that without hurting or seeming harsh, if the occasion calls for strong action. This will give you wonderful practice in dealing with human nature and mark a long mile in your effort for success, no matter how you reckon it.

But back to our American girl. Maria compliments the American woman on her amazing ability to hold onto youth. And she compliments her on her chic. The Latin type shows years more quickly, and in spite of her rare beauty—and it is a rare beauty—she somehow lacks the American chic. A Latin lady, according to Maria, will look distinctly like a lady; if she is well dressed, she will look distinctly well dressed. But she

will lack the casualness of the American, which is the result of our great effort to look effortless. I am reminded of how many of us take hours, foot-sore and weary, to be sure that our accessories are chosen with utmost care, whether we pay a trifle or a nice expensive price. That's the American way.

When it comes to figure, Maria thinks the American girl is far more fortunate than her Latin sister. She admires the long, slim, free lines, thinks we keep them far beyond the South American girls who early succumb to matronly figures. Maria deplores, however, the attention and concern we lavish on hips instead of the bosom. A beautiful bosom, she points out, is a most important asset, as the South American woman recognizes. Well, on this point, we might truly give some attention to good development exercises, such as a strong swimming breast stroke, for the undeveloped, and a general reducing regime might be recommended for the too heavy. And a special brassiere, by all means, designed for your own special lack, if any. And clothes, too, frankly to accent if this part of your figure is beautiful, to gracefully conceal if it is not. There is certainly no sense in calling attention to your weakest point.

I think Maria has a beautiful face, and the artist, McClelland Barclay, finds in her face the true beauty of the cosmopolitan woman. Formerly a model, for a time, Maria has some good slants on her own face. She likes to scrub it with soap and water, and worked up nice, big suds in a picture accompanying to prove this. She knows that mascara improves her lashes, nice and dark as they are. Since her eyes are colorful, she uses an oil or clear cream to give the lids a young, vital shine. If she uses shadow, it is brown. She likes a bright lipstick, an all-over foundation, like that well-known pan-cake one; uses rouge subtly to suggest a fresh glow over her face, wears bright nail polish and calls it a day. She believes in the good old hair brush, and her shining hair shows this; and she believes in any sensible ruse that makes you sweeter to look upon. She tells me that South Americans still strive for the small mouth, as a mark of beauty, whereas we like the more generous kind. Certainly they are more appealing and interesting, but that is a matter of taste. South Americans still prefer cameo skins in contrast to our liking for powders that give us a good, outdoorsy glow. But our sisters below the border have our deep passion for perfumes. In fact, they are as essential to them as lovely clothes.

In spite of these more practical slants, Maria still believes that it would be better to be homely, to have a dull wardrobe, but to possess real charm. That, she believes, outlasts the more ephemeral gifts of youthful beauty and a matchless wardrobe. She speaks with the tradition back of her of generations of Spanish forbears, of ladies whose rôle was distinctly that of ladies. But here in our United States, Maria has charmingly adjusted herself to an ideology of "economic independence," and delights in being a working girl, as well as an artist. She speaks Spanish, French and English, the English with just a faint, rather fascinating prolonging of certain syllables. That means you never miss a word, which is a thought for those of us who race along with our words so that many just catch a word here and there. Slower and lower is a good admonition for many, including myself.

Readers, if you want to increase your popularity, if you want to make yourself a girl to be remembered, there is no better suggestion than practicing on your brothers, if you have any. If not, then another's brothers. There is just nothing that keeps our feet on earth like good fellowship and association with the opposite sex.

“With the Magic of all things new!” says *Lady Esther*,

“A BRAND-NEW SKIN is arriving to thrill you with its Loveliness!”

You are going to get a Brand-New Skin—a New-Born Skin, a fresher, younger skin! For, right under your skin as you see it today, another skin is slowly taking form.

WILL it have the magic beauty of all things new? Will it emerge younger-looking, fresher-looking—with an opalescent clarity?

Yes, says Lady Esther, it can bring you a promise of new loveliness if—if—if—if only you will take the proper care!

For, right now, as your New-Born Skin is unfolding, your older skin, your present skin is flaking away in tiny invisible particles.

The minute flakes can be the villains that rob you of your good looks—they can hide your beauty—they can give you the effect of tiny rough spots.

“My Four-Purpose Face Cream,” says Lady Esther, “gently permeates those tiny dry flakes of older skin—it loosens them, surrounds them, as it were, so that you can wipe them away, ever so gently, ever so lightly.”

Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Cream helps your New-Born Skin to emerge in beauty—because it helps you remove those tiny invisible flakes, the surface impurities, and the grime and the dust. It helps Nature to refine your pores, to reveal your New-Born Skin as a thing soft and smooth and lovely.

Ask Your Doctor

About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without? Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods—heavy powder bases—tissue creams!

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther,



that he will tell you that any cream that entered the pore mouths would tend to enlarge them. But ask his opinion on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. It is almost certain that he’ll put the seal of approval on every word Lady Esther says.

So, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Or better still, buy a 55 cent jar for yourself. *Use no other cream for one whole month. Use it at least twice daily.* Leave it on as long as you can, while you sleep, while you do your household tasks!

And note, too, how much better your powder goes on with Lady Esther 4-Pur-

pose Cream. Use it particularly before you powder and you will end, for all time, the need of a powder base! For with Lady Esther Cream your powder will go on evenly—giving your skin a silken smoothness, adorning it, flattering it. For Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Face Cream helps you to keep your *accent on youth*.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (67)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Lady Esther
FACE CREAM



What's s'rong with this picture? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Dorothy, the languid Lamour, again teams with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, this time taking the pleasant "Road to Zanzibar."

Chaney the Second

Continued from page 51

that the unpredictable Chaney really had been an actor right from the go-cart. When did he start? "When I was six weeks old! Yes, 'carried on.' Lived backstage in a little hammock that dad made out of string. I was born in Oklahoma City, but never lived anywhere a full week till I was twelve. And I never played with a child. Just jerked around the country with dad from one dinky vaudeville house to another where sometimes the dressing-rooms were nothing more than chicken-coops dragged in from the backyard. In our act together, when I was about two, we started work at ten in the morning and didn't stop till ten at night. We didn't mind the hours. But there was something that always kept us worried. If people didn't like your act in those days they'd run you out of town. I've got scars to prove it." He pulled up one leg of his slacks and disclosed white marks on the skin just below the knee. "Got those in a little town down South, forget the name of it. Dad realized that the audience was sore at us, so decided to make a quick getaway. Putting me into my go-cart, he beat it for the railroad station. But by that time a howling mob from the theater was hot on our trail. In rounding a corner, the go-cart hit a lamp-post and threw me out on to a beer-bottle which broke and cut my leg. Dad grabbed me up, strapped me around his waist, and tore off again on a dead run for the train. We just made it. That was the life!"

He let out a merry roar, lunged to his feet, kicked out his slacks, and long-legged

it about the room, leaving me to find the moral of his exciting tale. It was, beyond question, that Junior had been blessed with the right sort of father. "A blessed disadvantage," he made a point of saying, as he crashed down and pushed a shock of dark hair out of his good-natured eyes. "By this I mean the kind that has a kickback to it. It has the advantage of entrée, but you walk in the front door only to find yourself faced with an obstacle you can't overcome. You are expected to have a talent which may, or may not, have been born in you. You are also expected to have that twenty-five years' experience in pictures which you haven't had. Now, without even being hokey about it, my father impressed me as the greatest pantomimist that ever lived. Like him, I learned the deaf-mute language, and so my gestures, or at least some of them, may be similar to father's. Aside from that, there is one thing, I believe, that we had in common—ability, with the right situation, to make people cry. But, because of my father, motion picture producers are inclined to expect too much of me. For one thing, they've always wanted to find ten pounds of make-up on my face before I went to work. They've been beating at it for years to have me do father's stuff. But if I did I'd suffer by comparison. The effect would necessarily be disappointing, like that of a kid chawing on a licorice stick, then growing up and finding that he didn't give a lick for it. I was to have done 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' if Charles Laughton had not been allowed to enter the

country again because of income tax trouble. But I'm glad I didn't have to do it, for dad and I were so close to each other that it probably would have been impossible for me to get away from him in the part. When we were knocking around the country together we were like Charlie Chaplin and the Kid. I had a big coat, and in an eating place dad would slip me something off his plate to hide under it and take home. That would be grub for the dog. Often, in the South and West, we'd go broke, then have to hoof it."

Restively, he swung out of his chair and was off again round the room. Everything about him, I now became more than ever aware, was on a big scale—his huge frame, his great stride, his trumpeting voice, his Homeric laughter. Now he quieted down with: "All along father felt that if he did everything in moderation he would achieve his ambition. And he was so obsessed with work there was never any let-up. All his characterizations were first done at home. There he worked out every detail. It was up to him to create a character, never to depend on anyone else for any part of it. For that matter, I feel it's easier to use your own imagination. When given the part of *Lennie* in 'Of Mice and Men' I was, luckily, allowed to handle him in my own fashion. I played him differently on the screen from the way he was played on the stage, giving him an inner happiness, letting him laugh instead of being dull and just moronic."

There you have the secret of one of the most difficult and extraordinary performances ever given on the screen. For my part, I can think of no other actor capable of even approaching Lon Chaney, Jr., in his revealingly fine embodiment of the pitiable and at the same time endearing bindlestiff whose undeveloped mind and giant body conspire blindly to bring about his inevitable tragedy. Indeed, I very much doubt whether the author himself, John Steinbeck, ever saw in his imagination this strange creature as Chaney sees him, wholly free from any morbidly sinister taint and filled with the poignant appeal of a joyous yet fated child. And to reach this place of his own in the world of acting the true son of his father had taken the rough road. Perhaps that road itself had helped to fit him for the distant goal finally attained.

"Oh," was his casual reply, "I've known Simon Legree straw bosses, have had some who were in the same category as *Curley*. But it was all in the day's work. If I really killed myself I could make a dollar a day. Usually it was sixty cents. But I soon got my fill of eating only apricots and peaches, and then it cost me twenty cents for grub, so I actually made forty cents. What the hell! You could have a million dollars' worth of fun at night if you were able to drag yourself around after you got through work. There were always girls to dance with out under the stars and somebody to play a good tune. Migratory labor is tougher now than it was then. In those times you slept out under the trees and cooked your own grub—fine! 'Grapes of Wrath' showed the new trend, with everything mobilized. Actual work runs about fifty-fifty. One type of worker, when he's on his way to a ranch, knows a job is there for him. But the other person is just a wanderer, with no particular line of his own. It's tough enough even to be a specialist. But God pity the other kind! Either way, I'm thankful to be out of it."

Reminded he hadn't told how he had got into pictures, this jack-of-all-trades and master of one was amused to say: "When I was secretary in a milling corporation I wrote a little song. What was it called? *Sweetheart for All My Days*, kind of mushy. Anyhow, a Hollywood scout heard somebody sing it at a party—it was that kind of party—and thought I might sell it

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to a picture company. So he took me to a studio, a small one that seemed to have gone into a huddle all by itself. To get to the music department we had to go through the casting office, which wasn't much more than a pine counter. Behind it was a fellow who sang out, 'You ought to be in pictures!' 'You've got the right guy,' I told him. He said I'd hear from him. I waited six months to hear my phone ring. Not a tinkle. It was two years after my father died, when I was twenty-four, that I started in pictures. Then I went to RKO and got a job in the chorus of a Wheeler and Woolsey picture, 'Girl Crazy.' I was so embarrassed at being dressed up as a chorus boy that the director let me hide behind the set when I wasn't fluffing around in a scene. Anyhow, I could eat regularly. After that, when I needed money, I was a stunt man. One of father's rules was to work hard and earn your own way. With that in mind, I got into westerns. There was nothing that really meant anything till 'Mice and Men.' But I did learn something in those westerns. A woman taught me the first thing I knew about pictures. That was Dorothy Gulliver, leading lady in my first serial, 'The Lost Frontier.' She taught me camera angles, showed me how to get in the camera, how to handle my feet. I owe her an infinite amount of appreciation. The next one who helped me was Ann Harding in 'The Life of Virgie Winters.' Miss Harding would tip me off on the side. She showed an interest in me and my dog, then paid me \$400 for a six-week-old puppy—and was that a fortune! I've been lucky in having good friends."

He shot a sharp look at me when I ventured to ask whether he had any longing to be a romantic actor, then declared: "I'm paid for being ugly, and the uglier I am the better I like it! My wife doesn't agree with me, but that's her hard luck.

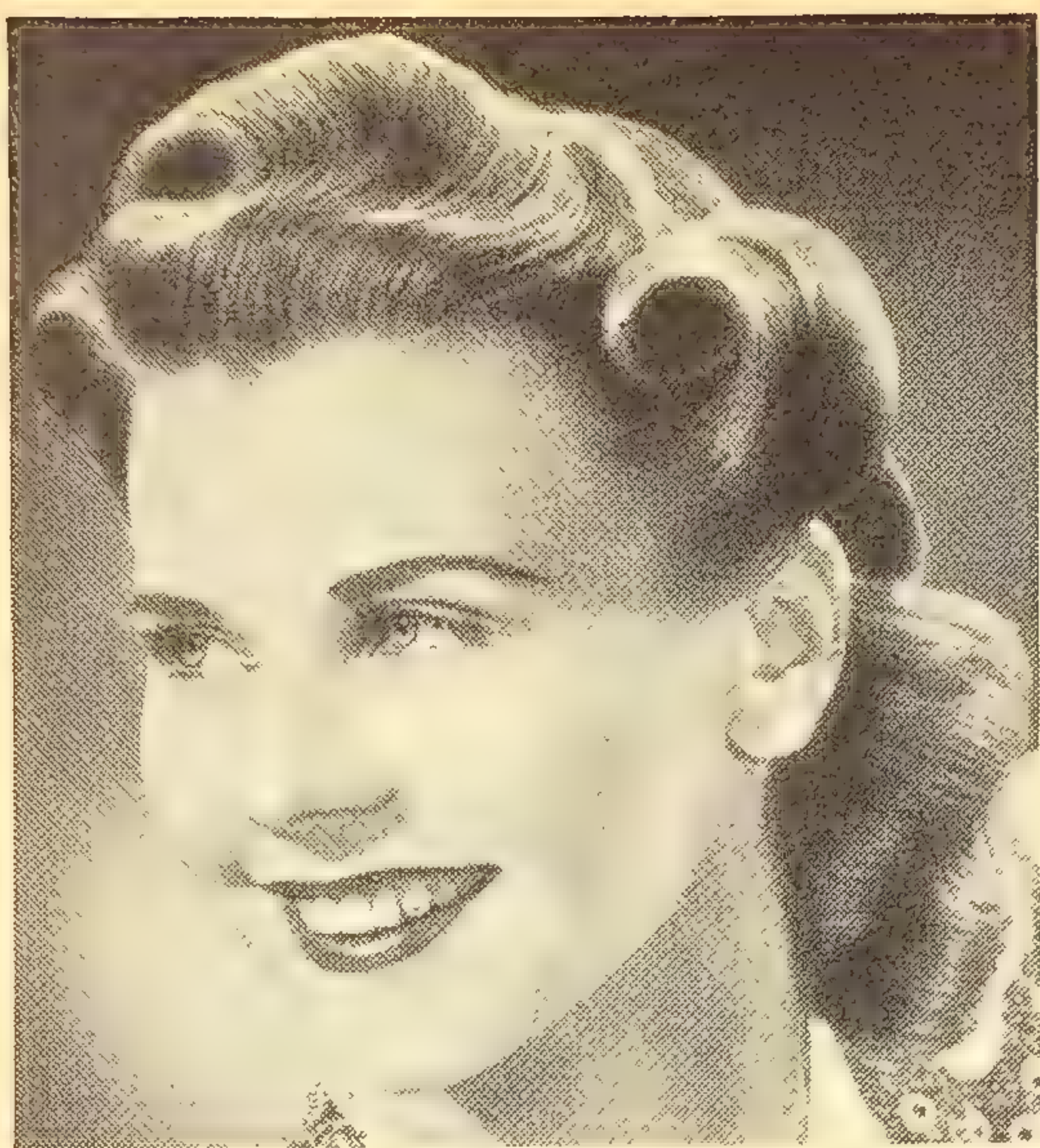
Sometimes I feel sorry for the load that romantic actors have to carry just on their beauty alone. Well, that's one thing I don't have to worry about myself. There's talk of starring me, but I dunno. They say, hitch your wagon to a star, but there sure are a lot of stars. Just acting suits me, without any starring ambitions. Acting is most important to me now, but I'd hate to

feel that any one thing would be the end for me because the world has so much scope. There's only one other thing I'd rather do someday, and that's own a cattle ranch. But for the present I don't seem to be headed in that direction. I live in Beverly Hills." He grinned. "Guess I'm getting soft."

Not a chance!



Eve, they say, tempted Adam with an apple, but Clark Gable has his own modern method—a bauble. He doesn't need it. Rosalind Russell stars with Clark in "The Uniform."



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Humphrey Bogart's Warning to Hollywood Actors

Continued from page 56

study these problems in which they profess such vital interest? They're just going off half-cocked, that's all. I know one young actor in Hollywood who was called into the front office to discuss a picture they wanted him to do. 'Does it have a message?' was the first thing he asked. One of the heads of the studio turned to the producer and said, 'He wants a message? Send him a telegram!'

"I don't think stars should ask to make big and expensive pictures in times like these, just to display their talent or versatility when they must know in their hearts that the pictures have little chance of popular success. I'll name one name in this connection because he was a good sport about it. Eddie Robinson was crazy to do 'Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet' so the studio finally consented. The picture was far from being a box office smash and the bosses went to Robinson and said, 'We let you make that picture against our judgment. Now you give us a break and do one we've picked out for you.' So Robinson made 'Brother Orchid' and the studio came out ahead on the cost of the two pictures combined.

"But there was another actor (whose name I won't mention) who liked making the same kind of pictures. He always got superlative notices for his work—but his pictures never made any money. When the bosses called him in and asked him to make a picture with popular appeal so they could catch even, he said, 'Gentlemen, I haven't the slightest interest in whether you make money or whether you don't.'

"Another pet peeve of mine," went on Mr. B., "is actors who come out here from New York and make more money than they ever dreamed of. But are they satisfied? Are they grateful? NO!!! They no sooner get a car (which most of them have never had before) and a swimming pool (which none of them have ever had before) than they start yapping about socialism or communism and returning to the stage or mak-

ing 'artistic' pictures. If they love the stage so dearly why did they leave it? No one pointed a gun at their heads and said, 'You've got to go to Hollywood, or else!' If they are so interested in 'artistic' pictures why don't they reduce their salaries for those pictures and give the producers a break? And as for their communism and socialism, they haven't the remotest idea of what either of those things are. They're dabblers in them because they think it's smart and sophisticated. They're just parlor-pinks!

"It's nearly always those same actors, too, who have never before had two dimes to clink together in their pockets, who come out here, make a hit in one picture (or two, if they're lucky) and immediately start squawking about everything connected with pictures. Sometimes they want more money. Sometimes they want to pick their parts. Sometimes it's their casts and directors they want to okay—but always it's *something*. Once in a great while they may have a justifiable squawk about the dough but, as a rule, when it comes to picking stories or casts or directors they know as much about it as a goat.

"There is one actor who came out from New York a couple of years ago and made a hit. And he's been scrapping with his studio conscientiously and religiously ever since. He finally went back to New York and did a stage play that he had picked out and about which he had everything to say. It was one of the prize flops of the season! But did that shut him up? Hell, no! He's still squawking and still saying he won't do this or that picture when he has shown how little he knows of story values. His argument is that he is not interested in making successful pictures—he wants to make 'artistic' pictures. Does he think producers are in business to gratify his personal ambitions? If they didn't make successful pictures they couldn't pay him the big salary he gets. He says he isn't interested in money but he went on strike for more



"Am I what you'd call a jealous wife?" cries Myrna Loy, at which point she proceeds to give William Powell the cold shoulder. Count to ten, Bill, before answering. Better still, light a ciggy. It's a scene from "Love Crazy."



It looks like love between Loretta Young and Robert Preston in "The Lady From Cheyenne." Like this new team?

dough once and he makes guest appearances on the radio (at a big salary) every chance he gets. I often wonder if he thinks there is anything artistic about the skits in which he appears on the air? He has the privilege of turning *those* down—but he doesn't. If he but knew it he's the laughing stock of Hollywood.

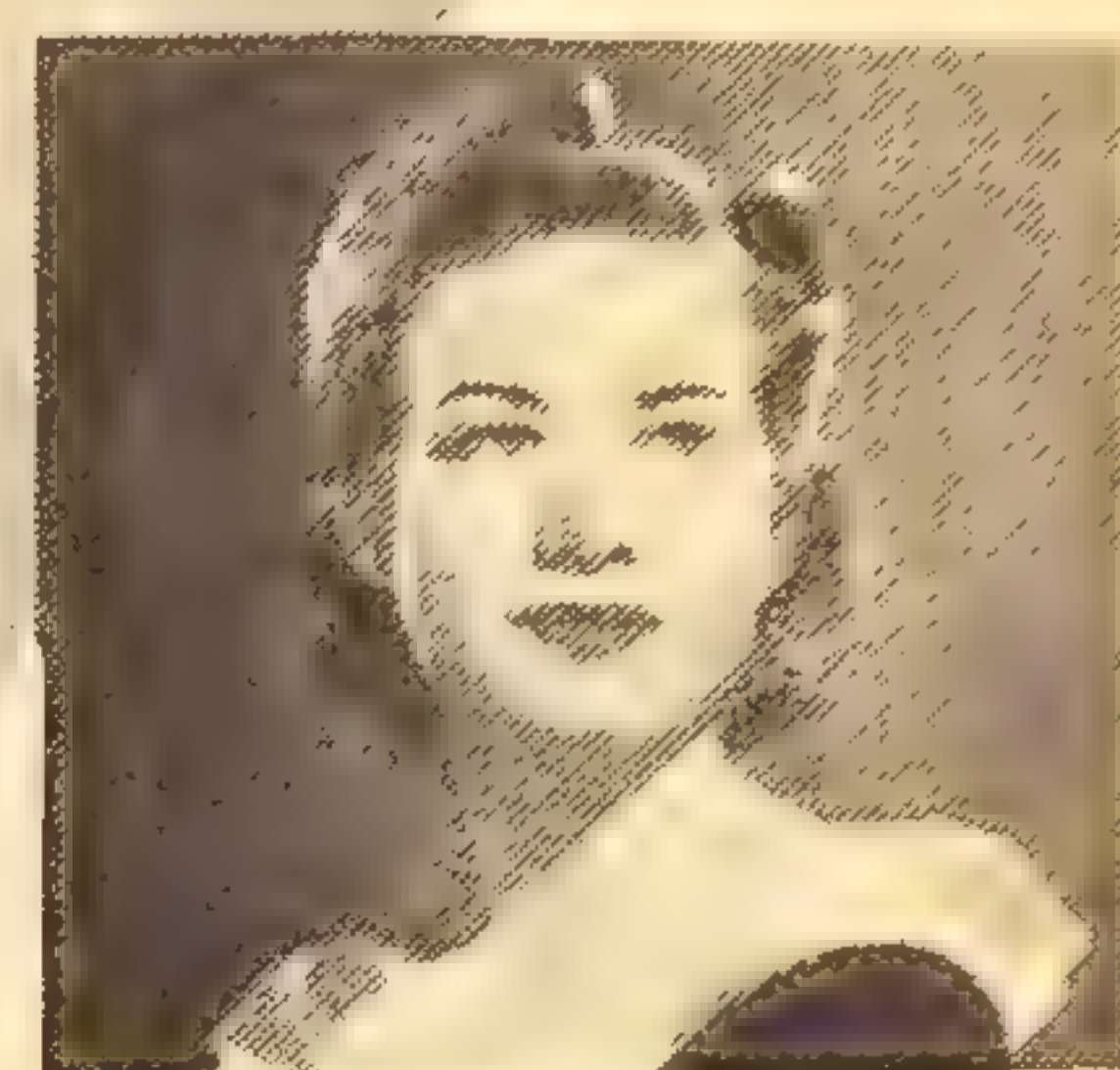
"And all those little so-and-so's in the group theaters and arty summer stocks! They gather after the theater at night and instead of discussing their business and trying to learn something, they're either waving a flag for radicalism or tearing down somebody who, by dint of years of hard work, has finally made the grade. Suppose Lunt & Fontanne or Helen Hayes open in a new play. The play may not always be perfect but their performances are, and critics who have spent years watching actors and who can spot a ham a mile away, will heap superlatives of praise on them. But these little upstarts will sit there assuring each other that those *artists* are really nothing but a bag of tricks! And their mouth-filling phrases! 'Free love' and 'a means of expression!' Why don't they just say right out that they are heartily in favor of sex and let it go at that? They're dirty in mind as well as body!

"And what right have this mouse-trap society crowd out here in Hollywood to be dabbling in politics? I know a few women who set themselves up as great social leaders. They only live to get the morning paper and see if they have been mentioned in somebody's column. They give charity benefits and all that sort of thing. But does the fact they know how to entertain (since they have unlimited means) and that they do a lot of charity work necessarily mean that they are also analysts of world affairs and qualified to tell people what should or should not be done? No! If they spent their time delving into world affairs, like Dorothy Thompson, H. R. Knickerbocker, Pierre Van Paassen, etc., then I'd listen to them. But when they skim lightly over a partisan newspaper, memorize a few lines here and there to quote and then try to pose as profound, I just think they are making spectacles of themselves!"

Suddenly he stopped and grinned. "If you're still kicking around Hollywood when I kick off—I mean, if someone hasn't put you out of the way before then—there is one thing you can do for me. Have carved on my tombstone: 'Here lies an actor without a message!'"



Jean Bjorn, popular Arthur Murray teacher at the British Colonial in Nassau—leads the La Conga Chain.



Miss Bjorn holds *all* partners entranced by her vivacity and daintiness!

How to Hold your Partner

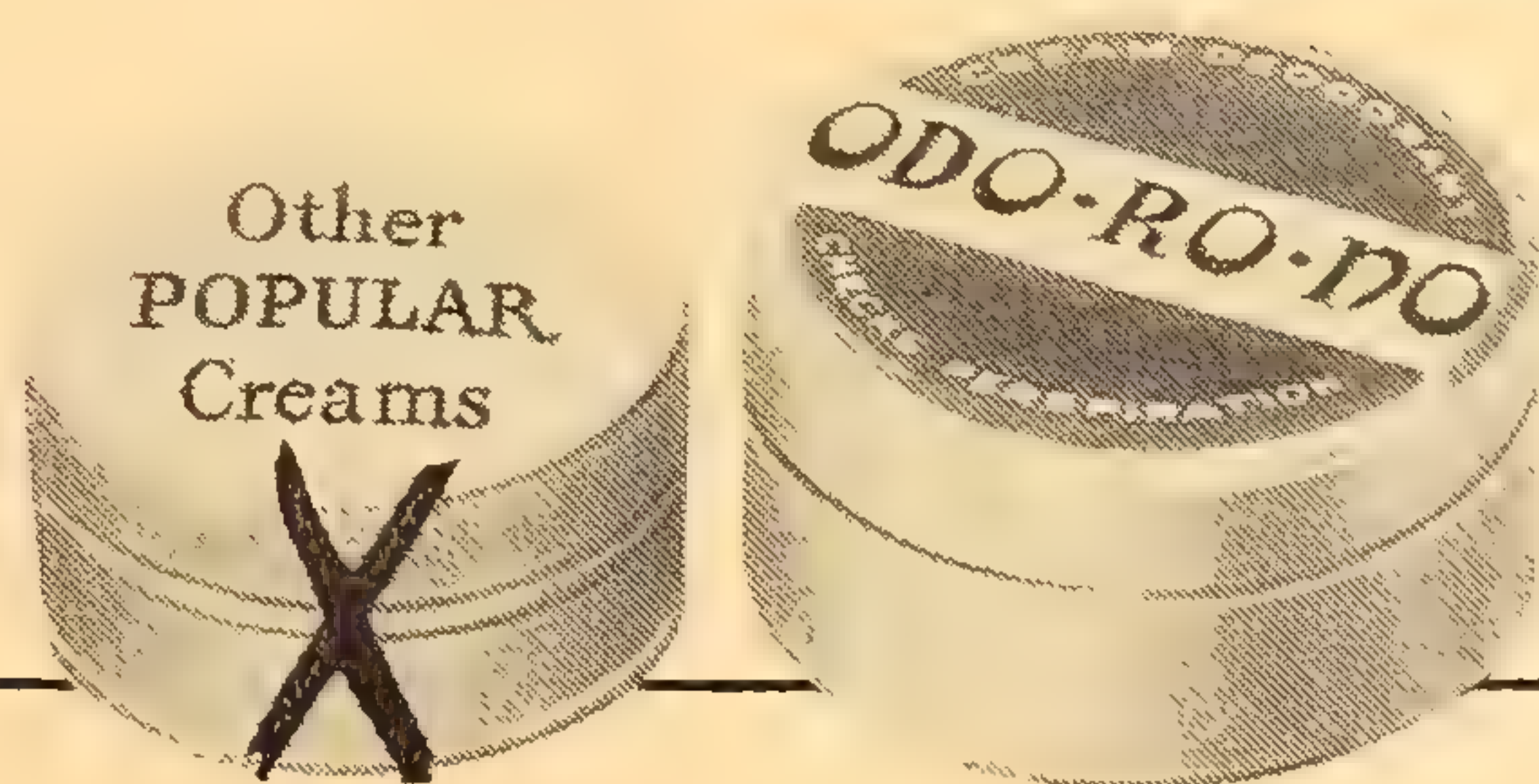
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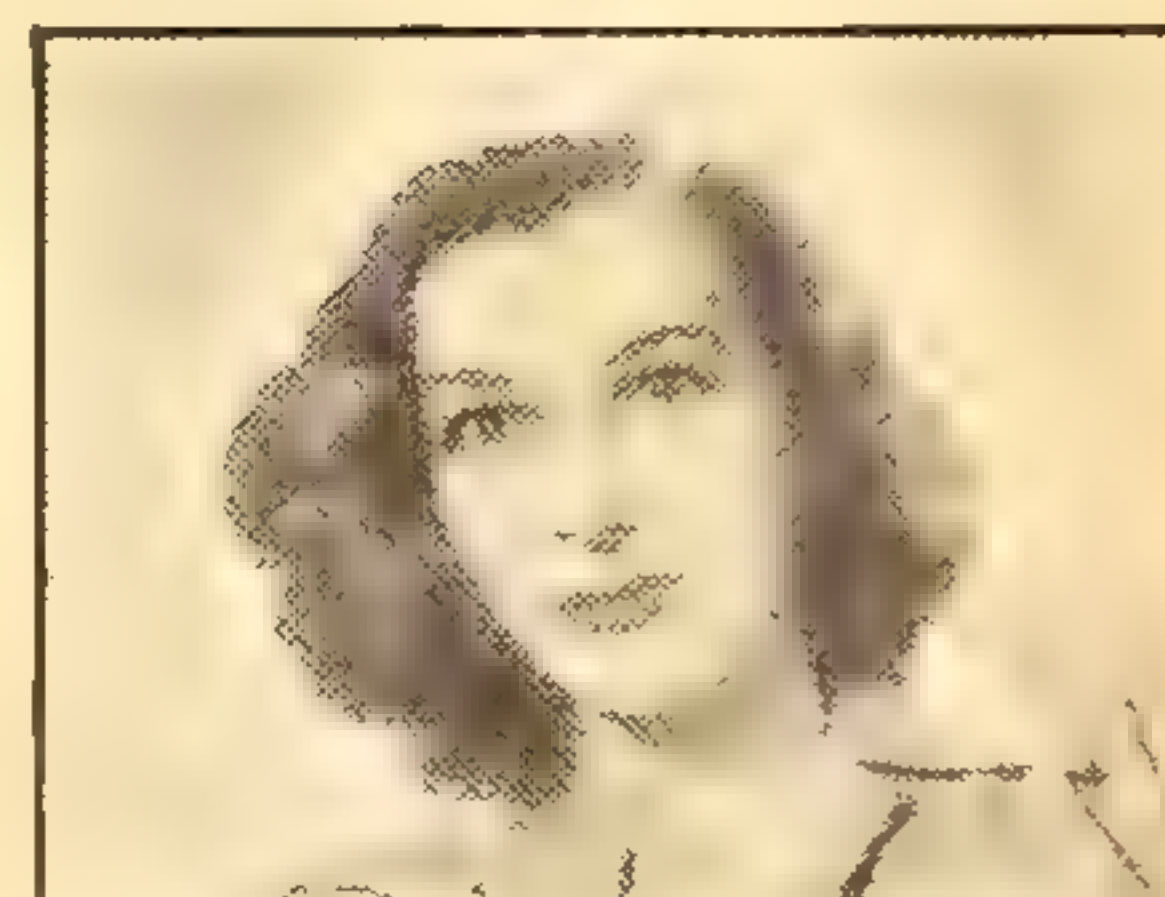
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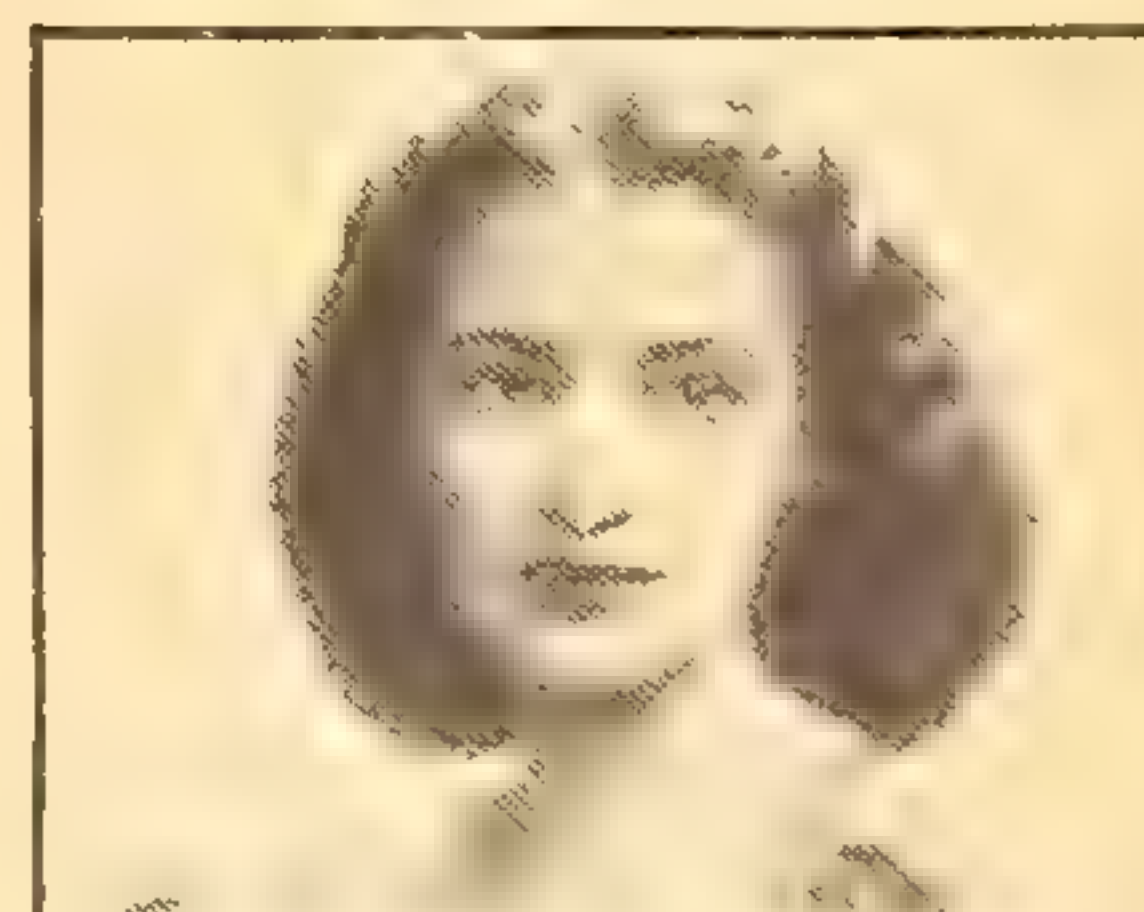
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Diana Berry, talented teacher, has beauty, rhythm and delicate, fresh charm!



Elvie Malley, sweet petite from Omaha, has all the glamorous appeal of the truly fastidious.

Letters from England

To Ida Lupino from Her Father

Continued from page 26

land to the best of my knowledge, to build a shelter. The neighbors laughed at me and shook their heads—"he's crackers," they said. But many of us would be mince-meat now if I hadn't built it. Many of us are, in spite of it. The Heinkels see to that. The shelter is built right where the great copper-beech in the center of the garden used to be, you will remember—

("Yes, Dad, yes, I remember and I 'will remember' . . . it was in the copper-beech that my sister and I used to play at theater, in the branches of the copper-beech we played the 'Swiss Family Robinson' and 'Jane Eyre,' with me as a very apoplectic 'Mr. Rochester' . . . and that tree was 'Treasure Island,' too, and Ham Peggotty's house in 'David Copperfield' . . . now it is blown down, blown down by War . . . and most of my childhood is blown down with it . . .")

The shelter has revolving doors, as I wrote you, which keep on revolving during a raid so that complete destruction is not so possible and much of the debris is whirled away. The ceilings and walls are of thick steel, the floor is steel and concrete—well, our garden runs into the Dairies, as you know—they were blown up the other day, the whole works. It was as though the world stood on end. All of the men were killed, most of the women. And all of the good cows and their little calves. Milking was going on at the time. You remember, Ida, how you used to love to go there at milking time. The most peaceful time imaginable, isn't it, milking time, with the drowsy, sweet-smelling cows, the milkmen in their white coats and scrubbed, gentled hands, the milk foaming into the bright, scoured tins—that is how it was, just as it always was and then,

suddenly, all hell broke loose. I was at the end of our garden just where it dips down and into the Dairy meadows and I had the sensation of being lifted by bodiless, powerful hands and thrown high into the air. Which, indeed, I was. And knew no more until I came to, in the field over and beyond the dairy. I looked down at my arms and thought I had no arms left. They were mashed and flattened as thin as paper, much like the old Keystone comedies when a steam-roller would pass over a man and leave a tissue-paper doll where he had been. I didn't dare to take a second look. An armless Venus di Milo might get by, I thought, but an armless Stanley Lupino would be a poor thing. Imagine an acrobat without arms!

When I looked in other directions, it was worse—all I could see was smoke and Things and bodies—strangely enough, they all looked rather peaceful, though, the bodies of our good milkmen. I had the thought that the Aggressor was cheated of what he wanted, the suffering of his English victims—these were not blown to bits but had gone suddenly to sleep, as children do. Even the animals looked at peace.

I crawled back into our garden to look for the other Air-Raid Wardens. I found two of them. I got them to pour hot water over my arms and Scotch into me and then we went out to see what we could do for the others—not much, so few "others." If Germany thinks terror is the thing to win the war, they will get it back, double-fold. Soon, now, day and night, hour upon hour, the aeroplanes of England, Canada, Australia, South Africa and the United States of America will be on their way to Germany. And as each month passes we shall pile up an air offensive that will make the considerable

damage the R.A.F. is doing now, look like peaceful play.

The Germans are doing their worst right now. *We haven't even started.* With it all, I am grateful for one thing—for the protection the United States is giving my little family. Goodbye, darling. Dad.

Dearest Ida: Thanks for the post-cards . . .

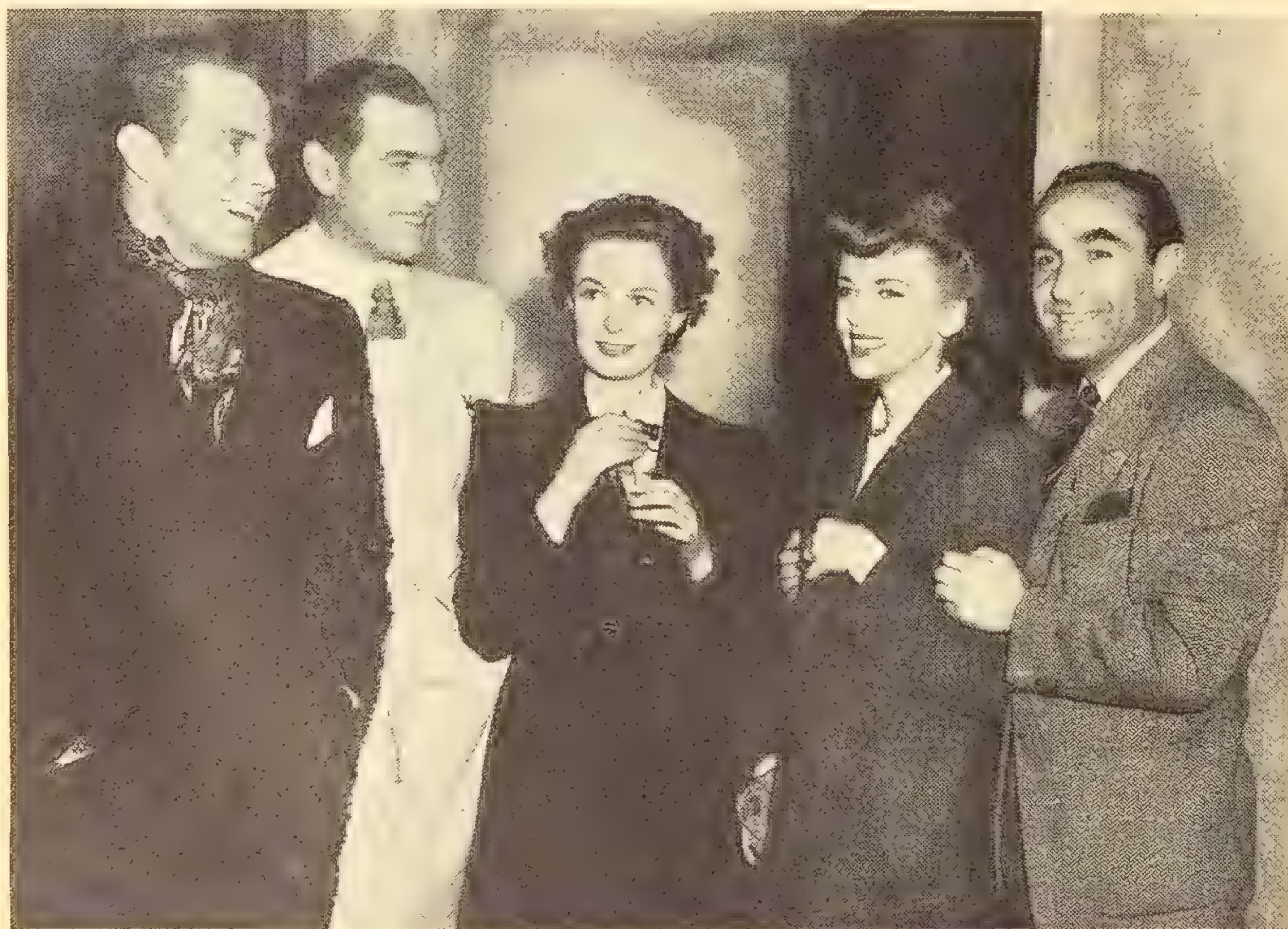
("This letter came much later. I was working in 'High Sierra' at the time. We were on Mt. Whitney, on location, on top of the high mountain. I sent a dozen or more post-cards to Dad, pictures of the flowers that grow there, of the birds and the little, tranquil stream. I showed him all the peace . . .")

Thanks for the post-cards. What a grand and wonderful place to be. I wish I were there. It seemed such a strange reversal of things—when I received them, I had just come off duty, covered with dust, mud, soot, particles of glass in my hair—it kept driving me crackers, that glass in my hair—but I dare not scratch it because it causes the head to bleed. I found the post-cards on the mat, so I took them into the kitchen, put the kettle on and saved them to read until I had a cup of tea. I sat there and looked at them for quite awhile before I read the messages—and got very lost. I wanted to be right there, tuck myself into one of those huge mountains and go to sleep. I wish there were some mountains around here. I showed them to my mate who came in looking as bad as I. He said the thing I was thinking, "Oh, Stanley," he said, "wouldn't it be nice to have a hole in the bottom of one of those mountains for a shelter?"

We had just had a very, very bad raid. Nine houses are completely demolished on our block. The church is blown up and the little cinema house just down the road is no more. One wing of our house is now gone. We have just taken the bodies out of the post-office which was also blown to bits. You remember Miss P—? How she always talked about taking a "long vacation" some day, how she wanted to go "far away, to some distant land?" Well, she was in there when it happened. And now she is getting her "long vacation" and, poor darling, I hope she is happy in her "distant land."

There were some twenty to one hundred and fifty of us Air-Raid Wardens up until 6.30 this morning, clearing up and searching for the murdered. That's what they are, aren't they, the murdered? I have to cut off for a minute, have to go and look for a delayed action bomb. If we do not locate it, if it goes off, it will mean the deaths of fifteen mothers who are expecting their babies in the one wing of the shattered hospital still left standing.

Back from looking for the delayed action bomb. Found it and put it out of commission, thus bilking Herr Hitler of the blood of fifteen mothers and their unborn, or just born, babes. A nice feeling. A good morning's work. Soon I must go out again and perform First Aid for those who need it after the last three-hour raid. They've been coming in relays—almost every night, now, we have fourteen-hour duty. You see, so many of the Air-Raid Wardens have been wounded or bowled over, we have to take on double duty. Do you know that they call us Air-Raid Wardens the "Good Angels" because we are the ones upon whom it devolves to keep up morale during the raids—never expected



Mr. Gloom takes a vacation when such nice people get together. You know 'em, but we'll call 'em off, anyway. Left to right: Louis Hayward, James Stephenson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ida Lupino and Irving Rapper, director of Warners' "Shining Victory."

your old Dad to get billing as a "Good Angel"—now, did you?

Well, I was just parking myself in a big deck chair for a leisurely reading of your post-cards when we heard the scream of the bombs again, and the thuds—"oh, hell," I said—so out I stumbled and promptly fell flat on my face over the damn garden hose—funny how little things get you where big things don't—that stumble broke me up as no raid has done—then my mate, Billy Rose and I, you remember Billy, in the road, just by our little First Aid Station, we heard another pack of Nazis coming overhead. I felt sure that this time I was in for it. I went down flat on my face and huddled into a pine tree—the bomb hit the earth with a terrific impact and we felt the whole garden stand up on end. Again (this is getting monotonous, I thought) I was lifted into the air, hurtled into a meadow some twenty-five feet away. The bomb dropped on open ground, making a crater some 80 feet across. Then more and more came down. I shouted to Billy, through the wet grass in which we lay, "I hope to God they keep dropping them in the same place"—meaning, of course, that I hoped they would continue to drop them in the crater already made. But unfortunately, they did nothing of the sort. They dropped them helter-skelter (their aim is always atrocious) far and near—then came the shrill cry of the Wardens' Distress Signals, from all directions, making us realize that this was no local matter but a blitzkrieg of bombings—from then on it was a case of sweat and dust and blood, of the dead and the dying and the living, in a gigantic snarl—we have not seen our beds or bathed or shaved for four nights—so, darling, when at last

It would take hours to record the generous contributions Hollywood spends on sweet charity. Here you see, gathered for the Greek War Benefit Broadcast, such stars as, left to right, top, Frank Morgan, Bill Morrow (Jack Benny's writer) and Charles Laugh-ton. Lower, Samuel Goldwyn, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy and Tyrone Power.

NBC photo



the All Clear sounded and I clump-clumped up the old road in these blooming, great sea-boots we wear, I felt like doing the strongest string of curses you ever heard.

I sat on the door-step for a minute and to find my door-key and there were your post-cards still awaiting me—those pictures of the lovely, old peaceful mountains and canyons—it was like having a mind-bath. Here was a place safe, sleeping and hidden away from hell, death and disaster—it swung back the old clock again, to when London was a mass of gay lights, theaters open and—

("... but he has a theater open, even now... his is the only show going in

London, when I last heard... his Christmas Pantomime... he wrote my mother that it was 'a little late for a Christmas pantomime' but that, in these days, 'it is never too late for Christmas... it is good,' he said, 'because it takes the children's minds off things children's minds should never touch—'")

—when the air-raid warnings come, we step up the show, we sing more loudly, we dance more violently, the orchestra plays more loudly. And we have often been gratified to see that the children are so amused they don't even hear the Warnings. It lends a new and deeper meaning to the old cliché, 'the Show Must Go On,' experiences such as these. I want to put on a play with Jessie



Constance Moore and Brian Donlevy, Paramount player, appearing in Paramount's current hit "I Wanted Wings"

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PEPSI-COLA



"Kisses for Breakfast" is the name of Dennis Morgan's and Jane Wyatt's new picture, but it seems like sound, every-day advice.

Matthews and Sonny Hale, too, if possible, right in the heart of London. I have been advised against it but if we can get a company together, think we shall do it.

("He'll do it . . . if it is humanly, or superhumanly possible to do it . . . eight generations of Lupinos . . . that didn't mean very much to me before . . . now, somehow, it does . . . eight generations of us and the Show has always gone on . . . and continues to go on . . . and will continue to go on . . .")

—theaters open, and I would get into my nice, cosy car and go to the theater, would see my name blazing out at me, "Stanley Lupino in 'So This Is Love.'" Jessie Matthews and Stanley Lupino in "Hold My Hand"—the names of many great stars blazing out at me—would walk into the cosy, old dressing room, make up, go out there, then, after the show, to a little, old café in Soho to have supper and meet all the gang—swung me back across the sea to New York, too, to the days when I played "Ricquette" there, with Mitzi Hajos, "Nightingale" with dear Peggy Wood—when Ziegfeld, dying, called me and asked me if I would be his new comedian, and I said I would, and never did, because he died too soon. I closed my eyes and saw it all again, days of peace, days of plenty, like a mirage, Ida, in days like these—and then in came my mate and I just pushed a cup of tea over to him, and the post-cards, and he said, again, what he had said before—and then, and only then, did I realize what had been done to our house.

Our house is gone, Ida. I wish I could break this to you more gently. I don't know how to speak gently of such ungentle things, I am afraid. The house is gone, nothing left standing, except—except my shrine of the Life of Christ. The only thing left standing in the whole house is the figure of the Christ on the cross to which he is nailed—that and, in your little room, the sketch I made of you when you were fifteen—that, too, remains intact, fluttering like a gay, little pennant from the one remaining upright. I must confess I sat down and, for the first time

in ten years, shed a lot of tears. Then I said, "Oh, to hell with it," made myself another cup of tea, shared it with my Pekingese—and by the way, I and three of my Warden pals have been sent the Recommendation for Bravery. By the Government, you know. I thought you might like to know. Very decent of them.

("Our house is gone—but that is the house we were brought up in, as children—and Dad's little Shrine, in his den, his hobby, that shrine, his dearest possession, years went into collecting that shrine, which depicts the whole Life of Christ. I used to help him with the shrine—I would go out and pick little evergreen bushes and plant them and bring water for the miniature lake, which represented the Sea of Galilee. We were like conspirators, the two of us, always dashing off to buy little things for the shrine together—once, I remember, a party was being given for us in London—we had pictures opening that night, side by side, in adjoining theaters; my 'High Finance,' his 'Love Lies'—the producers were giving the party for the Press and we were, of course, the honor guests. That afternoon Dad came home, said, 'Let's jump in the car, Ida, and drive down Brighton way. I think I know where we can find a charming old bit of an Apostle's figure for the shrine'—we forgot to come back, we never showed up at our party—what my mother said to us!—we were so absent-minded—poor, little Dad who dare not be absent-minded now!")

There are no theaters in London any more, they are all dark excepting for the — where my pantomime is playing. We play the pantomime in the day time, of course, because we are on duty all the nights. London is just a City of the Dead now, from end to end, except for an occasional shadow that comes out of the darkness, always a Warden on patrol. We all look alike now, us Air-Raid Wardens, like a band of little, tin-hatted Charlie Chaplins.

("I can picture him looking like that, exactly—he is the same height as Chaplin—his uniforms are all too big for him, he wrote us, his hats are all too small, his tin hat stuck to his head, he said, and he has to sleep in it now. I get awfully sad, I get sad in this way: not sad because he has to do it, because everyone is doing it and I am proud of him that he is doing it so well; but he is not a very well, little man, never has been able to stand up to anything that required physical stamina and I know it isn't his health that's keeping him up, it's his pluck, it's his spirit, which is a living spark struck off from the whole, great spirit of England. Super-human beings, they are, giving the greatest show of courage the world has ever seen—he wouldn't want to be out of that show, not a trouper, like my Dad . . .")

The only thing that is making England nervous is that Hitler has NOT invaded England. We want him to invade. We are ready for him, more than ready for him. There are 4,000,000 men on the coast lines alone, watching, waiting. WE ARE PREPARED. We expect him to use every diabolical weapon of modern warfare, gas, everything. We are not afraid and cannot be surprised. We have a few little, dainty devices of our own. [Here are some lines cut by the censor.] Now it's like a first-act curtain that is 20 minutes delayed. A hot anger that he has not come is what we feel—Frenchmen, all de Gaulle's forces, Belgians, Dutch, all of us waiting, side by side, just waiting, WAITING.

And now, Ida dear [concludes his last letter], I come to you. Of course you know I love you very dearly. Be cheerful and contented in whatever work or tiny hour of laughter you can get; hold on to your lovely, sunny land over there, and to those you love—these great gifts can only be truly known for their worth when you can no longer possess them. Give every lighted lamp in the street a friendly nod; every offer of work, a thankful consideration; every peaceful night's rest, a morning prayer and every kiss and caress from your loved ones, let them be a whole lifetime—these are words that come from my heart written, as they are, in a dirty coal cellar which I have come to love, by the light of an oil lamp which is now my friend.

These are grim and fearful days, Ida, but somehow my little altar in the den seems to tell me that I shall yet drink a toast with you all once again—and I think it would be in silence, for words would be just a silly, imperfect sound. I've only one thing left to say, darling—don't worry about me. I am sure I shall live through this. The fact that my little figure of Christ survived, untouched, seems to promise what it has always promised—continuing life. And remember this—actors never die, they only fade away. Cheer up, over there—and God bless. Dad.

("'Cheer up over there,' he says—he tells US to cheer up over here! THAT'S what I mean, that's IT, that's why they are undefeated, why they will forever be undefeated. That's why there will always be an England—they take time out, they do, to tell us to cheer up! Every letter that comes, of course, makes it worse . . . you read a letter and you say, 'Yes, but NOW what? NOW where is he? NOW how is it with him?' But that's all you say. And you say that to yourself. I feel, you see, that I mustn't carry on like a ham about it, mustn't bemoan my father's fate, whatever it may be, because—HE DOESN'T!")

There was a silence in the dim, firelit room as Ida slipped the last letter into its envelope, gashed with the censor's tape—then she said, "another cup of tea?"



Some more "Kisses for Breakfast." How long must we wait for the real thing, kissing bugs? The above isn't even an imitation.



T. D. H. Cesar Romero with Mary Beth Hughes in "Ride On, Vaquerro!" Any objections if we gaze awhile before turning the page?

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

lower level has a fireplace with a jade green mantel above the bricked hearth, and numerous dark brown chromium-outlined couches and chairs relieved with tiger-striped cushions.

Pat's own suite opens off the living room and consists of bedroom, bath and studio, the latter at the extreme end, where three sides are of glass. The studio has her sketching things, her books on painting, her easel—just now occupied by a Renoir—her fencing foils, posters from Mexico and one of two friends in Spanish costume dancing. There are two figurines sent her from Mexico, each filled with cigars. "Not that I smoke cigars," laughed Pat, "but aren't they adorable?"

Something concocted of feathers and roses and net that passes for a hat lay on a stand and Pat tried it on. "It's a John-Frederics creation," she explained, "I won it last night at the Mocambo. You know they have sweepstakes one night a week and I had a lucky number or something. Somebody told me the hat makes me look like a spider, but I love it!"

Pat studies painting, whenever she can crowd in the lessons; she takes singing lessons, too; she thinks, regretfully, that it's too bad she doesn't go on with her fencing. She could, too, if they'd put in an extra hour in the twenty-four.

The bedroom is done in palest peach, except for a blue rug and touches of blue in a lamp trim, a picture frame or a book cover. She loves contrast—and likes to set her 200-year-old figure of St. Francis beside the luxuriously wide, peach-covered bed. The second level is devoted to bedrooms and baths for the family.

Opening on the upper patio is the dining room, mostly walled in windows or mirrors, the brief slits of green linen between hung with Chinese prints. The table is modernistic and so are the chairs, their seats alternating in brown, yellow and green leather.

For the luncheon today Pat had brought out her cherished Doulton figures, old women carrying baskets of fruit or laden with grapes, and a tiny Chinese flower bowl of crystal and ebony; also her cigarette box of Mexican jade.



I wish my Daughter would

"I wish my daughter would avoid extremes in make-up! But her friends all go for fire-engine lipstick. So what can I do?"

Well, don't take it too seriously, because it's not worth an argument . . . and she'll outgrow it! Use a little tact . . . teach her tricks in matched make-up (and moderation).

"I wish my daughter would tell me things!"

This is important! Tell her things . . . and a sense of comradeship will bloom. Advise her about "difficult days," for instance. The difference a really comfortable napkin makes. Explain that Kotex sanitary napkins are less bulky and naturally less apt to rub and chafe.

Tell her, too, that she need never feel self-conscious with Kotex. Because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show . . . never give away her secret. Be a real help to her, and she'll confide in you!

I wish my Mother would

"I wish my mother would wear smarter clothes!"

You've got something there, young lady . . . You want to be proud of her. So talk up shorter skirts, to begin with. Go shopping with mother . . . your fitting room "oohs" and "ahs" will do the rest. Make her feel smarter and she'll dress to match!

"I wish my mother would stop evading questions!"

Maybe that's your fault . . . maybe you resent her criticism about slang, make-up or dancing. Don't blame mother, then, if she shies away from giving you more intimate advice . . . such as telling you how Kotex helps make your "difficult days" less difficult.

But give her half a chance and she'll explain that the new safety-shield in Kotex gives added absorbency . . . extra confidence. That Junior, Regular and Super Kotex give you a right size for each day's needs.



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The bride came with her groom. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth, left, attended the gala Warner Club dinner dance given annually at the Biltmore Hotel. The bride? Bette Davis, actress.

"I believe my cousins think I'm more interested in how I decorate a table than in what I serve," she smiled. "But only the starving Hollywood dieters understand. I suppose we get too food-conscious and begin to look on any dish as so many calories too much."

The menu today was fruit cup, molded vegetable salad, wheaten biscuits (or Sally Lunns) jam tartlets and tea.

"We make fruit cup with Pepsi-Cola," volunteered Pat, "it's a little early in the season for the prettiest cup, but I love to serve iced melon balls—watermelon, honeydew and Persian with a sprig of mint on top—with Pepsi-Cola poured over them. You can use any sort of fruit in the same way, but that's the most attractive. And is it good?"

The jam tartlets and Sally Lunns are cherished recipes of the Morison family which SCREENLAND readers may enjoy.

JAM TARTLETS

Cut the unbaked pastry into small circles and place each little circle of pastry over muffin pan openings; lift the edges of the pastry and allow to sink into position, then carefully and lightly press into position with fingers, being careful to close any cracks in pastry by pressing the pastry together. Fill with jam; turn oven heat regulator to 450 degrees. Bake until edges of pastry are a rich golden color. When cold, lift out by carefully passing a small knife around the edges and drawing it up as you cut around.

SALLY LUNN

1½ cups Swansdown flour
 3 teaspoons Royal baking powder
 ¾ teaspoon salt
 3 tablespoons sugar
 2 eggs

3 tablespoons melted butter or Crisco
 ¼ cup milk

Into a bowl sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt; stir to mix thoroughly. Separate the eggs and beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored. Mix milk with beaten yolks and then pour into flour mixture. Add melted butter and mix thoroughly. Now beat the egg whites until stiff. Empty the beaten egg onto the batter and cut and fold it in until the egg white disappears into the batter.

Pour the mixture into a greased round layer cake pan. Turn oven to 425 degrees. When hot, place pan near center of oven and bake about 25 minutes. To test if baked, press lightly on top of cake with flat of finger; if the slight dent made springs back, the cake is finished baking. To serve slit through the center and toast cut sides, butter and serve hot.

"Scotch Scones are also favored in this house, but more especially for tea," said Pat. "We're a great family for tea. But now I'm so food-conscious I seldom indulge."

SCOTCH SCONES

2 cups Swansdown flour
 4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
 ½ teaspoon salt
 2 tablespoons sugar
 1 cup milk (sweet or sour)

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar and stir the ingredients with a knife. Add the milk and mix all together with the knife. This makes a rather wet dough. Sift plenty of flour onto pastry board and use the knife to scrape the dough out of the bowl onto the center of the floured patch. Sift

flour over the dough and roll the dough lightly to about 1/2-inch thickness. Cut into shapes and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 35 minutes.

The molded vegetable salad is a recent discovery of Pat's, both different and delicious.

MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD

1 1/2 tablespoons Knox gelatin dissolved in 1/4 cup water
1/4 cup boiling water
1 bottle Pepsi-Cola
1 tablespoon lime juice
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup shredded pineapple (Dole)
3/4 cup shredded cabbage
1/4 shredded carrots

Dissolve gelatin in cold water, add the boiling water, lime and Pepsi-Cola. Mix celery, pineapple, cabbage and carrots and add to thickened gelatin. Pour into mold. Chill and serve on lettuce.

"This dining room is too small for formal dinners or for big parties, so we usually entertain informally. We have buffet suppers or simple luncheons like this one. If the guests feel like it, we roll up the rugs and dance or play records and listen, or perhaps someone sings or plays or everyone talks. We have great discussions, sometimes quite heated, going on, but I listen and let them talk. If it's a luncheon, we sit outside and knit or sew for the war relief, or run down to the courts and play badminton.

"I'm mad about Spanish or Mexican music, so I always enjoy playing new records. Portugal isn't Spain by any means, but it's close enough so that I felt *right* somehow doing my latest picture, 'One Night in Lisbon.' You know the Spanish invaders landed in Ireland a few centuries

ago and girls being girls the colleens married some of them. Which I like to think accounts for Irish girls having black hair and blue eyes, myself among them."

Another luncheon menu favored by Pat is this:

Tomato Bouillon
Sandwiches
Sherbet
Tea

It's not plain sherbet but a tangy concoction made like this:

PINEAPPLE SHERBET MADE WITH PEPSI-COLA

1 bottle Pepsi-Cola
2 cups shredded pineapple (Dole)
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon Knox gelatin in 1/4 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Boil sugar and water five minutes, add dissolved gelatin and other ingredients. Cool and pour into freezing tray.

The sandwiches are mostly open-faced ones of cheese (Blue Moon), Heinz peanut butter, egg, etc. Pat recommends a special cheese kind made of sharp cheese (Kraft), shredded, mixed with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, butter, minced olives or chives. Cut your bread in circles or diamonds and spread; then toast lightly just before serving.

"You can use raisin bread spread with cream cheese and decorated with a nut in the center. Pimento cheese on white bread with a slice of stuffed olive is pretty, and peanut butter mixed with honey and decorated with a bit of green pepper is good."

Your Guide at a Glance to Best Pictures

Continued from pages 52-53

"I WANTED WINGS"

commander is no stuffed-shirt but a real guy, a grand performance. Wayne Morris, who seems to be growing steadily but surely into Andy Devine's big shoes, provides more or less comic relief. Constance Moore is a pleasant heroine—but Veronica Lake, much-publicized newcomer, is the old-time screen siren for all her breathtaking streamlined curves.

"STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

long time. Rita Hayworth is a handsome Strawberry Blonde, Jack Carson and Alan Hale are excellent—but it is Olivia de Havilland, in her best rôle since *Melanie*, that of a serious-minded but very sweet nurse, who will make the most ingratiating impression on you audiences. Wait until you see that wink of hers—naughty but nice.

"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"

ond fiddle—although the Bing seems to be working twice as hard when he's with Bob—he

has to, to get himself noticed. The Crosby croon and the Lamour coo make several songs endurable even though they break up Mr. Hope's priceless routine. Nice to see Una Merkel again, too.

"TOBACCO ROAD"

orable if shocking screen portrait. Gene Tierney as *Ellie May* makes her few scenes count. Elizabeth Patterson as *Ma*, Ward Bond as *Lov*, Marjorie Rambeau as *Sister Bessie*, and William Tracy as *Dude* are all excellent.

"NICE GIRL?"

Gillis and Anne Gwynne, charm as her younger sisters.

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"

about "Alexander Graham Bell." Alice Faye is overshadowed by the oh-so-vivid and tempestuous Carmen Miranda, South American star whose first brief appearance in "Down Argentine Way" may not have warned you of her potential importance.

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"Take that, you cad! And that!" thunders Melvyn Douglas' fist. Burgess Meredith winces at the one-two as Merle Oberon looks on the near-lethal scene with horror. It's "That Uncertain Feeling" which causes the painful misunderstanding—B. M.'s pain.

Hollywood's Gayest Bachelors!

Continued from page 29

For a third time there was an impasse. And for the third time Meredith had an inspiration: there would be a second annex—anything so as not to break the spell. They set out in separate motorcars to scour the town. And met each other, amazingly enough, just as they climbed out of their automobiles in front of the house vacated by the Morrises short moons ago.

"This is just what we need," Tone said, as he climbed out. "It looks like a perfect second annex," Meredith said. They called up the agent and signed the lease that very day.

"There's going to be a servant problem," Tone remarked as they headed back in Meredith's motor to tell Jimmy all about it. "Just leave that end of it to me," Meredith said.

When Wood and Evelyn arrived six days later in the Meredith "town car," a gone-to-seed limousine which had been drydocked at Meredith's country place in Nyack, New York, they stood there and blinked. Wood pulled out the telegram and looked at it again. The address checked all right. Yet somewhere, somehow, he felt, a grim mistake had been perpetrated. The house was of Bermudian architecture and painted a chaste white with clay green shutters. Huge acres of fabulously-landscaped grounds girded the manse. "Genteel, that's what it is," Wood remarked suspiciously. "I don't understand this at all. It isn't like the master."

"You might ring the bell," Evelyn suggested. He finally did—very much against

his will. It was Meredith himself who answered the ring, caparisoned in a checkered apron and clutching an egg beater. "You're just in time, Wood," he said. "I was trying to whip up a little something for dinner."

"Pandemonium," as a second wag has renamed the place, is a lordly chateau perched on a little green hill in Brentwood Heights. The Nelson Eddys occupy the adjoining house. Anna Sten lives at the foot of the miniature mountain. Hard by dwell the Allan Joneses. Ditto the Frank Capras.

It was Bubbles Morris who had found the place. She was fascinated by the fantastic flora that covered the eight and one-half acres. Too, she was impressed by the agents' claim that the house was bombproof and earthquake-proof. That is how it is during the springtime of young love. Anyhow the Morrises took over prepared to stay an eon or two. Bubbles went to work immediately. There were a few little changes to be made. The chaste white exterior, that is all Bubbles' doing. And the blinds, too. But her true creative spirit is expressed inside. Unforgettably, one might say.

That first cocktail party which the boys tossed was out-of-this-world. There was Wood, the major domo, at the door to receive the callers in the best P. G. Wodehouse tradition. Then the guests stepped into the living room. It might have been a sketch out of Dali's notebook, a surrealistic masterpiece, this living room. The walls were a pale blue set off by a gray

carpet. Two disconsolate love seats done in yellow leather hugged the fireplace, over which a mural by Lee Blair (a South American cockfight framed in blue mirror) looked down upon the motley guests. And, of course, there were the two hosts, Meredith gay and debonair and Tone suave and debonair, dashing about quaffing the health of the various ladies and gentlemen present.

"Quite a place," a Hollywood columnist confided to Wood, as he ducked out.

"In a strictly remote sense, one might say, sir," Wood rejoined.

Strictly remote is right. Take the sleeping quarters now occupied by Burgess Meredith. Once the guest room, it is a monument to the decorator's art. The walls are done in red and white calculated to woo sleep. The floor is covered with a sea green carpet. A white chintz coverlet with red ruffles covers the bed. The door handles are red to go with the general color scheme. There are flaming draperies. The red and white motif is done in a raspberry pattern which intrigued Meredith from the start. "For an actor it's a perfect backdrop," he said to Tone, "and I claim it."

The Meredith bedroom is nude compared to what was once the master bedroom and is now the chamber of Mr. Tone. Against all competition it would stand up as the most sexy and glamorous bedroom in Hollywood. To begin with, it houses the biggest bed in California—a little number measuring exactly ten feet long, ensconced on a pale gray rug and sporting a half-canopy of coral fish net. The walls are pale blue. Green curtains, very pale, are set off by greener draperies with valances of tufted sea shells. A chest of drawers of bleached mahogany rounds out the picture. The lights are soft and harem-like.

While Tone is technically the only occupant of this magnificent Ode to Morphew, there is at least one other admirer of the room. Namely Bad Boy, a colossal great Dane who is constantly bolting from his kennels and exploring the bedrooms. By day Bad Boy loves nothing more than to sprawl out in the guest room and sniff the raspberries. By night, he paces up and down in the master bedroom looking grim and warding off burglars.

There are other mementoes of an unhappy idyll. The bathroom, if the Hays office won't mind the reference, is a beautiful affair with walls of pale green over which there are painted some very iridescent bubbles. "The lady who did it was a stickler for realism," Mr. Tone explains. "She came by one afternoon at the behest of Mrs. Morris and blew bubbles for fully a half hour before she got in the right mood." The scales by which the former mistress of the mansion kept tabs on her calories are still about but are now purely ornamental. With Tone and Meredith the dilemma is how to put on a few pounds—not how to keep them off.

If either of the gentlemen does anything noteworthy in the literary line, the ex-lady of the house will deserve a good deal of the credit. Right up until the break-up occurred, Bubbles was furiously engaged in carving out a name for herself in writing circles. At least fifty of her best (and thus far unpublished) short stories were typed in the room now used as a writing room by the new tenants. Still on hand is all the physical equipment that went into her writing, typewriter, foolscap, carbon paper, etc. An empty file, once jammed with ideas for plays, novels, and short stories is now being used by the Meredith-Tone secretary, a jaunty young lady named Jan Lowry, to house the torrential fan mail that seems to follow Burgess Meredith whenever he makes a picture, most of it from college girls who seem to find him "mental but nice," to quote a little vixen from Texas University.

Time has, of course, wrought a change

or two. Wayne Morris, being athletic, set great store by the lawn tennis court. The masters of Pandemonium who would rather read a good book are foregoing, mainly, the thrill that comes of pummeling a harmless red ball back and forth. Besides, there has sprouted up a veritable wilderness of crab grass on which tennis balls don't ricochet so well. For a while the situation bothered Meredith until he decided that the huge enclosure would make an ideal place to walk the dog. In that way Bad Boy would be keeping in shape and also warding off the malicious gossip that no one in the house walked a single extra step than he had to.

Eight and one-half acres, as they say, isn't exactly a child's sand pile. Consequently there were things about the hearth and homestead that the boys were learning right up until Thanksgiving Day, post-Roosevelt species. On that day, it seems, Meredith was rummaging around the garage—a huge, four-car number which, oddly enough, was totally without doors—when he discovered a button. He flicked it on, wondering if, beside a veritable flood of light, the button wouldn't set in operation a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Nothing of the kind.

Suddenly there was a rumble. And down from out of nowhere a massive steel door began to drop slowly toward the ground. For a second or two he watched it, fascinated, with a feeling akin to that of the bird on the branch gazing down at a serpent. It was like a Buck Rogers mystery. He came to with a start, dived under the door, and made it just in time.

Now the mystery entered a second phase: how to get the door open again. There were two good cars locked behind that incredible contraption. For two days they used taxis until Wood, the ever-trusty, made a suggestion. Why not write the owners for the combination? They did.

The answer came back from Bubbles, herself. It seems that there was a button in the kitchen, right over the very sink in which Evelyn washed the dishes and all you had to do was press it! But pandemonium still gaily reigns.



Come out from behind those glasses, Franchot Tone; we know you! He's with his "She Knew All the Answers" girl, Joan Bennett, who seems to have his number.

"MY LIFE IS AN OPEN LOOK"



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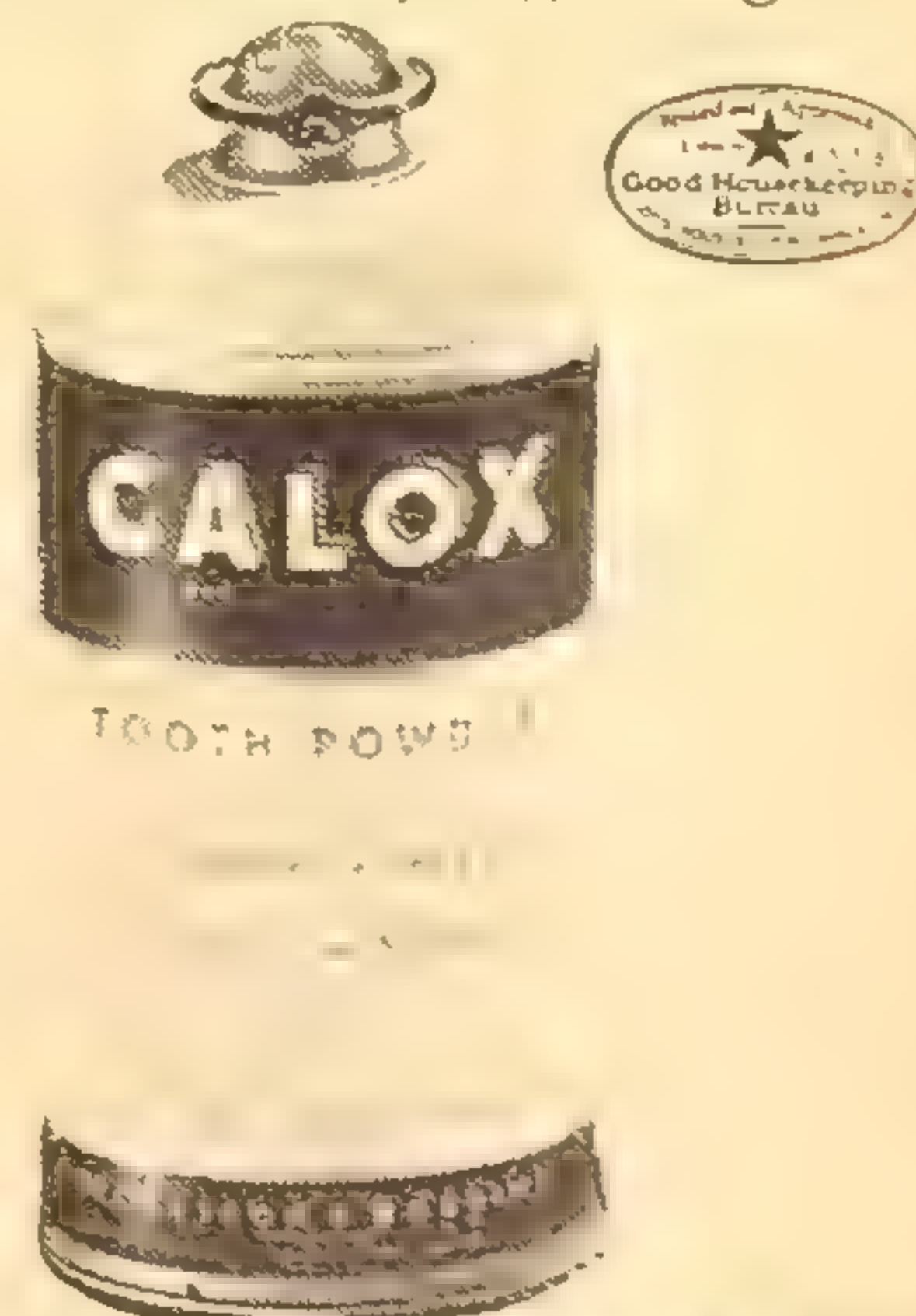
PERC WESTMORE, Warner Bros. make-up expert, gives Olivia a check-up before she faces the camera. Olivia says: "Ever think how *your* smile would look, with a couple of 2000-watt lights on your face?..."



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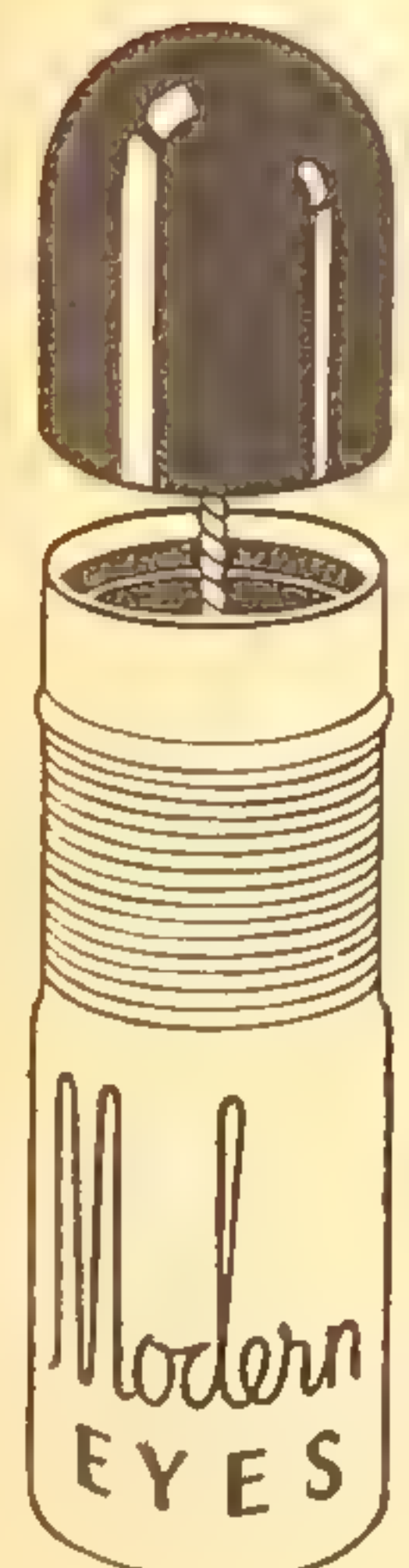
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Crawford Comes Back!

Continued from page 32

very lonely in a strange studio. But you have been so kind I feel right at home."

"I owe your child a doll," said Joan. "My child broke your child's doll in the park yesterday. The nurse tells me they play together every day. How old is your baby?"

Of course Joan had Christina's latest pictures right there in her dressing-table drawer and Ingrid fished around in her purse and produced a few snaps of her baby, and there we were in the midst of a discussion of diets—just like two proud mothers in Long Island, certainly not like two Glamor Girls in Hollywood. Well, I

finally managed to give Miss Bergman the brush-off and was shoving pencil and paper at Joan again when—of all horrible things—lightning struck the power plant and we were plunged in the darkest darkness I've ever experienced. Everything happens to me.

Sometimes I think—on days like this—that it might be easier to overcome my allergy to the typewriter and write my own darned stories. I'm going to give it a thought. Anyway, I at long last managed to pin Joan down. What do you think of her story?

What I've Learned About Men From Working With Men

Continued from page 33

rest of the company he might just as well give up his profession. He won't get far. He might make a good politician, but he'll never make a good actor. Of course there are a few (the sweater set calls them "dull jerks") humorless actors in Hollywood who have done rather well, but they are the exception that proves the rule. They won't last the way the Gables, the Coopers, and the Tracys last.

Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable are one hundred per cent when it comes to a sense of humor. I don't mean that they go around like merry, irresponsible children, whooping it up, and playing gags on everybody. No, indeed. I've never known two men who worked harder than Spencer and Clark. And I've never known two men who made as little fuss about it. They have a way of assuring you that nothing is terribly important, including themselves, and you might just as well relax and take things easy. No matter what goes wrong on the set, and plenty goes wrong in every picture, I have never seen Spencer or Clark go into cheap dramatics. I worked in a picture once with an actor, who shall be nameless, who sneered and griped and fairly

yapped his head off every time he arrived on the set and the director wasn't ready for him. He considered himself much too important to be kept waiting. Waiting is a necessary evil of the movie business. All actors simply accept it as such. But not this one. When he got through crabbing then he'd try to be funny. But his humor was strictly malicious.

I'll never forget the day I arrived on the set to do a picture with Spencer Tracy. Spencer greeted me with, "Since you and I are going to do love scenes together, I have arranged for you to see my last picture with Luise Rainer. I realize that you know very little about such things." Similar kidding went on all through the picture and never once did things get tense and strained. Spencer has a great knack of kidding you into relaxation.

Clark Gable, I believe, has more respect for another actor than anyone I know. No matter how well an actress knows her lines there are times when she can't help but blow up. I did one morning on the "Strange Cargo" set, and kept Clark in a most uncomfortable position for what seemed hours. But was Clark annoyed? Not the least bit.



Conrad Veidt comes face to face with "A Woman's Face," while Melvyn Douglas scowls handsomely at the idea. Can it be that Joan Crawford is the bone of contention between them?



Jeanette MacDonald and hubby Gene Raymond made one Sunday afternoon sheer pleasure when they took to the air with Violinist Albert Spalding and Conductor Andre Kostelanetz.

(That certain nameless actor would have sneered me right out of the picture.) Clark very obligingly blew a couple of times himself, and every time he blows he gives out with a razzberry, so pretty soon I was at ease again and things were going smoothly. The day we did the big love scene in the picture I confessed to him that I had had chives on my salad at lunch. "Don't mind, babe," said Clark. "I had garlic." It's wonderful to work with guys like Gable and Tracy who are understanding, comfortable, down to earth, and above all, have a sense of humor.

Jimmy Stewart's humor is different from that of Gable and Tracy. You don't laugh right out with Jimmy, you just giggle. I hate women who giggle, but I must say when I play in pictures with Jimmy I suddenly become the worst giggler west of the Rockies. Jimmy has a way of saying something funny with a perfect deadpan, and it always breaks me up completely. There is nothing taut or restrained about a set when Jimmy Stewart is on it. Jimmy has a way of talking on and on in a somewhat whimsical manner.

When I started this picture with Melvyn Douglas several people said: You won't have much fun with him, he's strictly on the intellectual side. But they're wrong. I don't mean they're wrong about being on the intellectual side, but in addition to that, Melvyn has a perfectly grand sense of humor, though I admit that you have to bring it out of him. He doesn't take himself any more seriously than Spencer, or Clark, or Jimmy. We were doing a hospital scene the other day where he's supposed to wash his hands, in the medical manner, and then push back a cellophane curtain with his arms. This being quite difficult to do there was a prop man concealed to pull the curtains back with a draw string. Every "take" the prop man would pull the curtains too soon, then he pulled them too hard and they fell down, then the water ran over, everything had to happen in that one scene. It was not Melvyn's fault, he was doing his part perfectly. A lot of actors would have gotten impatient along about the tenth "take," and would have called down the bungling prop man in rather severe language. But the more things that happened the more hysterical Melvyn got. When the scene finally did go right he was laughing so hard that the tears were running down his cheeks.

That's another thing I've learned: The actors who have the sense of humor are also the ones who have the most patience and understanding. The "dull jerks" fly off the handle the minute something goes wrong.

And as for George Cukor, who directs me in "A Woman's Face," (and also directed me in "The Women" and "Susan and God") no one in this industry deserves more praise than he does. There is a man who has the greatest talent and patience in the world, and certainly the greatest sense of humor. It doesn't sound funny in writing but I must say the times I have spent with him in the projection room looking at the day's rushes stand out as a new high in laughs. George will look at the screen and say, "Ah, superb direction. Look at that scene. Magnificent! Really magnificent direction." "But George," I'll say, "what about the acting?" "Well," says George, "the acting is pretty good, but the direction is superb."

One of the sweetest, easiest young actors to work with is Robert Young. In "The Shining Hour" he helped me over many a bad spot. Bob, unlike Spencer and Clark, gets all upset when he forgets his lines, or doesn't do a scene correctly. But it isn't because he takes himself seriously, no indeed, it's simply because he thinks he is keeping the other actors waiting.

From working with men on the set I have learned that they are usually very punctual people, and loathe un-punctuality in women. They also hate primping. It infuriates them to have a Glamor Girl swoop down upon the set and then proceed to look at herself in the mirror for a goodly hour or so, while they stand around waiting for her to go through with the scene. And I'm certain that what's true with men on sets is also true with men in your living room.

I've also learned that men detest women who are coy and just too, too utterly cute. We had one of those in a picture I did with Clark Gable once—and you should have seen Clark's expression when she started being coy. Men might like clinging vines away from the studio, but they run away from them in the studio. If you're an up-and-coming young actress and want to make a hit with the male stars in the business, beware of the gaga stuff.

And once more, remember, to be a successful actor in Hollywood you've got to have a sense of humor.

Why I switched to Meds



—by an airline hostess

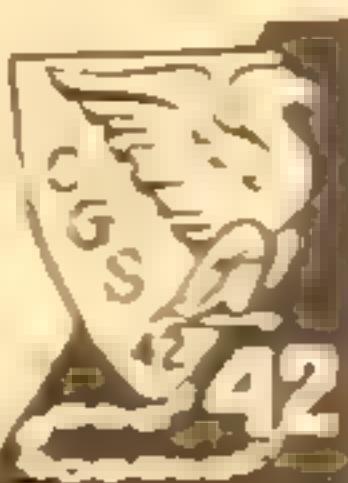
We airline hostesses are modern-minded. So I've always preferred *internal* sanitary protection—though I admit I hated to pay the extra cost. That's why I was so tickled when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Meds certainly are miles ahead. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so downright little.



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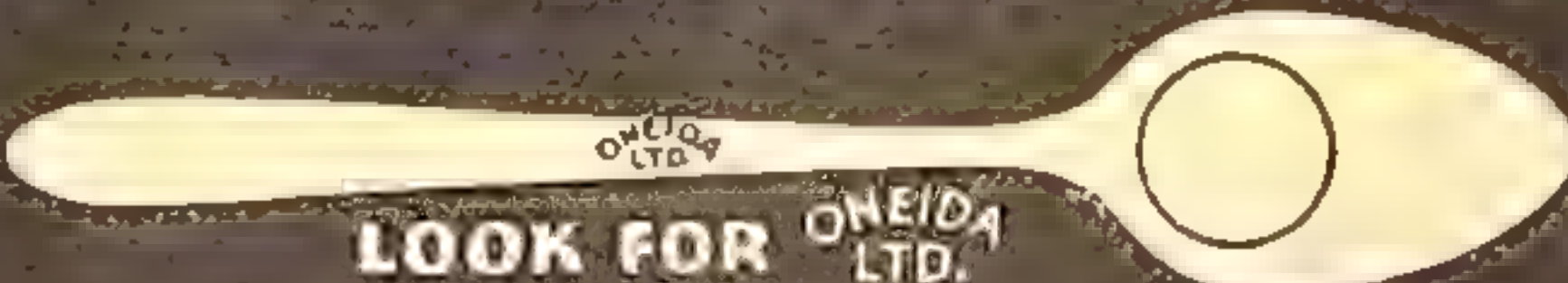
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He Gets Away with Murder!

Continued from page 61

He sat from February till October. Then came rumors that Chaplin was considering him for a part in "The Great Dictator." "I figure he might want me for Goering or something. When he sends for me and tells me it's Napoloni, I die. I wanna kiss him. I wanna blubber. I think what can I do for the guy? My money, my life, he doesn't need. I know—I'll fool him—I'll go on the wagon."

Kind friends told Oakie he'd last ten minutes with Chaplin. They told Charlie the same. "Why stick yourself with him? There are plenty of Italians around who can play Mussolini."

"What's funny," asked Charlie, "about an Italian playing Mussolini?"

Jack went on the wagon. A couple of weeks of non-Oakieish behavior, and Charlie got worried. "You haven't had a drink on this picture, have you, Jack? Don't let me cramp your style. Get drunk if you want to. I'll sober you up one day."

"You sobered me up when you gave me the job, honey. If it's okay with you, I'll stay that way."

And stay he did. "From Chaplin I went to Shirley Temple," he explains, "who was having a tough enough time without me puffing liquor at her every time she came up for air."

He gags it, but the truth of the matter is that Jack's a new man and enjoys the sensation. "You go for six months without drinking. A year passes. The actual chemistry of your body changes. My nerves are in good shape. I sleep like a baby. Who comes in bright-eyed and bouncing every morning? Venita's Jackie. I used to float all over the place. Now I walk. I see where I'm going and I like what I see. It's all happened since Charlie. *Heil Charlie!*"

A thoroughgoing extrovert, Oakie's not given to hero-worship. Which throws his feeling for Chaplin into striking relief. It's a reverence that stops the other side of idolatry. He's not shy about it either. He

flaunts it, swelling with visible love and pride. "They can pull the curtain down now and stick the whole business up the chute. I've touched the heights. I've worked with the master." Allowing for hyperbole, the kernal of the sentiment is genuine. As is the wistfulness with which he adds: "If my poor mother had lived to see me with Chaplin, that would have been the crowning glory."

Hero-worship or no, he remains Oakie of the freely wagging tongue. On several successive scenes one day he blew his lines. "For that much money?" Charlie hinted mildly.

Jack bided his time. Acting, writing and directing, Chaplin had a number of things on his mind. Yet he rarely muffed. Jack had to bide considerable time, but the moment came. "If it's not too late to replace this guy," he bellowed, "call Harry Langdon."

He deplored Charlie's rejection of the New York Critics' Award for "The Great Dictator," and hurled himself into the diplomatic breach. "Dear Bose," he wired Bosley Crowther, "in view of the fact that Mr. Chaplin has refused the award I will be hysTERically happy with a bow to Miss Hepburn" (from whom he'd borrowed the locution)—"to go to New York and receive the plaque transportation paid both ways by you know who and I don't mean me love and kisses."

The press boys love him. He handles both them and his fans with a consideration due partly to innate good will, partly to gratitude, and the rest to policy. He won't let them step on him, though. He doesn't subscribe to the theory, held by a persecuting minority, that a ticket at the box office buys you a lien on the players in addition to a seat.

"Write something funny," demanded a woman, sticking an autograph book under his nose.

He'd already signed a dozen, and was try-



A trio of great Americans reunite for "The Great American Broadcast." Remember Jack Oakie, Alice Faye and John Payne in "Tin Pan Alley"? Who can forget them? Betty Grable was in it, too. Oakie "Gets Away With Murder" in this issue—and we're glad.

ing to reach a broadcast on time. "Tell me something funny," he suggested without malice, "and I'll write it promptly and with pleasure."

"You're very rude," his admirer snapped. "I PAY to see you."

Oakie thrust his hand into his pocket. "Lady," he offered wearily, "I'll pay you not to see me."

He lives in the little valley town of West Van Nuys and what he's proudest of, next to having worked with Chaplin, is his titular mayoralty of that town. For this he has Conky to thank. Conky, who used to be a traffic cop in the valley, is described by Jack as "one of these civic guys. So Conky decides that what West Van Nuys needs most is a Civic League and a good five-cent mayor. So he comes to me and he says, you're the mayor. I said, mayor-shmayer, I gotta play golf."

He went to the first meeting, nevertheless, and emerged a civic guy. He campaigned with his fellow-citizens for paved streets and improved street lighting. His account of the campaign is a gem of simple realism.

"You have to have so much money to fix the streets. So you go to the councilman. He twiddles his thumbs. You say, we gotta league, we got five thousand voters. If you don't give us money to fix these streets, we don't vote for you. So he stops twiddling his thumbs, we get the money, he keeps his job. That's not blackmail. It's politics. Everybody is made happy."

"We have meetings every other week. I walk in, and they all get up and holler. Our Mayor! I bow. I'm strictly the come-on. Comedy relief. I give 'em a gag, I tell 'em a story. Then I sit down and some guy makes a speech. That's the feature. We get the school for free. But we gotta have money—for ink, for erasers, for letterheads with my picture on the front. Our Mayor! Some woman cooks a cake, and my wife raffles it off, dollar a slice. That's for the treasury. When the meeting's over, we go down to the corner theater and see 'Tin Pan Alley,' featuring Our Mayor. That's being civic-minded. Patronize your local merchants. Circulate the dough. Good for Twentieth Century-Fox too. Not bad for Oakie."

As a concession to the dignity of his office, he attends these meetings garbed in conservative dark blue. Except at night, his attire might provide a peacock with a pointer or two. To cross from his dressing-room to the commissary on a balmy California day, he winds a yellow scarf round his throat, hoists himself into a beige topcoat with belt, sticks an Alpine-plumbed fedora on the side of his head, and sallies forth. Catcalls pursue him. "What's it for, Jack?" queries a literal-minded damsel. "I'm lookin' for snow, baby!"

Under these wrappings, he wears slack suits—maroon, green or parti-colored. "Ever see my red pants, honey? Even Carmen Miranda blinked. I wear slips too. See my slip?" It's the white shirt peering modestly from behind the skyblue in-and-outer. He calls these creations his "first-thing-up-in-the-morning" clothes. "On the set," he confides, "I wear Don Ameche's cast-offs."

He's scheduled for a picture at Warner's called "Navy Blues." He got it by rebuffing them. "I figure, what do I wanna make another picture for, I've got three here at Fox. I can't make any more money, so I rebuff 'em. Know how you rebuff 'em, don't you? Ask more than you think they'll pay. So they take you up.—Fascinatin'," mused Oakie, "—show business, but I love it like I love life."

It is indeed. Two years ago his agent couldn't sell him, even with hat in hand. Rumor puts his current salary at seventy-five hundred. Not dishes. Smackers!



You'll find all the good old American customs in "The Great American Broadcast." See you in the movies, Alice and John.

OUR LOVE AFFAIR This Is How She Feels About Him!

Continued from page 24

always tried to hide it instead of exhibiting it. So much time has elapsed since I made 'Balalaika.' I thought I had lost much of my confidence. In his devotion to me, he forgot his own inhibitions. I feel that my work will be better too. Someday he will do things like 'Lilliom' and 'Dorian Gray.' This may sound strange now. But you will see!

"I think I am fortunate that Alan loves to be outdoors. I know farm life and above everything else I want to grow things we can eat. At one time in my life a cow was much more precious than the rarest jewel. Someday, I promised myself, I would own many cows. He doesn't like night club life; instead, he loves all kinds of sports. With him I have learned to ride and fish and shoot a gun. I never liked these things before. Maybe because never before did I have such a wonderful teacher!

"It has been said that people are never truly in love unless they are jealous of each other. I have never believed this until now. But for the first time I find I am behaving like a woman in love. I am very jealous! For one of his singing lessons, Nina Koshetz gave Alan a song to sing from a musical comedy called, 'Hit the Deck.' There are two lines that read, *Sometimes I love you—Sometimes I hate you.* When he sang those words they were so painful to me, I begged him never to repeat them. 'They shouldn't write words like that,' is all I could explain. I guess this sounds pretty foolish, doesn't it? But people in love will understand!"

This Is How He Feels About Her!

Continued from page 25

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"Our plans for the future are bright," says Alan Curtis. Curtis and his bride-to-be, Ilona Massey, pet the colt born during the making of their co-starring picture.

a tenseness in my nature, she suggested that I try to sing. When she heard my voice she took me to Nina Koshetz, her own teacher. I'm getting a great kick out of trying. It's helping my self-consciousness. It's also a wonderful emotional outlet.

"Ilona is thoughtful, especially in little things that are important to me. Some mornings before I went to work, she sent over Viennese cakes she had baked. A card carried this message, *Good morning Alan dear*. One night at a party, I lost a stud out of my dress shirt. The next day Ilona shopped for another. She wisely pointed out she had bought a cheap one—in case I lost it again! When I want to buy something for her, she invariably says, 'But I don't need anything.'

"Our plans for the future are bright. I love boats. Ilona dreams of having a farm like the one she once knew in the Netherlands. When she heard I would like to go into the fishing business, she never told me the sea makes her very ill. Instead, she made up her mind to overcome her fear. She ate lemons on every trip. I'm sure she even prayed. But she overcame her fear. Now she is very enthused about the fishing business. In our spare time we are also looking for a farm.

"It's a second marriage for both of us. Because we have had disappointments and heartaches, I think we are in a position doubly to appreciate our happiness. With a woman as staple as Ilona, how could I lose? But the course of true love is never smooth. Even in our case, which we feel is very special. For example, there's that little experience we had when Ilona sang at a Red Cross benefit in Pasadena. All the way driving over I kept telling her not to be nervous. I reminded her of the sensational success she made when we did that personal appearance tour with Louella Parsons. I reassured her again and again. Begged her to be calm and collected. I promised I would stand right in the wings where she could see me all the time.

"Ilona is usually nervous before she goes on. But once she gets out there, she soars like an eagle. She was in great voice. They applauded and applauded and wouldn't let her go. During her numbers she kept glancing toward the wings, expecting to see me there. Instead, I was outside in the alley. I was so sick and nervous for her—I practically missed the entire concert!"

This Is How They Got That Way

Continued from page 25

Alan to breakfast at her table. Alan was told that it might be the charming thing to accept. She said that a "conceited" breakfast guest didn't particularly appeal to her. He decided his food would taste better if he ate with someone who was "friendly" and "real."

Their return trip home started out this way. Alan and Ilona rode part way with the Governor and his wife. The other cars followed. The road was narrow and slippery from recent rains. Just outside of McCall a car suddenly loomed out of nowhere. Too late to avoid a crash! There was a sickening thud. Shrieking brakes. Flying glass. Everyone was badly shaken up. The Governor's wife alone was bleeding profusely.

Alan tore off his coat and converted it into a pillow. His handkerchief he made into a bandage. He worked swiftly, capably and calmly. Ilona played the rôle of nurse. They were so concerned they didn't notice their own clothes were soaked and ruined. But they did begin to notice each other. The other car went on ahead. They promised they would rejoin them after they had driven back to the nearest hospital.

After the Governor's wife was made comfortable, they decided to remain over until she was out of danger. In fresh clothes they went out to dinner. They talked until dawn. Somehow it seemed as though they had always been waiting for this moment. There were so many things to be said together. He seemed so eager to understand. She didn't have to explain "her dreams." Her eyes shone. She nodded knowingly when he spoke tenderly of things close to his heart.

Two radiant people bade the Governor and his lady goodbye. Alan and Ilona were deeply, ecstatically in love. From that moment on, their hearts started beating as one. Ilona Massey, born Ilona Hajmassy, a poor peasant girl in Budapest, and Alan

Curtis, born Harry Uberroth, a former Chicago advertising model—brought together by those invisible forces of life. Over and over again they told each other, "Our love was meant to be."

Despite the fact that Alan and Ilona have never wanted for the usual attentions (especially from the opposite sex) they found each other when they needed each other the most. A marriage in Vienna that ended disastrously convinced Ilona that happiness was not for her. Adversity had always been a challenge. Work was to be her life. Music her one true love. Only last year a divorce for Alan was the solution to his problems. He and his young actress wife tried to make a go of it. But somehow they couldn't agree. Alan and Ilona were two of the loneliest people in Hollywood when they were saved by love.

Ever since she has been in Hollywood, Ilona has worked and waited for the rewards that are now coming her way. She thought her prayers were answered when M-G-M officials visited Vienna. They saw her photographs and decided to put her in the movies. Being born in the squalor of a tenement, being cold and hungry and miserable, she had always dreamed of becoming an actress. The discovery of music—a battered victrola owned by a man in their crowded dwelling—convinced her that music was food and sunshine and cleanliness. It gave her the will, the abiding faith to make her dreams come true.

Much, much stranger than fiction is Ilona's flight to fame. Men have fought duels over her in Vienna. All along the way her beauty has dazzled. From farm girl to a dressmakers' apprentice. From full-fledged seamstress to musical student. Young concert singer. Grand opera. But when she arrived in Hollywood, it all seemed to have been in vain.

She was plump and must reduce at once. She and the sister who came over with her could no longer indulge in the baskets of baloney and cheese packed by the loving hands of her mother. Her clothes were wrong and caused amusement at her first Hollywood party. Where had she found those square-toed shoes? Her sister went back. The studio decided she should share a small place with an unknown girl named Hedy Lamarr. But Ilona didn't like

parties. She didn't like going out. Soon she was living in a small home in Beverly Hills with an aunt who served as secretary and housekeeper.

Except for a brief appearance in "Rose Marie," two whole years passed before Ilona made "Balalaika." Sometimes she got so desperate she was afraid for her own life. She wanted a career above all else. Every day she'd come to the lot and work on her English. At night she'd go to the movies. Some pictures she saw four or five times. Occasionally she went out with Michael Whalen. A mutual friend had introduced them. But Ilona was lonely and miserable. "Balalaika" had clicked with the critics. Fan mail began to pour in. Yet it was one of those unexplainable things that can only happen in Hollywood. Ilona was lost in the crowd.

Alan Curtis, being a soldier of fortune, the kind of a guy who can laugh in the face of *misfortune*, never took Hollywood seriously when he first came out. In Chicago and New York, he was making a comfortable living as a professional model. Hollywood held no illusions for him. Still, when RKO offered him such excellent money for "doing nothing," he hadn't the heart to refuse. Directors tore their hair over his acting. Alan got a tremendous kick out of it. He didn't ask to be an actor he told them. Why didn't they send him back?

Then came the day they were searching for an actor to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." It was the kind of part that would bring overnight success to an unknown. Oblivion to an established hero. The rôle demanded a man who was so wickedly irresistible, the girl loved him for making her life a hell. Alan's test was better than all the rest. He got the part and settled down this time seriously. Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford helped and encouraged him. And he all but took the picture.

It was during this period at M-G-M that Alan took his eventful trip to Boise, Idaho, and met Ilona Massey. Soon after they started going together both were dropped from the contract list. It was purely coincidence that it happened this way. Alan wasn't satisfied with his rôles. When 20th-Century offered to buy his contract, M-G-M pleased him by letting him go. Ilona did nothing until she and Alan co-starred in their latest picture, "New Wine." He plays Franz Schubert and she plays a young peasant girl who starts the great composer on the road to fame.

Working together was one of the happiest experiences of their lives. As this is being written, the picture is finished. Plans for their wedding are under way. Unless there were last minute changes, around the twentieth of March Alan and Ilona became man and wife. His family is in Chicago. The wedding was planned to take place there. Ilona's aunt went along, of course. There was to be no fuss. A simple ceremony with a plain old-fashioned wedding band. Right after the ceremony the happy pair were off to New York. On April first (according to plans at this writing) they sail for Rio. Ilona will sing at the famous Urca Night Club. Alan will make personal appearances.

Right now they have their eye on a small house in Brentwood. Also a ranch in the deep South. There they hope to spend their days and live off the land when Hollywood is but a memory. Great happiness has come at last to the peasant girl who has never forgotten she is a peasant; who has never forgotten the pain of her yesterdays and is grateful for the blessings of today. Always there will be a place in her life for good music. But love, not a career, comes first. Alan and Ilona love each other. May it be a "New Wine" in their lives that will sparkle until eternity!

WATCH FOR CONTEST WINNER ANNOUNCEMENT IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

First of the winners in SCREENLAND'S 6-STAR CONTEST is being selected now, the first of six, with five others to follow. 6-STAR CONTEST in our April issue featured Dorothy Lamour, Jeanette MacDonald, Constance Bennett, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, and Joan Bennett with each star offering not only helpful advice, but a personal gift.

Look for announcement in the next—the June issue—of the first of the six winners, with five more to follow.

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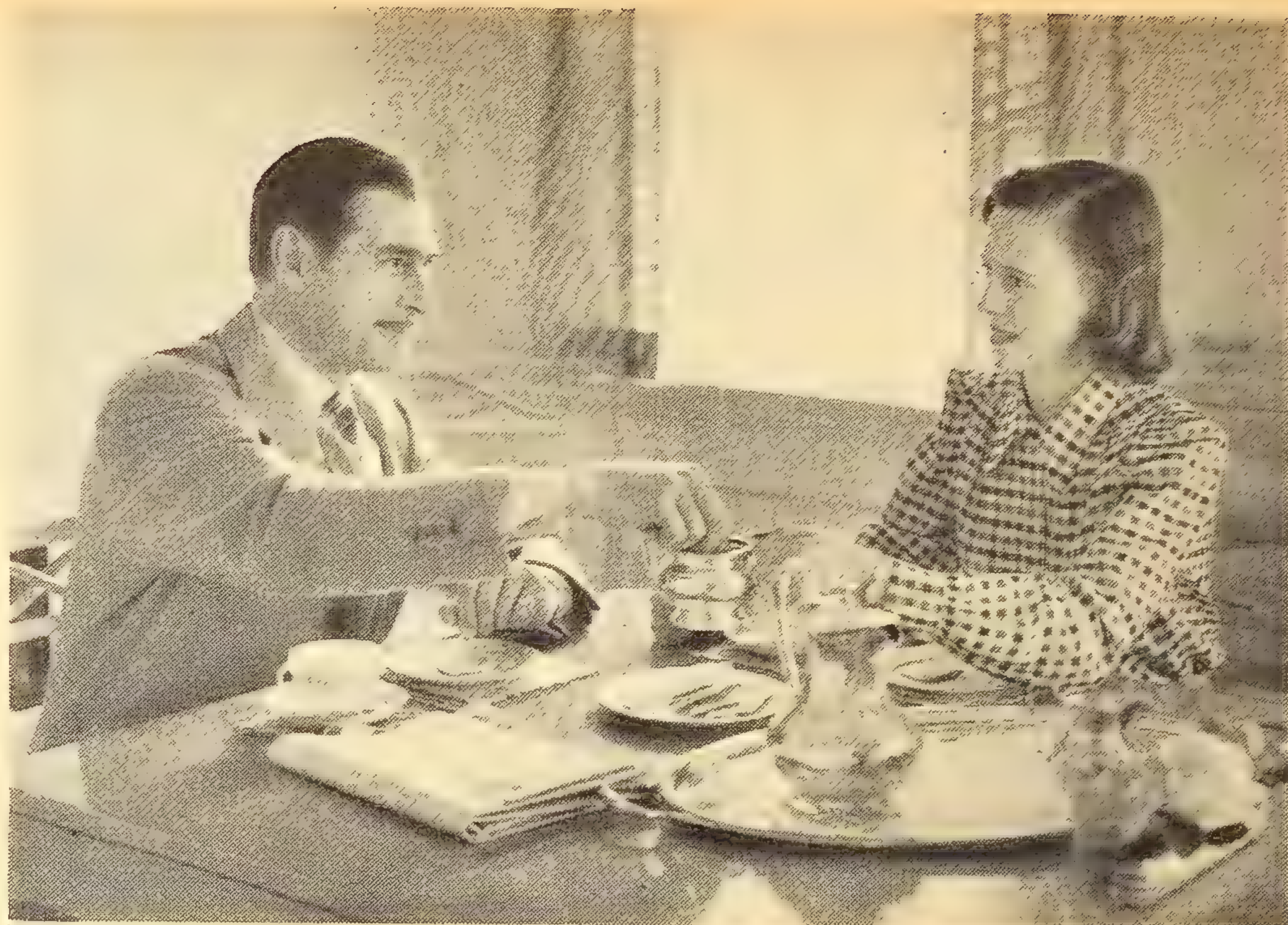
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A study in gracious living: Mr. and Mrs. James Stephenson, above. Stephenson's sudden and spectacular rise to fame in "The Letter" has not halted this important tea-time twosome.

The Surprising Mr. Stephenson

Continued from page 34

ners." The big break promised him didn't come through. And when apologies were offered, Stephenson exhibited his unflurried calm. "Oh, that's quite all right," he said. "You know, Hollywood is one of the few places in the world I haven't visited. I'm rather glad you brought me here."

Expecting a burst of the usual temperament, the studio officials were stunned into speechlessness by such a casual, off-hand reply. Any other player would have raved to the high heavens and invoked every possible clause in his contract if he were brought six thousand miles and then thrown a mere crumb of a part. But not James Stephenson. And that's what makes him such a sur-

prising young man in this city where tempers are always on edge.

He resigned himself to playing one small part after another. "I must have done about twenty pictures, all told," he said. "But although the studio said they were seeking some important rôle for me, when one did come along, they ended up by giving it to Errol Flynn or George Brent or Gary Cooper."

Jimmy Stephenson wasn't familiar with the old Hollywood habit of giving people the well known runaround. He was naïve as far as the customs and habits of the film colony were concerned. He was gullible and trusting. It never occurred to him that the studio



James Stephenson pauses on the spacious grounds of his newly-built domicile in San Fernando Valley. He is within walking distance to his studio, which is keeping him pretty busy.



James Stephenson using the "hunt and find" system on his shiny portable. This attractive combination living room-den would even be an inspiration to the most tardy letter-writer.

was gently trying to shove him out. But even a passive Englishman can stand so much and no more. One morning, he hurried down to see his agent. "If I don't get some better rôles," he demanded in a determined voice, "I'm going to get myself another agent!"

It was an irrevocable edict. But it worked! At that time the casting for "The Letter" had already begun. It was Bette Davis' picture. She was to star with Herbert Marshall supporting her. William Wyler was to direct. The agent knew Wyler. He rushed over to see him about giving the third important rôle of the picture to Stephenson. He must have been a darned good agent. For even though Wyler had to wage a bitter battle against the studio executives who insisted on a name actor for the part, Stephenson was given a break.

"By this time," Stephenson confided, as he crossed his long legs and lit a fresh cigarette, "I had been thoroughly fed up. I, too, knew they were looking for someone to play the rôle of *Howard Joyce*, the lawyer. I couldn't see the sense of hiring an outside player for the part when they had me under contract. And what was even more—I wanted to do that rôle very badly. If you know how we Englishmen feel about Somerset Maugham and his works, you can understand my anxiety."

The first time I saw Stephenson was after the preview of "The Letter." He was acclaimed on all sides by those very people who had recently ignored him. But there wasn't the slightest trace of bitterness in his voice. There wasn't even evidenced the nuance of triumph or cockiness that the average actor would show at having won a point over his studio.

"Never did I dream of the results it would bring," he told me in his pleasant, close-clipped manner. "All this is very surprising." But there was a merry twinkle in his eyes—and even though he is supposed to be a combination of Errol Flynn, Gary Cooper and Fred Perry, the tennis player, James Stephenson reminded me more strongly of Ronald Colman. And like Colman, he has the same suave, smooth man-of-the-world manner. There is breeding and charm about him. There is an unpretentious sophistication. Yet beneath it all lies a zestful enthusiasm for life and an interest in everything about him.

For a long time, Hollywood didn't think he looked like a film hero. And when he was

told this, he asked. "What *does* an actor look like?" In this single, terse sentence, he stumped all of his would-be critics. But a few months later, he had a chance to find the answer for himself. We were waiting in the lobby of the theater for the preview of "Flight from Destiny." The print was late in arriving. But it gave us some fifteen or twenty minutes in which to talk.

"How quickly things change," he said. "A few weeks ago, I could go anywhere without getting a second glance from people. But now, if I want to go shopping I have to go on days when the stores are crowded so that people will overlook me in the throngs. And even if they do recognize me, they insist on calling me 'the man from *The Letter*.'"

Among Jimmy's most ardent boosters is Bette Davis. The day after "The Letter" opened she passed by his table in the dining room of the studio. Laughingly, she threw a batch of newspaper clippings to him. "Here, Jimmy," she said, "these should interest you more than they do me. I'm just the woman in the case." And when he started the first



James Stephenson and Geraldine Fitzgerald in a scene from "Shining Victory."

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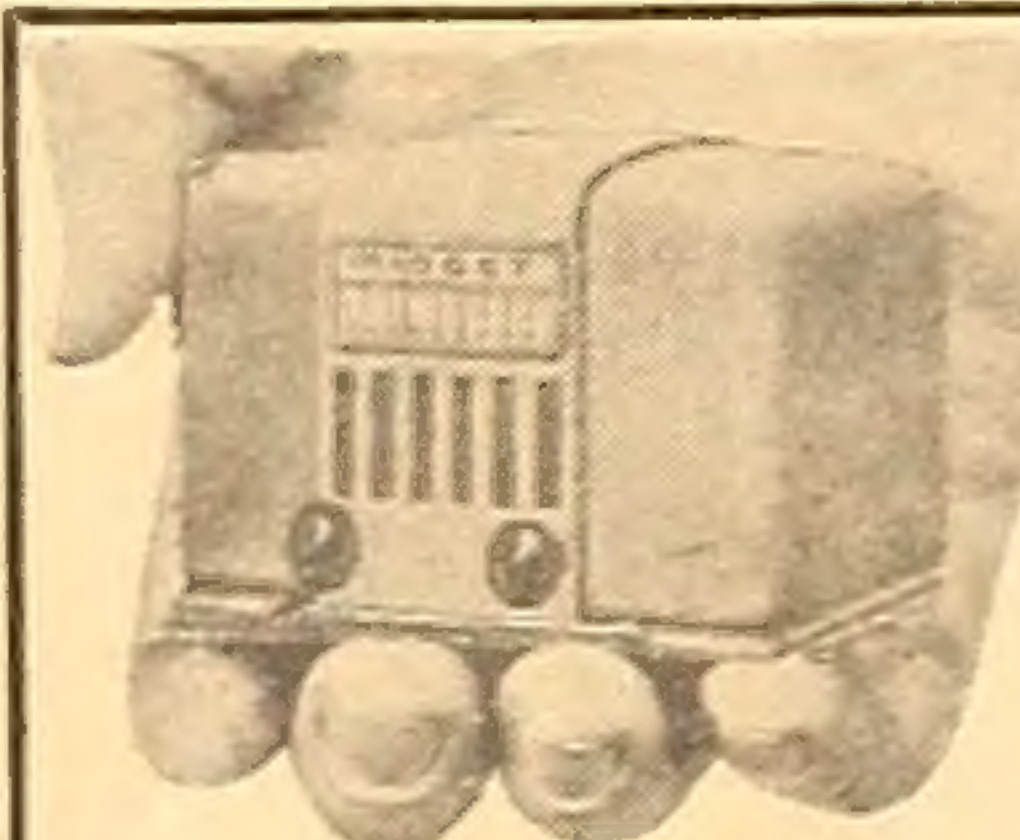
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If scooting can make Constance Moore so pretty we're all for it. She even makes the scooter look prettier. Her latest pictures, "Las Vegas Nights" and "I Wanted Wings."

day's work on "Shining Victory," Bette borrowed a nurse's uniform from the wardrobe department. Unobserved either by Stephenson or by Irving Rapper whose first directorial assignment this was, Bette waited until it was the nurse's turn to go on. There was a twinkle of merriment in everyone's eye. But both Stephenson and Rapper were too engrossed in the scene to understand the reason for all the surreptitious giggling around them. Bette was going through her little ruse completely unobserved. Suddenly both actor and director were aware that something unscheduled was happening. They scrutinized the nurse more closely—and then burst out laughing. Bette kissed them both and wished them luck. For she was deeply interested in their individual successes.

James Stephenson is definitely no glamor guy. He doesn't want to be one. But still there is about him that quality which causes a feminine fluttering of pulses whenever a woman gives him one of her inventorial glances. A bit over six feet tall, lanky and hard-muscled, with a thin, typically British face, he is very much the *matinée* idol. But he himself doesn't think so. Even today he scarcely thinks of himself as an actor. For despite the fact that he is thirty-seven, Stephenson didn't set foot on the stage until seven years ago.

Born in the village of Selby in Yorkshire, he had a completely different sort of hero-worship—his particular idol being, of all things, the town's dentist! Nothing else interested him. He, too, was determined to devote his life prying around ailing bicuspids and molars. However, he soon learned there wasn't enough money in it to justify

the long training and the work involved. At the time, he decided to "go toddling about" the jungles of India and the upper Sudan in Africa. Soon he was attracting attention as a big game hunter and a naturalist.

"I still can't figure out how I ever became an actor," he candidly confessed. "I never studied for a career on the stage. Never even gave it a second thought. I'd been in the cotton business for years and I was quite satisfied with my prospects. I had to do considerable traveling and I even lived in Shanghai for a year. So you see, it wasn't wanderlust. I had been a captain with the East Lancashire regiment, 66th Division, in service in France during the war, so it wasn't excitement or a quest for thrills that led me into acting. It was simply an accident.

"One day a friend asked me to help him out by taking a part with the Burnley Drama Guild. I told him I couldn't act—that I had never done anything like it in all my life. But he insisted. And I took the rôle of *John Tanner* in Shaw's 'Man and Superman,' and if you recall, it's one of the longest parts in any modern play. When it was over, I thought my career as an actor would end then and there. But no. The play was a success. And to my surprise so was my rôle. That was the beginning."

It wasn't that the acting bug actually took hold of Jimmy after his first taste of success. Nor was it his ideals about art and the theater either. It was simply that acting paid better money than the cotton business. From three pounds a week, he skyrocketed to fifty. And being a clear-headed, practical person, he realized it was mighty difficult to make that kind of money in any other field.

So during the next four years, he kept close to the theater.

While honeymooning in London, he received an offer to appear in "Storm in a Teacup." By that time, he was known throughout England. Warners sent for him to play in "The Perfect Crime" and he remained at their British studios to do four other films.

"So you see," he concluded with a shrug of his shoulder, "that's what I meant when I said I was an actor only by accident. I never spent years of struggling and studying and slaving to achieve it. It simply just happened. That's all."

Today, none of the Hollywood directors call this six-foot, brown-eyed, resonant voiced Englishman an "accidental actor." Anyone who can even threaten to steal a picture from Bette Davis or Thomas Mitchell must be gifted with an amount of talent equal to that of this outstanding pair.

Even after three years of wandering about the Warner studio here in Hollywood doing infinitesimal parts and never once voicing an objection, Stephenson is still naïve and unschooled in the ways of the film colony. The other day, Director Irving Rapper noted that between scenes in "Shining Victory," Stephenson continued to look grim and sour. Several other people on the set also noticed it and said—"Just like Muni—he doesn't relax between scenes." And they were greatly impressed. But Rapper wasn't satisfied. At last he asked about it. Stephenson broke into a painful grin. "I'm glad you asked about it," he said. "I'd made up my mind not to complain. But the reason I'm so sour and glum is that the starched collar on this doctor's gown is too small and cutting my neck. It hurts quite badly!"

Simple little incidents such as these have gone a long way in endearing this droll, unaffected Englishman to everyone who meets him. They still cannot understand his utter simplicity and his refusal to make a fuss over anything. And by degrees, his modest manner and naïve actions are becoming legendary not only at his own studio but throughout entire Hollywood. He is getting to be just as incredible to the movie colony as the movie colony is to him. Even after being proclaimed in "The Letter," Jimmy didn't want to just sit around and wait. Breaking all precedents, this handsome smiling Britisher graciously accepted a one-day acting job in "South of Suez," and a two-day part in "Trial and Error." Nowhere else in Hollywood, nor on the recent records, has a star like Jimmy asked for and been given some bit parts to play while waiting for his next assignment to come along.

"In 'Shining Victory,'" he told me, "I'm a doctor again. But this time, a research doctor. It's from the A. J. Cronin play, you know, 'Jupiter Laughs.'" Before he realized what he was doing, he had given me a private performance of the entire thing. Judging by that little preview, even the condensed one-man interpretation is equal to his performance in "The Letter."

Meanwhile, James Stephenson wanders around his little Palisade cottage wondering what has really happened to him within the past few months. Whenever the haze rises up out of the Pacific and rests languidly on the mountain tops, he relaxes a trifle.

"When I see that," he explained, "I really am convinced that I'm walking around in a fog. After all, it seems only yesterday I was in the cotton goods business. It's hard to believe what can happen to one in a short time. And it's even a trifle harder to get accustomed to such a change."

Even the family maid has had her routine completely disrupted. Talking to Mrs. Stephenson the other day, she said, "You know, ma'am, now that the Mister is important, and so many people always callin' him, he done better leave messages wherever he's goin'."

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